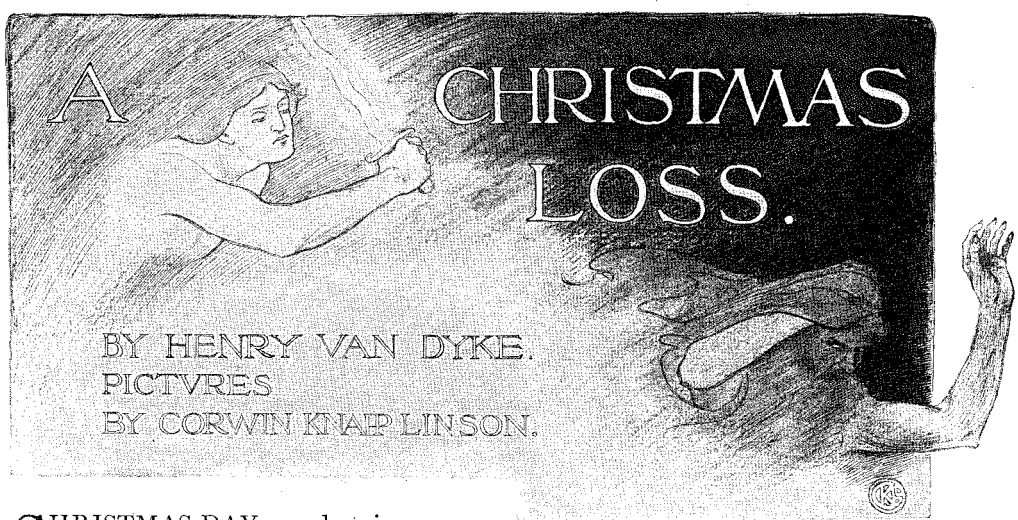
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII DECEMBER, 1897 NO. 6



CHRISTMAS-DAY was dawning over Antioch fifteen hundred years ago. The curtain of night drew softly upward along the edge of the sky, and the ragged crests of Mount Silpius stood outlined with pale light. In the darker vault of the central heaven large stars still glimmered drowsily. The great city lay half-asleep. But multitudes of Christians, robed in white garments, and bearing lighted torches in their hands, were hurrying down the dusky streets to the basilica of Constantine, to keep the newly appointed festival of the Church, the birthday of the Christ.

The long building was soon crowded with the congregation of the faithful, and the younger converts, who had passed their years of probation, but had not yet been baptized, found it difficult to come to their place between the first two pillars of the house, just within the threshold. The tallest and the fairest of that serious, youthful throng was Hermas, the son of the rich pagan Demetrius, who had forsaken his father's house two years before, to join the Christian fellowship. There was no face so beautiful, so intelligent as his, and on that day none so cold, so dissatisfied, so unresponsive to the expectant joy of the festival.

He could look over the heads of his companions and survey the vast white sea of people, stretching away through the columns, under the shadow of the high dome, as the tide flows on a calm day into the pillared cavern of Staffa, quiet as if the ocean hardly dared to breathe, yet heaving with deep life. Innumerable flambeaux cast their flickering rays over the assembly. At the end of the vista there was a circular space of clearer, steadier light. Hermas could see the bishop in his great chair, encircled by the presbyters; the high desks on either side for the readers of the Scripture; the communion-table, and the table of offerings in the middle of the church.

At the call to prayer all who had been

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seated stood up, and thousands of hands were joyously lifted in the air, as if the sea had blossomed into waving lilies; and the "Amen" was like the murmur of countless ripples in an echoing place. Then the singing began, led by the choir of a hundred trained voices which the bishop Paul had founded in Antioch. Timidly, at first, the music felt its way, as the people joined with a broken and uncertain cadence, the mingling of many little waves not yet gathered into rhythm and harmony. Soon the longer, stronger billows of song rolled in, sweeping from side to side as the men and the women answered in the clear antiphony.

Hermas had often been carried on those

> Tides of music's golden sea
> Setting toward eternity;

but to-day his heart was a rock that stood motionless. The flood passed by and left him unmoved.

Looking out from his place at the foot of the pillar, he saw a man standing far-off in the lofty bema. Short and slender, wasted by sickness, gray before his time, with pale cheeks and wrinkled brow, he seemed at first like a person of no significance—a reed shaken in the wind. But there was a look in his deep-set, poignant eyes, as he gathered all the glances of the multitude to himself, that belied his mean appearance, and prophesied power. Hermas knew very well who it was: the man who had drawn him from his father's house, the teacher who was instructing him as a son in the Christian faith, the guide and trainer of his soul—John of Antioch, the golden-mouthed preacher, whose fame filled the city and began to overflow Asia.

Hermas had felt the magic of his eloquence many a time; and to-day, as the tense voice vibrated through the stillness, and the sentences moved onward, growing fuller and stronger, bearing argosies of costly rhetoric and treasures of homely speech in their bosom and drawing the hearts of men with a resistless current, Hermas knew that the preacher had never been more potent, more inspired. He played on that immense congregation as a master on an instrument. He rebuked their sins, and they trembled. He touched their sorrows, and they wept. He spoke of the conflicts, the triumphs, the glories of their faith, and they broke out in thunders of applause. He hushed them into reverent silence, and led them tenderly, with the Wise Men of the East, to the lowly birthplace of Jesus.

"Do thou, therefore, likewise leave the Jewish people, the troubled city, the blood-thirsty tyrant, the pomp of the world, and hasten to Bethlehem, the sweet house of spiritual bread. For though thou be but a shepherd, and come hither, thou shalt behold the Young Child in an inn. Though thou be a king, and come not hither, thy purple robe shall profit thee nothing. Though thou be one of the wise men, this shall be no hindrance to thee; only let thy coming be to honor and adore, with trembling joy, the Son of God, to whose name be glory, on this His birthday, and forever and forever."

The soul of Hermas did not answer to the musician's touch. The strings of his heart were slack and soundless; there was no response within him. He was neither shepherd, nor king, nor wise man; only an unhappy, dissatisfied, questioning youth. He was out of sympathy with the eager preacher, the joyous hearers. In their harmony he had no part. Was it for this that he had forsaken his inheritance and narrowed his life to poverty and hardship? What was it all worth?

The gracious prayers with which the young converts were blessed and dismissed before the sacrament, sounded hollow in his ears. Never had he felt so utterly lonely as in that praying throng. He went out with his companions like a man departing from a banquet, where all but he had been fed.

"Farewell! Hermas," they cried, as he turned from them at the door. But he did not look back, nor wave his hand. He was alone already in his heart.

When he entered the broad avenue of the Colonnades, the sun had already topped the eastern hills, and the ruddy light was streaming through the long double row of archways and over the pavements of crimson marble. But Hermas turned his back to the morning and walked with his shadow before him.

The street began to swarm and whirl and quiver with the motley life of a huge city: beggars and jugglers, dancers and musicians, gilded youths in their chariots,

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He opened his heart to the old man, and told him the story of his life.—Page 668.

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and daughters of joy looking out from their windows, all intoxicated with the mere delight of living and the gladness of a new day. The pagan populace of Antioch—reckless, pleasure-loving, spendthrift—were preparing for the Saturnalia. But all this Hermas had renounced. He cleft his way through the crowd slowly, like a reluctant swimmer weary of breasting the tide. A yellow-haired girl laid hold of his robe as he passed. It seemed as if she had plucked him by the heart.

He went out by the Western Gate, under the golden cherubim that the Emperor Titus had stolen from the ruined Temple of Jerusalem and fixed upon the arch of triumph. He turned to the left and climbed the hill to the road that led to the Grove of Daphne.

In all the world, there was no highway so beautiful. It wound for five miles along the foot of the mountains, among gardens and villas, plantations of myrtles and mulberries, with wide outlooks over the valley of Orontes and the distant shimmering sea. The richest of all the dwellings was the House of the Golden Pillars, the mansion of Demetrius. He had won the favor of the apostate Emperor Julian, whose vain efforts to restore the worship of the heathen gods, some twenty years ago, had opened an easy way to wealth and power for all who would mock and oppose Christianity. Demetrius was not a sincere fanatic like his royal master; but he was bitter enough in his professed scorn of the new religion to make him a favorite at the court where the old religion was in fashion. He had reaped a rich reward of his policy; and a strange sense of consistency made him more fiercely loyal to it than if it had been a real faith. He was proud of being called "the friend of Julian;" and when his son joined himself to the Christians, and acknowledged the Unseen God, it seemed like an insult to his father's success. He drove the boy from his door and disinherited him.

The glittering portico of the serene, haughty house, the repose of the well-ordered garden, still blooming with belated flowers, seemed at once to deride and to invite the young outcast plodding along the dusty road. "This is your birthright," whispered the clambering rose-trees by the gate; and the closed portals of carven bronze said: "You have sold it for a thought, a dream."

Hermas found the Grove of Daphne quite deserted. There was no sound in the enchanted vale but the pattering of the light winds chasing each other through the laurel thickets, and the babble of innumerable streams. Memories of the days and nights of delicate pleasure that the grove had often seen, still haunted the bewildered paths and broken fountains. At the foot of a rocky eminence, crowned with the ruins of Apollo's temple, which had been mysteriously destroyed by fire just after Julian had restored and reconsecrated it, Hermas sat down beside a gushing spring, and gave himself up to sadness.

"How beautiful the world would be, how joyful, how easy to live in, without religion. These questions about unseen things, perhaps about unreal things, these restraints and duties and sacrifices—if I were only free from them all, and could only forget them all, then I could live my life as I pleased, and be happy."

"Why not?" said a quiet voice, answering his thoughts. He turned and saw an old man, with a long beard and a threadbare cloak (the garb affected by the pagan philosophers) standing behind him and smiling curiously.

"How is it that you reply to that which has not been spoken?" said Hermas; "and who are you that honor a poor young man with the company of a philosopher?"

"I am a long-time inhabitant here," answered the stranger; "none other than the solitary priest of whom, perhaps, you have heard; whom the Emperor Julian found here when he came to revive the worship of Apollo, a score of years ago. I brought the only offering in response to his call for a renewal of sacrifices in this temple. My gift was a goose, you may remember: it was all that I had, and I thought it not inappropriate. But I have lived here far longer than since Julian's time. I know all that has passed in this grove, the feasts and revels, and the various rites of many religions, including that of the Christian martyr Babylas, whose ruined chapel you see just beyond this ruined temple of Apollo. But these dusty shrines interest me very little. They are transitory. The thing that I care for is

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"Tell me," whispered the old man.—Page 670.

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the human life that has played here for so many years, and that still disports itself very pleasantly—believe me, for I know,—on summer evenings through these shady walks. Daphne and Apollo were only shadows. But the flying maidens and the pursuing lovers, the music and the delight of existence, these are the realities. Life is the game, and the world keeps it up merrily. But you? You are of a sad countenance for one so young and beautiful. Are you a loser in the game?"

The words and tone of the speaker fitted Hermas's mood as a key fits the lock. He opened his heart to the old man, and told him the story of his life: his luxurious boyhood in his father's house; the irresistible spell which compelled him to forsake it when he heard John's preaching of the new religion; his joy in becoming a Christian, and the exultation with which he had welcomed his trials; his lonely year with the anchorites among the mountains; the strict discipline in his teacher's house at Antioch; his weariness of duty, his distaste for poverty, his discontent with worship. "And today," said he, "I have been thinking that I am a fool. My life is swept as bare as a hermit's cell. There is nothing in it but a dream, a thought of God, which does not satisfy me."

The singular smile deepened on his companion's face. "You are ready, then," he suggested, "to renounce your new religion and go back to that of your father?"

"No; I renounce nothing, I accept nothing. I do not wish to think about it. I only wish to live."

"A very reasonable wish, and one of which I conjecture you are about to see the accomplishment. Indeed, I may even say that I can put you in the way of securing it. Do you believe in magic?"

"I have told you already that I do not know whether I believe in anything. This is not the day on which I care to make professions of faith. I believe in what I see. I want what will give me pleasure."

"Well," said the old man, soothingly, as he plucked a leaf from the laurel-tree above them and dipped it in the spring, "let us dismiss the conundrums of belief. I like them as little as you do. You have heard that this is a Castalian fountain, and that the Emperor Hadrian once read his fortune here from a leaf dipped in the water. Let us see what this leaf tells us. It is already turning yellow. How do you read that?"

"Wealth," said Hermas, laughing, as he looked at his mean garments.

"And here is a bud at the root that seems to be swelling. What is that?"

"Pleasure," answered Hermas, bitterly.

"And here is a tracing of wreaths upon the surface. What do you make of that?"

"What you will," said Hermas, not even taking the trouble to look. "Suppose we say, success and fame?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "it is all written here. I promise that you shall enjoy it all. But you do not need to believe in my promise. I am not in the habit of requiring faith of those whom I would serve. No such hard conditions for me. There is only one thing that I ask. This is the season that you Christians call the Christmas, and you have endowed it with the pagan custom of exchanging gifts. Well, if I give to you, you must give to me. It is a small thing, and really the thing you can best afford to part with: a single word—the name of Him you profess to worship. Let me take that word and all that belongs to it entirely out of your life, so that you shall never need to hear it or speak it again. You will be richer without it. I promise you everything, and this is all I ask in return. Do you consent?"

"Yes, I consent," said Hermas, mocking. "If you can take your price, a word, you can keep your promise, a dream."

The stranger laid the long, cool, wet leaf softly across the young man's eyes. An icicle of pain darted through them. Every nerve in his body was drawn together there in a knot of agony. Then it was all lifted out of him. A cool languor of delight flowed back through every vein, and he sank into a profound sleep.

II

An incalculable time had passed over him when his senses began to stir again. He opened his eyes and saw the setting sun. He rose and hurried back toward Antioch, treading upon air. Already his life had changed; he was a new man, yet

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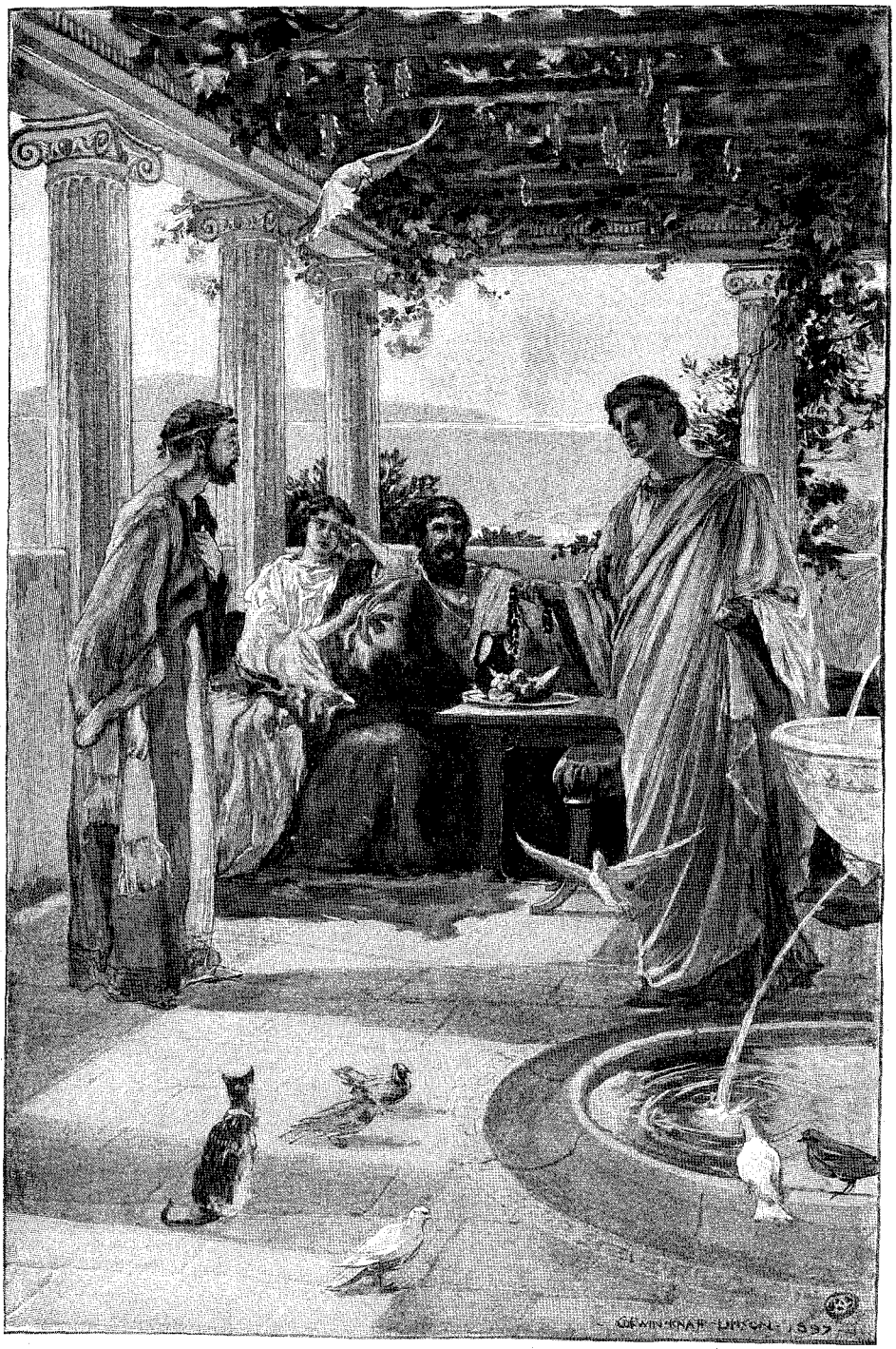

"Take this to John of Antioch, and tell him it is a gift from his former pupil."—Page 672.

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curiously familiar to himself; as if he had done with playing a tiresome part and returned to his natural state. He was buoyant and free, without a care, a doubt, a fear.

As he drew near to his father's house he saw a confusion of servants in the porch, and the old steward ran down to meet him at the gate.

"Lord, we have been seeking you everywhere. The master is at the point of death, and has sent for you. Since the sixth hour he calls your name continually. Come to him quickly, lord, for I fear the time is short."

Hermas entered the house tranquilly; nothing could amaze him to-day. His father lay on an ivory couch in the inmost chamber, with shrunken face and restless eyes, his lean fingers picking incessantly at the silken coverlet.

"My son!" he murmured; "Hermas, my son! It is good that you have come back to me. I have missed you. I was wrong to send you away. You shall never leave me again. You are my son, my heir. I have changed everything. Hermas, my son, come nearer; close beside me. Take my hand, my son!"

The young man obeyed, and kneeling by the couch gathered his father's icy, twitching fingers in his firm, warm grasp.

"Hermas, life is passing—long, rich, prosperous; the last sands, I cannot stay them. My religion, a good policy—Julian's friend. But now he is gone—where? My soul is empty—nothing beyond—very dark—I am afraid. But you know something better. You found something that made you willing to give up your life for it—it must have been almost like dying—yet you were happy. What was it you found? See, I am giving you everything. I have forgiven you. Now forgive me. Tell me, what is it? Your secret, your faith—give it to me before I go."

At the sound of this broken pleading a strange passion of pity and love took the young man by the throat. His voice shook a little as he answered, eagerly:

"Father, there is nothing to forgive. I am your son; I will gladly tell you all that I know. I will give you the secret of faith. Father, you must believe with all your heart, and soul, and strength in——"

Where was the word? The word that he had been used to utter night and morning, the word that had meant to him more than he had ever known? What had become of it? He groped for it in the dark room of his mind. He had thought he could lay his hand upon it in a moment, but it was gone. Some one had removed it. Everything else was most clear to him: the terror of death; the lonely soul appealing from his father's eyes; the instant need of comfort and help. But at the one point where he looked for help he could find nothing; only a vacancy. The word of hope had vanished. He felt for it blindly and in desperate haste.

"Father, wait! I have forgotten something—it has slipped away from me. I shall find it in a moment. There is hope—I will tell you presently—oh, wait!"

The bony hand gripped his like a vice; the glazed eyes opened wider. "Tell me," whispered the old man; "tell me quickly, for I must go." The voice sank into a dull rattle; the fingers closed once more, and relaxed; the light behind the eyes went out. Hermas, the master of the House of the Golden Pillars, was keeping watch by the dead.

III

The estate of Demetrius was even richer than the world had conjectured. Hermas found himself the possessor of a princely fortune. The period of mourning came at an opportune moment to seclude and safeguard him from the storm of political troubles that fell upon Antioch after the insults offered by the mob to the Imperial Statues in the year 387. When the clouds had dispersed Hermas emerged in the full sunlight of prosperity.

Everything went well with him. The servants of the magnificent household rejoiced at his return and served him with devotion. The old friends of Demetrius poured their congratulations upon his heir. The world was a table spread before him. His head was crowned with roses, and he tasted power like a cup of spiced wine.

Letters and messengers came from the Church. They vexed him a little, but they took no hold upon him, for it seemed as if he could not really understand them.

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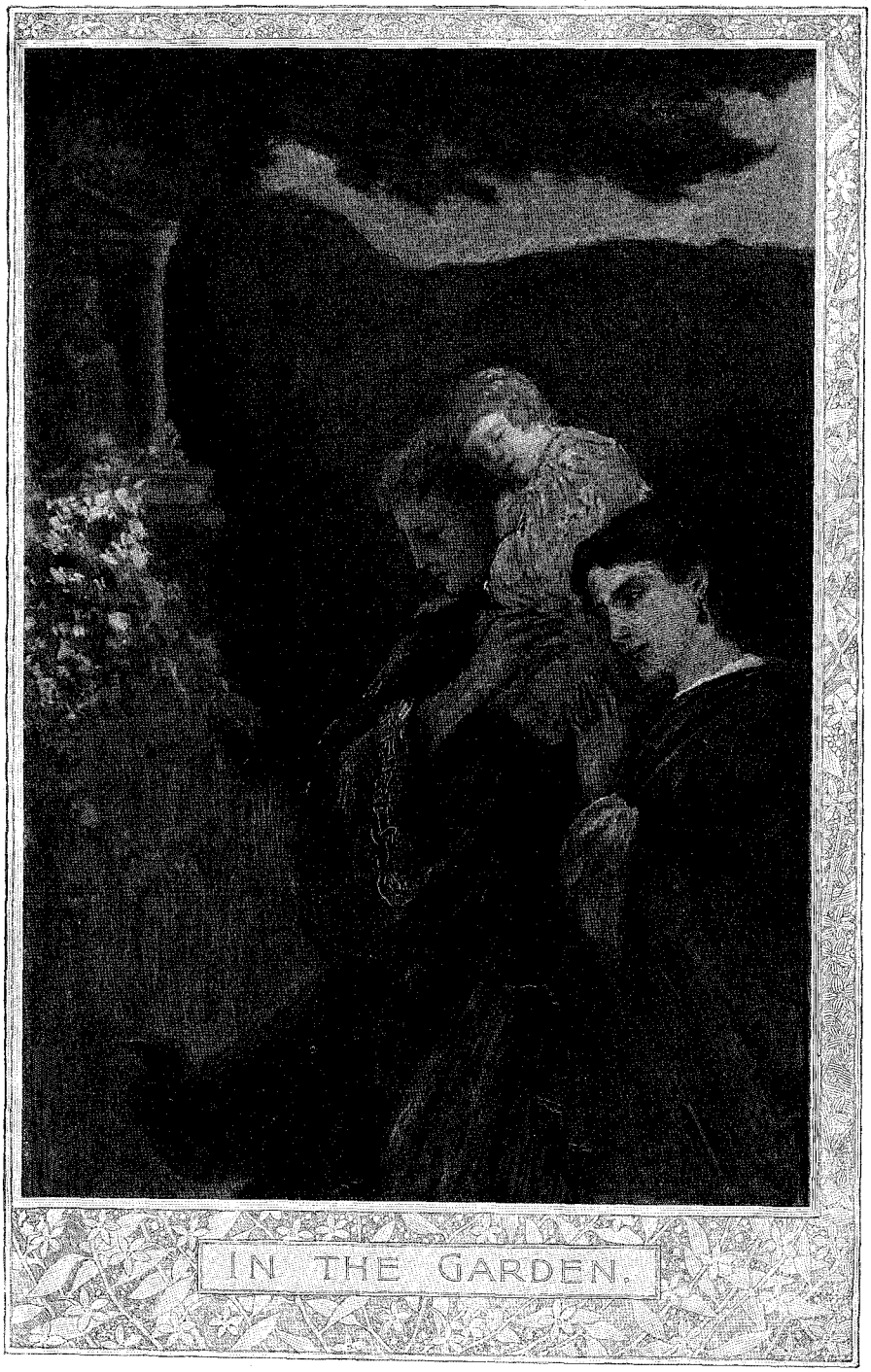

They stood there, hand in hand, the boy drowsily resting on his father's shoulder.—Page 674.

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There were blank spaces in the writing which made the full sense unintelligible. His old companions came to reproach him for leaving them, to warn him of the peril of apostasy, to entreat him to return. It all sounded vague and futile. They spoke as if he had betrayed or offended some one. But when they came to name the object of his fear—the one whom he had displeased, and to whom he should return—he heard nothing; there was a blur of silence in their speech. The clock pointed to the hour, but the bell did not strike. At last Hermas refused to see them any more.

One day, John the Presbyter stood in the atrium. Hermas was entertaining his father's nearest friend, the sophist Libanius, with his daughter the beautiful Athenais, in the triclinium. When the visit of the Presbyter was announced, the young master loosed a collar of gold and jewels from his neck, and turned to his scribe:

"Take this to John of Antioch, and tell him it is a gift from his former pupil—a token of remembrance, or to spend for the poor of the city. I will always send him what he wants, but it is idle for us to talk together any more. I do not understand what he says. I have not gone to the temple, nor offered sacrifice, nor denied his teaching. I have simply forgotten. I do not think about it. I am only living. A happy man wishes him all happiness and farewell."

But John let the golden collar fall on the marble floor. "Tell your master that we shall talk together again after all," said he, as he passed sadly out of the hall.

The love of Athenais and Hermas was like a stream that sinks out of sight for a time in a rocky place, but springs to light again, brighter and fuller than ever, in a green meadow. As boy and girl they had played together, and loved each other among the jasmine and lilies of the neighboring gardens. The exile of Hermas had divided them. Now they were reunited more closely than ever. When Athenais entered the House of the Golden Pillars as a bride, all the music of life came with her. Hermas called the feast of her welcome "the banquet of dreams fulfilled." Day after day, night after night, week after week, month after month, the bliss of the home unfolded like a rose of a thousand leaves. When a child came to them, a strong, beautiful boy, worthy to be the heir of such a house, the heart of the rose was full to overflowing. Happiness was heaped upon happiness. Every wish brought its own accomplishment. Wealth, honor, beauty, peace, love — it was an abundance of felicity so great that the soul of Hermas could hardly contain it.

Strangely enough, it began to press upon him, to trouble him with the very excess of joy. He felt as if there were something yet needed to complete and secure it all. There was an urgency within him, a longing to find some outlet for his feelings, he knew not how—some expression and culmination of his happiness, he knew not what. Under his joyous demeanor a secret fire of restlessness began to burn—an expectancy of something yet to come which should put the touch of perfection on his life. He spoke of it to Athenais, as they sat together one summer evening in a bower of jasmine, with their boy playing at their feet. There had been music in the garden; but now the singers and lute-players had withdrawn, leaving the master and mistress alone in the lingering twilight, tremulous with inarticulate melody of unseen birds. There was a secret voice in the hour seeking vainly for utterance; a word waiting to be spoken at the centre of the charm.

"How deep is our happiness, my beloved," said Hermas; "deeper than the sea that slumbers yonder, below the city. And yet I feel it is not quite full and perfect. There is a depth of joy that we have not yet known—a tranquil repose of happiness that is still beyond us. What is it? I have no superstitious fears, like the king who cast his signet-ring into the sea because he dreaded that some secret vengeance would fall on his unbroken good fortune. That was an idle terror. But there is something that oppresses me like an invisible burden. There is something still undone, unspoken, unfelt—something that we need to complete everything. Have you not felt it, too? Can you not lead me to it, my light, my star?"

"Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes, veiled with unformed tears, to his face; "I too have felt it, Hermas, this burden, this need, this unsatisfied longing. I think I know what it means. It is gratitude—the language of the glad heart, the music of

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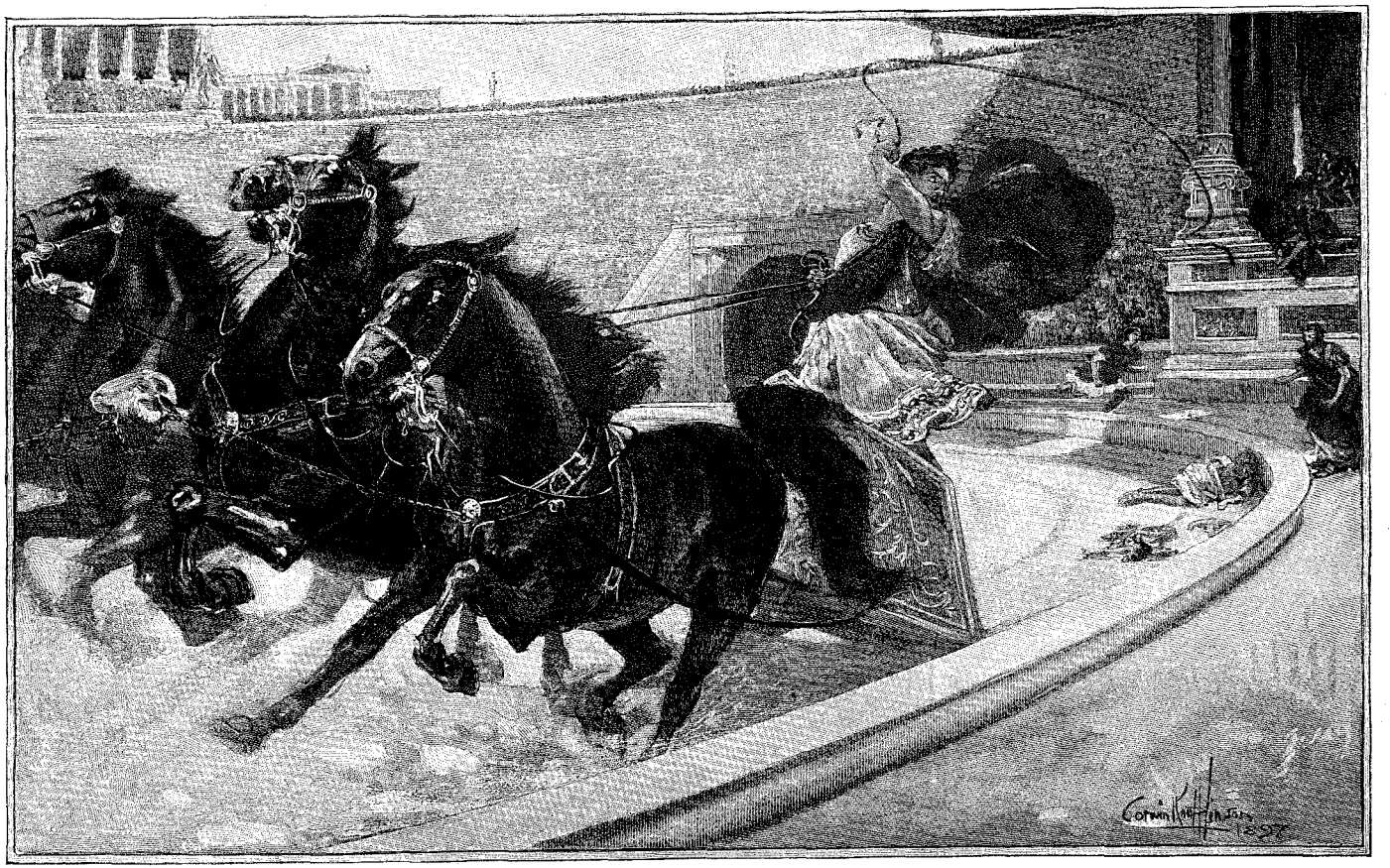

But the boy's head struck heavily against the wall, and he lay unconscious.—Page 675.

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happiness. There is no perfect joy without gratitude. But we have never learned it, and the want of it troubles us. It is like being dumb with a heart full of love. We must find the word for it, and say it together. Then we shall be perfectly joined in perfect joy. Come, my dear lord, let us take the boy with us and give thanks."

Hermas lifted the child in his arms, and turned with Athenais into the depth of the garden. There was a dismantled shrine of some forgotten fashion of worship half-hidden among the luxuriant flowers. An unrecognizable image lay beside it, face downward in the grass. They stood there, hand in hand, the boy drowsily resting on his father's shoulder—a threefold harmony of strength and beauty and innocence. Silently the roseate light caressed the tall spires of the cypress-trees; silently the shadows gathered at their feet; silently the crystal stars looked out from the deepening arch of heaven. The very breath of being paused. It was the hour of culmination, the supreme moment of felicity waiting for its crown. The tones of Hermas were clear and low as he began, half-speaking and half-chanting, in the rhythm of an ancient song:

"Fair is the world, the sea, the sky, the double kingdom of day and night, in the glow of morning, in the shadow of evening, and under the dripping light of stars.

"Fairer still is life in our breasts, with its manifold music and meaning, with its wonder of seeing and hearing and feeling and knowing and being.

"Fairer and still more fair is love, that draws us together, mingles our lives in its flow and bears them along like a river, strong and clear and swift, reflecting the stars in its bosom.

"Wide is our world; we are rich; we have all things. Life is abundant within us—a measureless deep. Deepest of all is our love, and it longs to speak.

"Come, thou final word. Come, thou crown of speech. Come thou charm of peace! Open the gates of our hearts. Lift the weight of our joy and bear it upward.

"For all good gifts, for all perfect gifts, for love, for life, for the world, we praise, we bless, we thank——"

As a soaring bird, struck by death, falls headlong from the sky, so the song of Hermas fell. At the end of his flight of gratitude there was nothing—a blank, a hollow space. He looked for a face and saw a void. He sought for a hand and clasped vacancy. His heart was throbbing and swelling with passion, the bell swung to and fro within him, beating from side to side as if it would burst; but not a single note came from it. All the fulness of his being, that had risen upward like a living fountain, fell back from the empty sky, as cold as snow, as hard as hail, frozen and dead. There was no significance in his happiness. No one had sent it to him. There was no one to thank for it. His felicity was a closed circle which shut him in with a wall of eternal ice.

"Let us return," he said sadly to Athenais, "the child is heavy upon my shoulder. We will lay him to sleep and go into the banqueting-hall. The air grows chilly. We were mistaken. The gratitude of life is only a dream. There is no one to thank."

And in the garden it was already night.

IV

No outward change came to the House of the Golden Pillars. Everything moved as smoothly, as delicately, as prosperously as before. But inwardly there was a subtle, inexplicable transformation. A vague discontent, a final and inevitable sense of incompleteness, overshadowed existence from that night when Hermas realized that his joy could never go beyond itself.

In the morning, the strange old man whom he had seen in the Grove of Daphne, but never since, appeared mysteriously at the door of the house, as if he had been sent for, and entered, to dwell there like an invited guest. Hermas could not but make him welcome, and at first he tried to regard him with reverence and affection as the one through whom fortune had come. But it was impossible. There was a chill in the inscrutable smile of Outis, as he called himself, that seemed to mock at reverence. He was in the house as one watching a strange experiment: tranquil, interested, ready to supply anything that might be needed for its completion, but thoroughly indifferent to the feelings of the subject; an anatomist of life, looking curiously to see how long it would continue and how

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it would behave after the heart had been removed.

In his presence Hermas was conscious of a certain irritation, a resentful anger against the calm, frigid scrutiny of the eyes that followed him everywhere—a pair of spies, peering out over the smiling mouth and the long white beard.

A perpetual haste took possession of him, an uneasiness that left him no repose. The summit of life had been attained; the highest possible point of felicity. Henceforward the course could only be at a level—perhaps downward. It might be brief; at the best it could not be very long. It was folly to lose a day, an hour. That would be the only fatal mistake: to forfeit anything of the bargain that he had made. He would have it, and hold it, and enjoy it all to the full. The world might have nothing better to give than it had already given; but surely it had many things that were new to bestow upon him, and Outis should help him to find them.

Under his learned counsel the House of the Golden Pillars took on a new magnificence. Artists were brought from Corinth and Rome and Byzantium to adorn it with splendor. Its fame glittered around the world. Banquets of incredible luxury drew the most celebrated guests into its triclinium, and filled them with envious admiration. The bees swarmed and buzzed about the golden hive. The human insects, gorgeous moths of pleasure, and greedy flies of appetite, parasites and flatterers, and crowds of inquisitive idlers, danced and fluttered in the dazzling light that surrounded Hermas. Everything that he touched prospered. The beauty of Athenais lost nothing with the passing seasons, but grew more perfect, even under the inexplicable shade of dissatisfaction that sometimes seemed to veil it, as a translucent pearly cloud that passes before the full moon. "Fair as the wife of Hermas" was a proverb in Antioch. And soon men began to add to it, "Beautiful as the son of Hermas;" for the child developed swiftly in that favoring clime. At nine years of age he was straight and strong, firm of limb and clear of eye. His brown head was on a level with his father's heart. He was the jewel of the House of the Golden Pillars, the pride of Hermas, the new Fortunatus.

That year another drop of success fell into his brimming cup. His black Numidian horses, which he had been training for three years for the world-renowned chariot-races of Antioch, won the victory over a score of rivals. Hermas received the prize carelessly from the judge's hands; and turned to drive once more around the circus, to show himself to the people. He lifted the eager boy into the chariot beside him to share his triumph. Here, indeed, was the glory of his life, this matchless son, his brighter counterpart carved in breathing ivory, touching his arm and balancing himself proudly on the swaying floor of the chariot. As the horses pranced around the ring, a great shout of applause filled the amphitheatre, and thousands of spectators waved their salutations of praise: "Hail, fortunate Hermas, master of success! Hail, little Hermas, Prince of Good Luck."

The sudden tempest of acclamation, the swift fluttering of innumerable garments in the air, startled the horses. They dashed violently forward and plunged upon the bits. The left rein broke. They swerved to the right, swinging the chariot sideways with a grating noise, and dashing it against the stone parapet of the arena. In an instant the wheel was shattered. The axle struck the ground and the chariot was dragged onward rocking and staggering. By a strenuous effort Hermas kept his place on the frail platform, clinging to the unbroken rein. But the boy was tossed lightly from his side at the first shock. His head struck the wall. And when Hermas turned to look for him, he was lying like a broken flower on the sand.

They carried him in a litter to the House of the Golden Pillars, summoning the most skilful physician of Antioch to attend him. For hours the boy was as quiet as death. Hermas watched the white eyelids, folded close like lily-buds at night, even as one watches for the morning. At last they opened, but the fire of fever was burning in the eyes, and the lips were moving in a wild delirium. Hour after hour that sweet childish voice rang through the halls and chambers of the splendid, helpless house, now rising in shrill calls of distress and senseless laughter, now sinking in weariness and dull moaning. The stars waxed and waned; the sun rose and set; the roses

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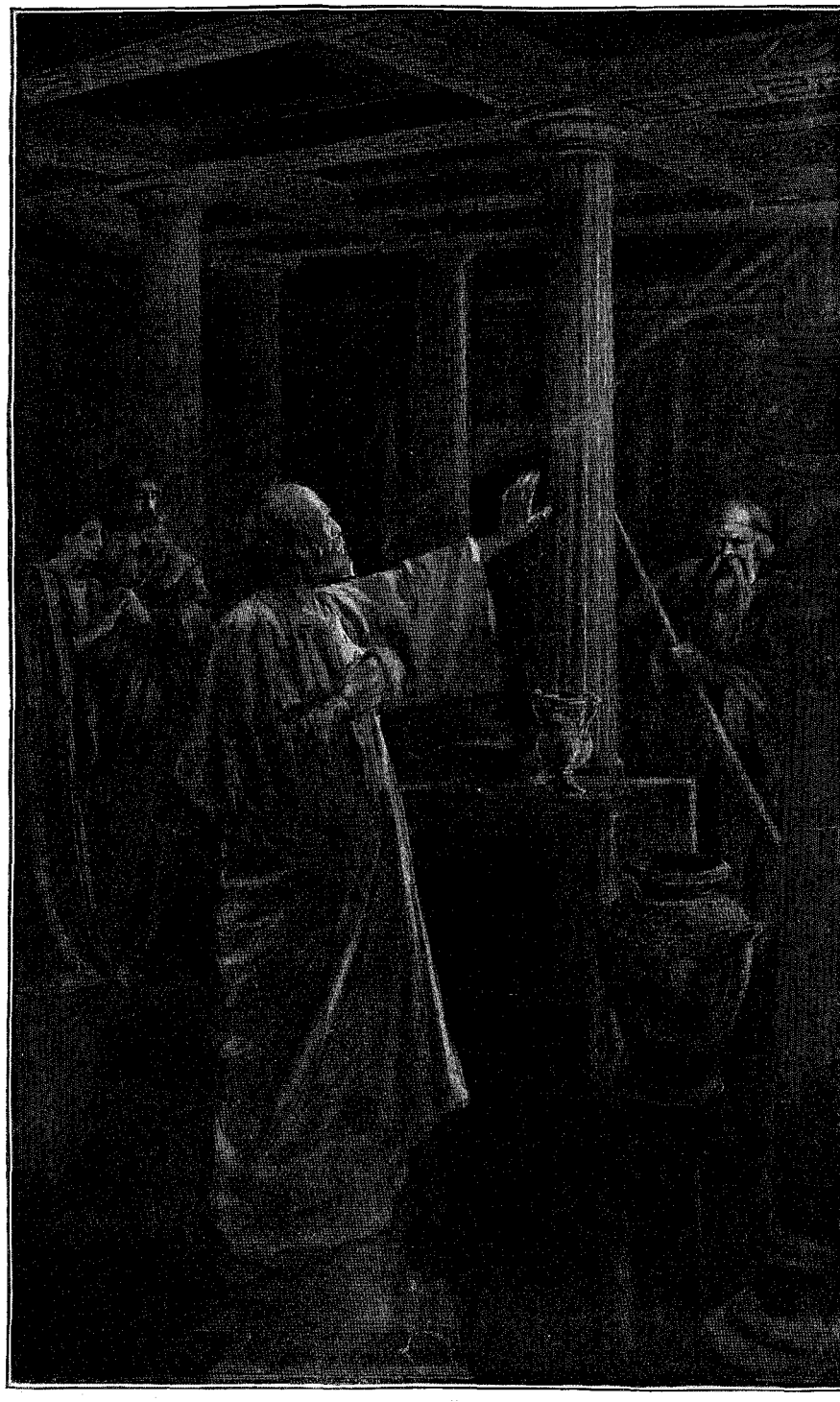

"Servant of demons, be still!"—Page 678.

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bloomed and fell in the garden; the birds sang and slept among the jasmine-bowers. But in the heart of Hermas there was no song, no bloom, no light—only speechless anguish, and a certain fearful looking-for of desolation. He was like a man in a nightmare. He saw the shapeless terror that was moving toward him, but he was impotent to stay or to escape it. He had done all that he could. There was nothing left but to wait. He paced to and fro, now hurrying to the boy's bed as if he could not bear to be away from it, now turning back as if he could not endure to be near it. The people of the house, even Athenais, feared to speak to him, there was something so vacant and desperate in the aspect of his face.

At nightfall, on the second of those eternal days, he shut himself in the library. The unfilled lamp had gone out, leaving a trail of smoke in the air. The sprigs of mignonette and rosemary, with which the room was sprinkled every day, were unrenewed, and scented the gloom with a close odor of decay. A costly manuscript of Theocritus was tumbled in disorder on the floor. Hermas sank into a chair like a man in whom the very spring of being is broken. Through the darkness some one drew near. He did not even lift his head. A hand touched him; a soft arm was laid over his shoulders. It was Athenais, kneeling beside him and speaking very low:

"Hermas—it is almost over—the child! His voice grows weaker hour by hour. He moans and calls for someone to help him; then he laughs. It breaks my heart. He has just fallen asleep, exhausted. The moon is rising now. Unless a change comes he cannot last beyond sunrise. Ah, is there nothing we can do? Is there no power that can save him? Is there no one to pity us and spare us? Let us call, let us beg for compassion and help; let us pray for his life!"

Yes, that was what he wanted. That was the only thing that could bring relief—to pray, to pour out his sorrow somewhere, to find a greater strength than his own, and cling to it and plead for mercy and help. To leave that undone was to be false to his manhood; it was to be no better than the dumb beasts when their young perish. How could he let his boy suffer and die, without an effort, a cry, a prayer?

He sank on his knees beside Athenais.

"Out of the depths—out of the depths we call for pity. The light of our eyes is fading—the child is dying. Oh, the child, the child; spare the child's life, thou merciful——"

Not a word; only that deathly blank. The hands of Hermas, stretched out in supplication, touched the marble table. He felt the cool hardness of the polished stone beneath his fingers. A book, dislodged by his touch, fell rustling to the floor. Through the open door, faint and far off, came the footsteps of the servants, moving cautiously. The heart of Hermas was like a lump of ice in his bosom. He rose slowly to his feet, lifting Athenais with him.

"It is in vain," he said; "there is nothing for us to do. Long ago I knew something. I think it would have helped us. But I have forgotten it. It is all gone. But I would give all that I have if I could bring it back again, now, at this hour, in this time of our bitter trouble."

A slave entered the room while he was speaking, and approached, hesitatingly.

"Master," he said, "John of Antioch, whom we were forbidden to admit to the house, has come again. He would take no denial. Even now he waits in the peristyle, and the old man Outis is with him, seeking to turn him away."

"Come," said Hermas to his wife, "let us go to him, for I think I see the beginning of a way that may lead us out of this dreadful darkness."

In the central hall the two men were standing: Outis, with disdainful eyes and sneering lips, taunting the unbidden guest to depart; John, silent, quiet, patient, while the wondering slaves looked on in dismay. He lifted his searching gaze to the haggard face of Hermas.

"My son, I knew that I should see you again, even though you did not send for me. I have come to comfort you, for I have heard that you are in trouble."

"It is true," answered Hermas, passionately; "we are in trouble, desperate trouble, trouble accursed. Our child is dying. We are poor, we are destitute, we are afflicted. In all this house, in all the world, there is no one that can help us. I knew something long ago, when I

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was with you—a word, a name—in which we might have found hope. But I have lost it. I gave it to this man. He has taken it away from me forever."

He pointed at Outis. The old man's lips curled scornfully. "A word, a name!" he sneered. "What is that, O most wise and holy Presbyter? A thing of air, an unreal thing that men make to describe their own dreams and fancies. Who would go about to rob anyone of such a thing as that? It is a prize that only a fool would think of taking. Besides, the young man parted with it of his own free will. He bargained with me cleverly. I promised him wealth and pleasure and fame. What did he give in return? An empty name, which was a burden——"

"Servant of demons, be still!" the voice of John rang clear, like a trumpet, through the hall. "There is a name which he who taketh in vain shall perish. There is a name which he who loseth shall be lost. There is a name at which the devils tremble. Depart quickly, before I speak it!"

Outis had shrunk into the shadow of one of the pillars. A bright lamp near him tottered on its pedestal and fell with a crash. In the confusion he vanished, as noiselessly as a shade.

John turned to Hermas, and his tone softened as he said, "My son, you have sinned deeper than you know. The word with which you parted so lightly is the key-word of all life and joy and peace. Without it the world has no meaning, and existence no contentment, and death no refuge. It is the word that purifies love and comforts grief and keeps hope alive forever. It is the most precious thing that ever ear has heard, or mind has known, or heart has conceived. It is the name of Him who has given us life and breath and all things richly to enjoy: the name of Him who, though we may forget Him, never forgets us; the name of Him who pities us as you pity your suffering child; the name of Him who, though we wander far from Him, seeks us in the wilderness and sends His Son, even as His Son has sent me this night, to breathe again that forgotten name in the heart that is perishing without it. Listen, my son, listen with all your soul to the blessed name of our Father, God."

The cold agony in Hermas's breast dissolved like a fragment of ice that melts in the warm summer sea. A sense of sweet release spread through him from head to foot. The lost was found. The dew of a divine peace fell on his parched soul, and the withering flower of human love lifted its head again. The light of a new hope shone on his face. He stood upright, and lifted his hands high toward heaven, as the Christians used to do in their most solemn and joyous prayers.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. O my God, be merciful to me, for my soul trusteth in Thee. My God, Thou hast given; take not Thy gift away from me, O my God. Spare the life of this my child, O Thou God, my Father, my Father!"

A deep hush followed the cry. "Listen!" whispered Athenais, breathlessly. Was it an echo? It could not be, for it came again: the voice of the child, clear and low, waking from sleep, and calling: "My father, my father!"

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"THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN"

(Dedicated to the Memory of the Late W. Hallett-Phillips)

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Mingan River, May 26th.—*Antoine shammed sick when C—— came up this week. He is, of course, waiting for L——, and intends to take him farther along the North Shore, where they are running by millions.*

Medicine Hat, June 18th.—*Billy White says he is not going to guide any more fools who can't shoot, and wants to know if H—— comes out this summer. He has some new ground marked.*

Camp Bunji *via* Astor, July 1st.—*Birkett has snaffled the best tracker in the M—— gullies and gone on. He is trying for the Pamirs, I hear.*

Southampton, May 6th.—*As my young gentleman has just put her in commission for cruise in Northern parts and am going with him, am unable to accept any engagement in home waters this summer. Respectfully, etc.*

Macassar, Feb. 19th.—*You will not get any men from that village if De V—— has been before you. The Head-man is his blood-brother and is taught to know rival collectors. Even the boys will not collect, and it is impossible to get skins.*

NOW the Four-way Lodge is opened : now the Hunting-winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain—
Now the young men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues—
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again !
Who hath seen the beaver busied ? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here.
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you !

SO for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust ;
And for one the lakeside vigil where the bull-moose leads the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go—, etc.

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I

O you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go—, etc.

II

O you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are quick and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—
Just one single 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go, etc.

III

O you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the dripping silence of the orchid-scented glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to the palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go, etc.

IV

O you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the bowlders and the snow lie,
With a trusty nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath to keep it on the horns of *Ovis Poli*,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go, etc.

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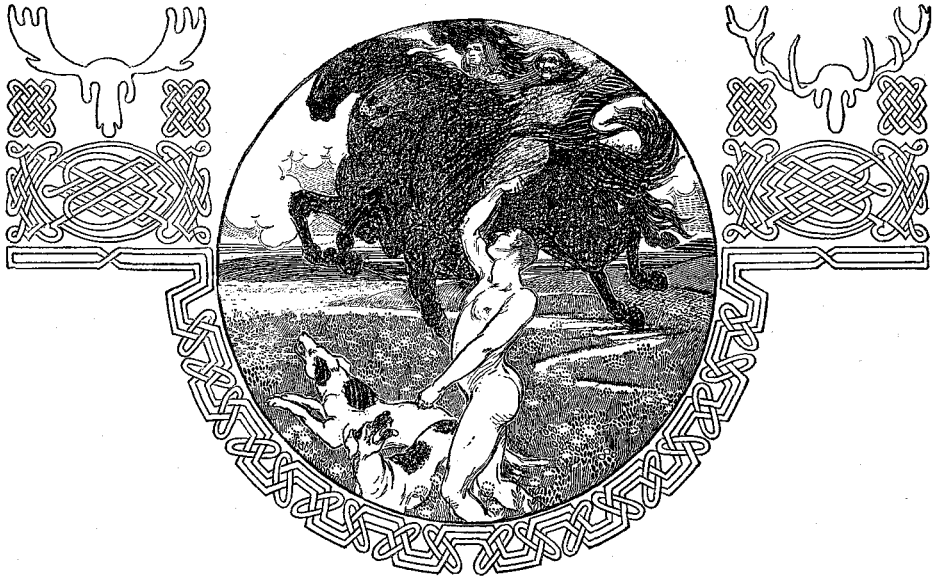
NOW the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies,
Now our young men go to dance before the Trues!
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to the shrine,
Velvet-footed who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign—
Lonely mountain in the northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line—
And for each a man that knows his naked soul!

WHITE or yellow, black or copper he is waiting, as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing or the surf-boat brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . Quick, ah heave the camp-kit over!
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you.



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A RUN OF LUCK

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IT was natural that the war and its results should bring about great changes in the South ; but I never fully realized what a wonderful change had been wrought until, a dozen years after the struggle, business, combined with pleasure, led me to visit the old Moreland Place, in middle Georgia. The whole neighborhood for miles around had been familiar to my youth, and was still dear to memory. Driving along the well-remembered road, I conjured up the brilliant and picturesque spectacle that the Moreland Place presented when I saw it last : a stately house on a wooded hill, the huge, white pillars that supported the porch rising high enough to catch the reflection of a rosy sunset, the porch itself and the beautiful lawn in front filled with a happy crowd of lovely women and gallant men, young and old, the wide avenues lined with carriages, and the whole place lit up (as it were) and alive with the gay commotion of a festival occasion. And such indeed it was—the occasion of the home-coming of Linton Moreland, the master, with a bride he had won in far-off Mississippi.

The contrast that now presented itself would have been pathetic if it had not been amazing. The change that had taken place seemed impossible enough to stagger belief. It had been easier to imagine that some convulsion had swept the Moreland Place from the face of the earth than to believe that in twenty years neglect and decay could work such preposterous ravages. The great house was all but dismantled. One corner of the roof had fallen in. The wide windows were mere holes in the wall. The gable of the porch was twisted and rent—so much so that two of the high pillars had toppled over, while another, following the sinking floor, had parted company with the burden it was intended to support and sustain. The cornices, with their queer ornamentation, had disappeared, and more than one of the chimney-tops had crumbled, leaving a ragged pile of bricks peeping above the edge of the roof. The lawn and avenues leading to it were rankly overgrown with weeds. The grove of magnificent trees that had been one of the features of the Place had not been spared. Some were

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lying prone upon the ground and others had been cut into cord-wood, while those that had been left standing had been trimmed and topped and shorn of their beauty.

Even the topography of the Place had changed. The bed of the old highway leading to the gate that opened on the main avenue had now become a gully, and a new highway had been seized upon—a highway so little used that it held out small promise to the stranger who desired to reach the house. The surroundings were so strange that I was undecided whether to follow the new road, and my horse, responsive to the indecision of my hand, stopped still. At this an old negro man, whom I had noticed sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree not far from the house, rose and came forward as fast as his age would permit him. I knew him at once as Uncle Primus, who had been the head servant in the Place in Linton Moreland's day—carriage-driver, horse-trainer, foreman, and general *factotum*. I spoke to him as he came forward, hat in hand and smiling.

He bowed in quite the old fashion. "Howdy, suh! I 'low'd you wuz tryin' fer ter fin' yo' way ter de house, suh. Dat what make I come. De time wuz, suh, when my ole Marster wuz 'live, en long atter dat, dat nobody on top er de groun' hatter ax de way ter dat house up yander. But dey's been a mighty churnin' up sence dem days, suh, en in de churnin' de whey done got de notion dat it's more wholesomer dan de butter—en I speck it is, suh, ter dem what like whey."

He paused and looked at me with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, which quickly faded away when, in responding to his remark, I called his name again. He regarded me closely, but not impolitely, and then began to scratch his head in a puzzled way. I was on the point of telling him who I was when he raised his hand, a broad grin of pleasure spreading over his face.

"Wait, suh! des wait! I ain't gwine ter be outdone dataway. Ain't you de same little boy what show'd me whar de buzzud nes' wuz on de two-mile place, en' which he use ter go 'possum-huntin' long wid me?" Assuring Uncle Primus that his identification was complete in all particulars, he brought his two hands together with a resounding clap, exclaiming, "Ah-yi! Primus gittin' ol', suh, but he ain't gwine ter be outdone when it come ter knowin' dem what he use ter know, an' mo' speshually when he know'd 'em endurin' er de farmin' days. You er kind er fleshened up, suh, en you look like you er mo' settled dan what you wuz in dem days. Kaze I dunner how come you 'scaped breakin' yo' neck when you wuz stayin' at de Terrell plantation."

I was as much pleased at Uncle Primus's recognition after these long and fateful years as he seemed to be, and we had much to say to each other as he piloted me along the new road to the new gate. The house and the homeplace were now owned by a Mr. Yarbrough, who had at one time followed the calling of an overseer. Having bought the house, it was a marvel why he allowed it to go to rack, but he did. Instead of repairing the fine old house and living in it, he built a modest dwelling of his own. There is a psychological explanation of this, into which it is not necessary now to go. At the time I could find small excuse for the man who could use the Moreland house as a storage place for corn, wheat, potatoes, and fodder, and that, too, when there were no locks on the doors, and only boards nailed across the lower windows.

But Mr. Yarbrough gave me a good dinner, as well as a good part of the information I had come in search of, and it would have become me ill to inquire too closely into his motives for abandoning the Moreland dwelling to the elements. After dinner, I walked about the place with Uncle Primus, visiting first the rock-spring, that I remembered well, and the old family burying-ground in the orchard. Here all the marbles were old and weather-beaten, and I had much trouble in making out some of the names and dates. I knew that Linton Moreland had returned home after the war, with some military reputation, which he tried in vain to turn to account in business matters. Farming was such a precarious affair directly after the war that he gave it up in disgust, and moved to Savannah, where he took charge of the general agency of an insurance company. Lacking all business training, and wanting the instinct of economy in all things, great or small, it was no surprise to his friends when he gave up the

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insurance agency in disgust, and went off to Mississippi.

I had often heard of old family servants attaching themselves to their master's family, and I wondered why Uncle Primus had not accompanied Linton. The old negro either divined my thoughts, or I expressed my wonder in words not now remembered, for he began to shake his head solemnly, by way of protest.

"Well, suh," he said, after awhile, "I come mighty nigh gwine off wid my young marster. I 'speck I'd 'a' gone ef he'd 'a' had any chillun, but he ain't had a blessed one. En it look like ter me, suh, dat ef de Lord gwine ter stan' by a man, He gwine ter gi' 'im chillun. But dat ain't all, suh. I done been out dar ter Massysip wid my young marster, en dat one time wuz too much fer me. Fust dar wuz de rippit on de steamboat, en den dar wuz de burnin' er de boat, en den come de swamps, en de canebrakes; en I tell you right now, suh, I dunner which wuz de wuss—de rippit on de boat, er de fier, er de swamps, er de canebrakes. Dat ain't no country like our'n, suh. Dey's nuff water in de State er Massysip fer ter float Noah's ark. Hit's in de ve'y lan' what dey plant der cotton in, suh. De groun' is mushy. En black! You mayn't b'lieve me, suh, but dey wuz times when I wuz out dar, dat I'd 'a' paid a sev'mpunce fer ter git a whiff er dish yer red dus' up my nose. When you come to farmin', suh, gi' me de red lan' er de gray. Hit may not make ez much cotton in one season, but it las's longer, en hit's lots mo' wholesome."

To pass the time away, I asked Uncle Primus about the "rippit" on the boat, as he called it. He shook his head and groaned. Finally he brightened up, and said:

"You ain't know much about my young master, suh; you wuz too little; but he had de fam'ly failin', ef you kin call it dat. He wuz up fer whatsomever wuz gwine on, let it be a fight, er let it be a frolic. 'Twuz all de same ter him, suh; yit, ef he had de choosin', 'twould 'a' bin a fight mighty nigh all de time. I dunner but what he wuz wuss at dat dan ole marster wuz, en de Lord knows he wuz bad 'nuff.

"Well, suh, nothin'd do my young marster but he mus' travel, but stidder travellin' up dar in Boston, en Phillimindelphy, whar folks live at, he tuck de notion dat he mus' go out dar in de neighborhoods er Massysip. En I had ter go 'long wid 'im. I kinder hung back, kaze I done hearn tell 'bout de gwines-on dey had out dar; but de mo' I hung back, de mo' my young marster want me ter go. I wuz lots younger den dan what I is now, en lots mo' soopler, en I 'low ter myself dat ef anybody kin stan' fer ter go out dar spectin' ter come back wid breff in um, dat somebody wuz Primus. 'Twuz like de ol' sayin', suh—start out wid a weak heart ef you want ter come home wid a whole hide. En so we start off. My young marster wuz mighty gaily. He cracked jokes, en went on mighty nigh de whole time; en I 'spicioned den dat dey wuz gwine ter be some devilment cut up 'fo' we got back. En sho nuff dey wuz.

"Well, suh, stidder gwine right straight to'rds Massysip, we tuck de stage en went ter Nashville, en den ter Kaintucky, en den fum dar up ter St. Louis. Hit look like dat wharsomever dey wuz a hoss-race, er a chicken fight, er a game er farrer gwine on, right dar we wuz, en dar we staid twel de light wuz out, ez you may say. En when dey'd move, we'd move. Ef it hadn't 'a' been fer me, suh, my young marster would 'a' teetotally ruint hisse'f wid gamblin' en gwine on. I seed dat sump'n had ter be done, en dat mighty quick, so I tuck 'im off one side en ax 'im ef he'd bet on de hoss what I'd pick out fer 'im de next day. Dat wuz des fun fer my young marster, suh. He tuck me right up, en des vowed he'd put his las' dollar on 'im.

"'Twan't no mo' trouble ter me, suh, ter pick out de winnin' hoss dan 'twuz ter wash my face. Dat night I made my young marster gi' me a tickler full er dram, en den I went 'mong de stables whar dey kep' de race-hosses, en 'twan't no time 'fo' I know'd eve'y hoss dat wuz gwine ter win de nex' day, en de day arter, en de day arter dat—kaze de nigger boys, what rode de hosses, know'd, en dey tol' me what dey wouldn't dast ter tell no white man dat ever wuz born'd.

"Well, suh, we sorter helt back on de fust two races, but de nex' un wuz de big un, en my young marster plankt down all he had on de hoss I picked, en we walked 'way fum dar wid mighty nigh 'nuff money ter fill a bedtick. De biggest pile my young

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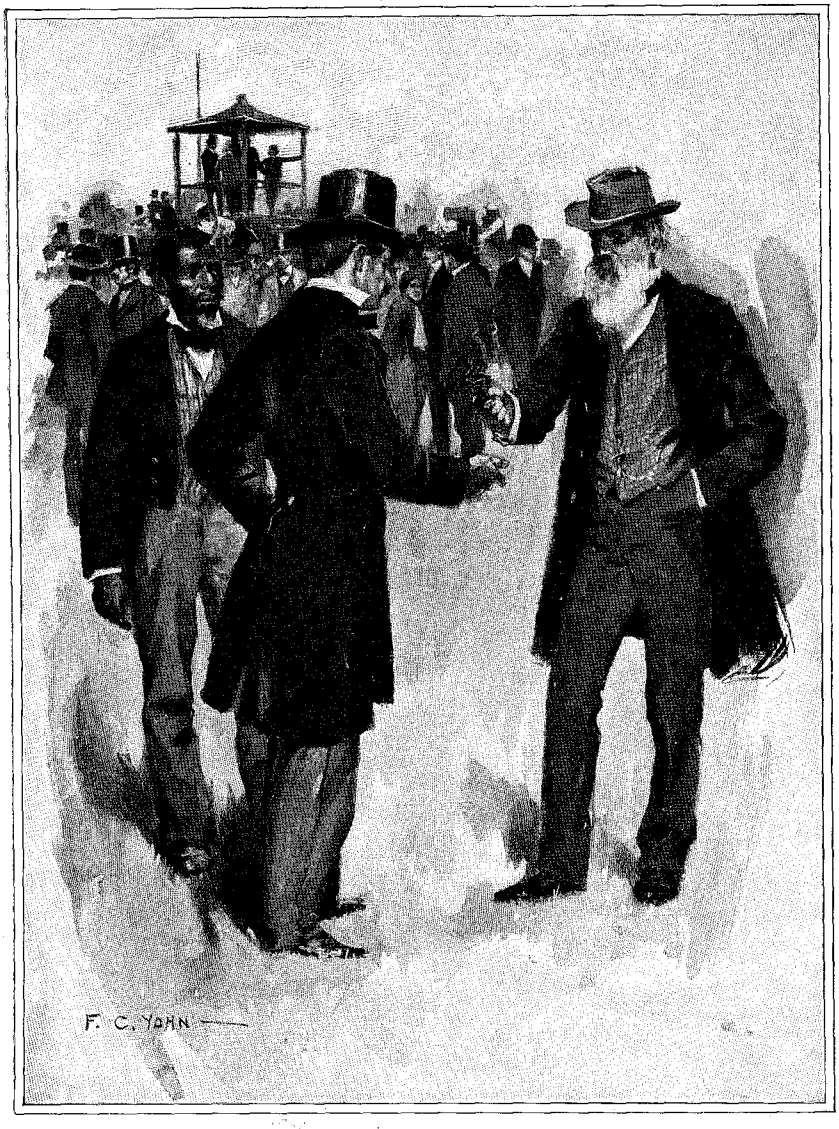

De man wid de white whiskers en blue eyes counted out de bills slow.

marster got, he won'd fum a great big man, wid white whiskers en blue eyes. He look mo' like a preacher dan any hoss-race man I ever is see. De man wid de white whiskers en blue eyes counted out de bills slow, en all de time he wuz doin' it he look hard at me en my young marster. Arter we got back in de tavern, my young marster say, 'Primus!' I say, 'Suh!' He 'low, 'Is you see how dat ol' man look at us whence he wuz countin' out dat money?' I 'low, 'Well, suh, I notice 'im glance at us mo' dan once.' He say, 'You know what dat means?' I say, 'No, suh, less'n hit's kaze he hate ter drap so much good money.' He 'low 'Dat man got de idee in 'im big ez a mule dat I'm a swindler. Damn 'im! I'll put a hole thoo 'im de fust chance I git.' I 'low, 'Better wait twel we git some mo' er his money.' But my young marster tuck it mighty hard. He walk de flo' en walk de flo'. But ez fer me—well, suh, I des set down at de foot er de bed, en de fus news I know'd I wuz done gone ter de land er Nod.

"Well, suh, we went on cross de coun-

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He dash de water in de man's face wid one han' en draw'd his gun wid de yuther.—Page 689.

try twel we came ter St. Louis. We ain't do much dar, 'cep ter spen' money, en bimeby my young marster tuck a notion dat he'd go ter New 'leans. I 'low, 'Dar now!' but dat ain't do no good. My young marster done make up his min'. So I got ev'ything ready, en terreckly atter dinner we went down en got on de boat. Hit look like ter me, suh, dat she wuz bigger dan a meetin'-house. Mon, she loomed up so high, dat I got sorter skittish, en den on top er dat wuz two great big smoke-stacks, scolloped on de aidge, en painted red roun' de rim. En de smoke dat come a-bilin' out'n um wuz dat black en thick, dat it look like you might er cut it wid a kyarvin' knife.

"I followed 'long atter my young marster, I did, en when we got up on top dar whar de balance er de folks wuz, de fust man I laid eyes on wuz dat ar man wid de white whiskers en de blue eyes what my young marster won de big pile er money fum. He look 'mo like a preacher man dan ever, kaze he wuz drest up 'mo slicker dan what he had been. I ain't blame 'im fer dat when I seed what he had wid 'im. I done laid eyes on lots er purty white ladies, but I ain't seed none no purtier dan de one what dat ar preacher-lookin' man had wid 'im. She walk, suh, like she wuz on springs, en when she laugh it look like she lit up de boat, en her ha'r shine like when de sun strike down thoo de trees whar de water ripple at. When de man 'ud look at her, hit seem like his eyes got mo' bluer, but dey want no mo' bluer dan what her'n wuz en not more'n half ez big. I know'd by de way she hung on de man's arm en projicked wid 'im, dat dey wuz some kin er nudder, en I say ter myse'f, 'Name er de Lord, white man, whyn't you drap dis gamblin' business en settle down some'ers en take keer er dat gal?' Bless yo' soul, suh, whiles I wuz sayin' dat de gal wuz pullin' at de man's whiskers; en bimeby, she up en—*smack!*—she kissed 'im, en den I know'd he wuz her daddy.

"My young marster wuz watchin' all deze motions mo' samer dan what I wuz. He watch de gal so close dat bimeby de man kotch 'im at it, en when my young marster seed he wuz kotched he up en blush wuss'n de gal did. But de preacher-lookin' man ain't say nothin'. He look at my young marster an grin des nuff fer ter show his tushes. 'Twan't no laugh; 'twuz one er deze yer grins like you see on er dog des 'fo' he start ter snap you. Den he hustled de gal off, en I dunner whar dey went."

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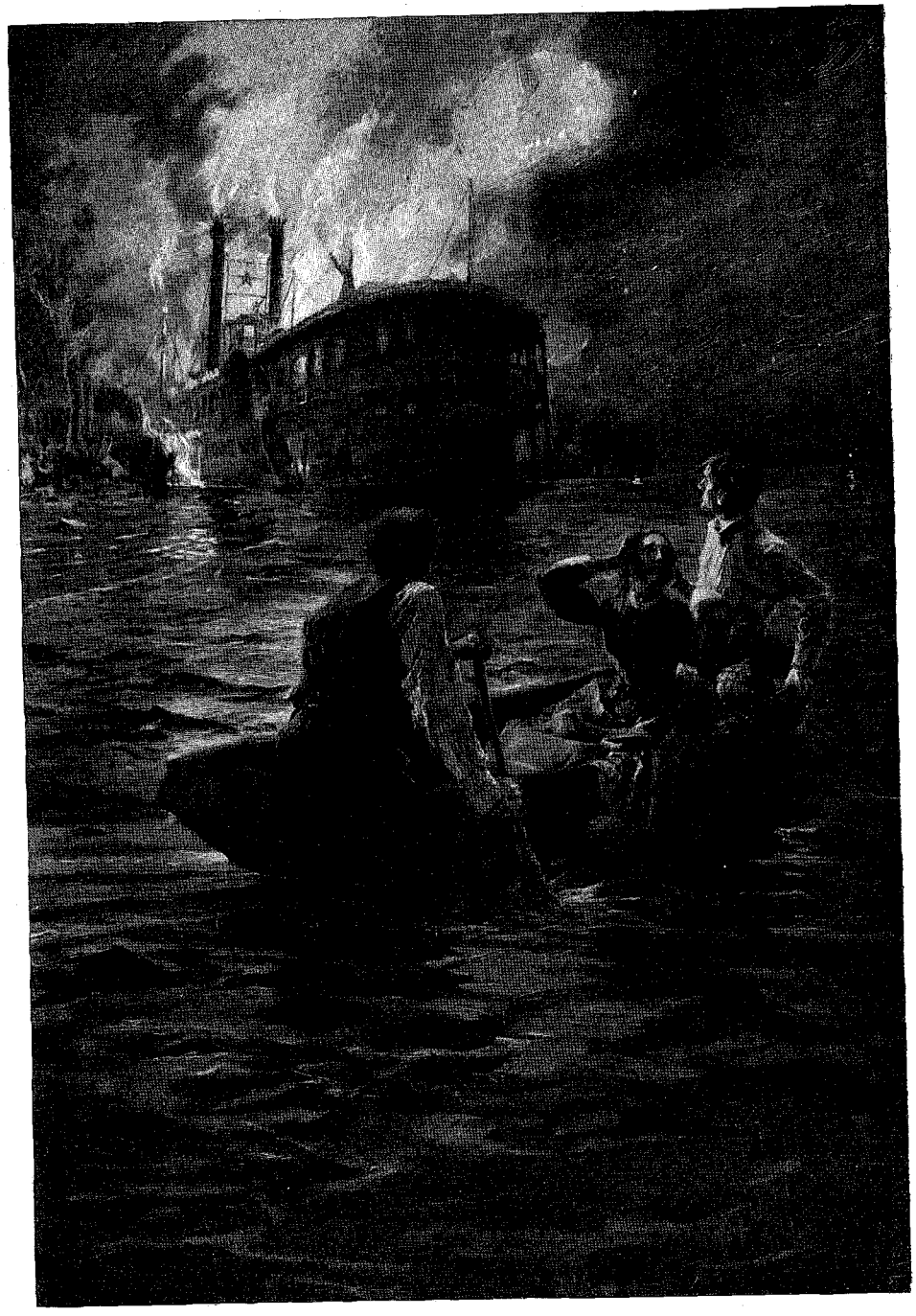

De young 'oman moan en cry out: "Oh, it can't be!"—Page 691.

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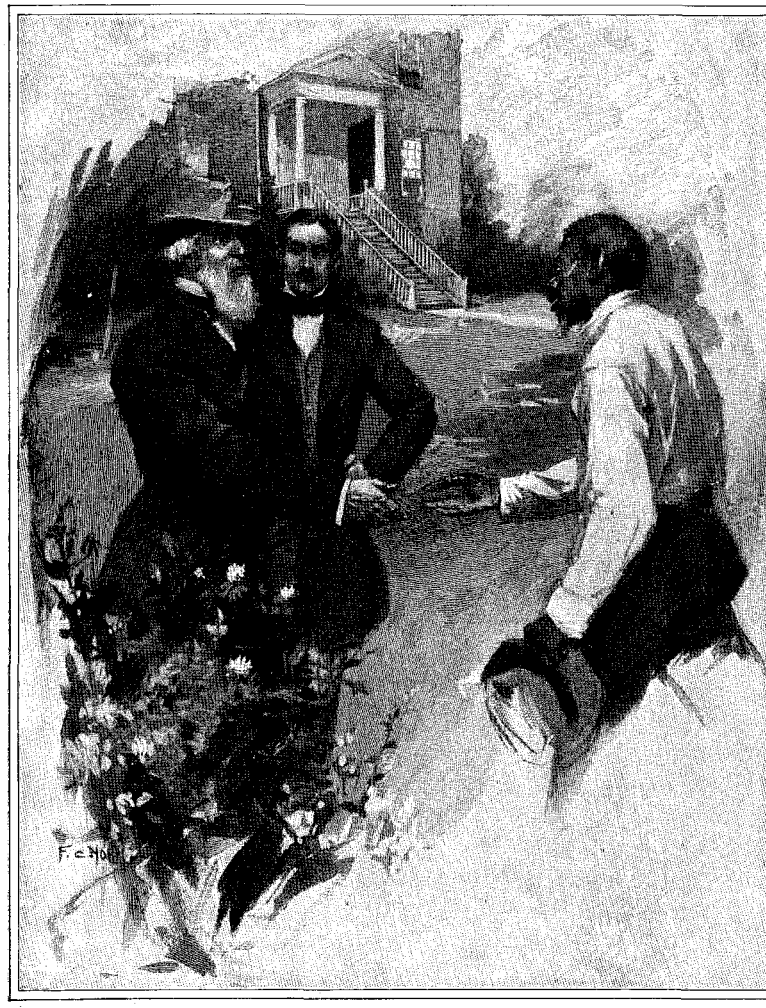
"Arter supper some er de men what my young marster been talkin' wid said sump'n 'bout gittin' up a little game. Dey talked en smoked en bimeby my young marster en two mo' 'greed ter try dey han' at poker. Dey went off to'rds a little room what dey had at one een' er de boat, en I went 'long wid um. My fust notion wuz ter go off some'ers en go ter bed, but when I got ter what dey wuz gwine, dar wuz de preacher-lookin' man settin' in dar by his lone se'f shufflin' a deck er kyards. He look up, he did, when my young marster en de yuthers went in, en den he showed his tushes en bowed. But he kep' on settin' dar shufflin' de kyards, en it look like ter me that he done been shuffle kyards befo'. I been see lots er men shuffle kyards in my day, but dat ar preacher-lookin' man, he beat my time by de way he handle dat deck. 'Twuz slicker dan sin.

"Right den en dar, suh, I say ter myse'f dat dish yer preacher-looking' man wuz one er dem ar river-gamblers, what you hear folks talk 'bout, en dat he wan't doin' nothin' in de roun' worl' but layin' fer my young marster. Dey sorter pass de time er day, dey did, en my young marster 'low dat he hope he ain't doin' no intrusion, en de preacher-lookin' man say ef dey's anybody doin' any intrusion, it's him, kaze he ain't doin' nothin' but settin' dar projickin' with de kyards wait-



"Shake han's wid me, Nigger."—Page 691.

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in' fer bed-time. Den my young marster ax 'im ef he won't jine in de game, en he 'low he don't keer ef he do, but he say it twon't do 'im no good fer ter jine in de game ef my young marster know ez much 'bout kyards ez he do 'bout race-hosses. Wid dat, my young marster 'low dat he never won'd a dollar on any hoss what he pick out hisse'f. Dis make the preacher-lookin' man open his eyes wide, en dey look mo' bluer dan befo'; en he 'low:

"'Who does de pickin' fer you?'

"My young marster nod his head to'rds me. 'Dar's my picker.'

"De man say, 'Who larnt you so much 'bout race-hosses?'

"I make answer, 'Well, suh, hit's mighty much de same wid hosses ez 'tis wid folks. Look at um right close en watch der motions, en you'll know what dey got in um, but you won't know how you know it.'

"De man say, 'Kin you pick out kyards same ez you does hosses?'

"I 'low, 'Well, suh, I has played sev'm-up on Sundays, en I ken pick out de kyards when I see um."

"Dis make de man grin mo' samer dan befo', but my young marster looks mighty sollum. He drum on de table wid his fingers like he studyin' 'bout sump'n, en bimeby he say:

"'Primus, I wus des 'bout ter sen' you off ter bed, but I reckon you better set dar behine me en gi' me good luck.'

"De man look at me, en den he look at my young marster, I 'low:

"'I'll set behime you en nod, Marse Lint, ef dat'll gi' you good luck.'

"Well, suh dey started in wid de game. Dey had corn fer chips, en er empty see-gyar box wuz de bank. I watched um long ez I could, en den I drapt off ter sleep. I dunner how long I sot dar en nodded, but bimeby I hear a shufflin', en dat woke me. De two men what come in wid my young marster had done got tired er playin', en dey draw'd out en went off ter bed. My young marster wuz fer drawin' out too, but de preacher-lookin' man wouldn't hear ter dat. He say, 'Gi' me er chance ter win my money back,' en I know'd by dat dat my young marster ain't been losin' much.'

"Dey played on, en I kinder kep' one eye on de game. My young marster played des like he tryin' ter lose. But 'twant no use. Luck wuz runnin' his way, en she des run'd all over him. She got 'im down en wallered 'im, en den she sot on top un 'im. Dey ain't no use talkin', suh: hit wuz des scanlous. Dey wan't no sleep fer me while dat wuz gwine on. I des sot dar wid bofe eyes open, en my mouf too, I speck. De kyards run'ded so quare, suh, dat dey fair made my flesh crawl, kaze I know'd how it bleedze ter look like swindlin' ter de man what wuz so busy losin' all his money. Ef I hadn't er know'd my young marster, nobody couldn't er tol' me dat he wa'nt playin' a skin game, kaze I wouldn't b'lieved um. En dat's de way 'twuz wid dat ar preacher-lookin' man. He played en played, but bimeby he put his kyards down on de table, en draw'd a long breff, en look at my young marster. Den he 'low.

"'I seed lots er folks in my day en time, but you en your dam nigger is de slickest pair dat I ever is lay eyes on.'

"My young marster sorter half-way shet his eyes en lean on de table en look at de man. He ax:

"'What yo' name?'

"Man say, 'Barksdale er Loueeziana.'

"My young marster had his han' on a tum'ler er water, en he 'low: 'Well, Barksdale er Loueeziana, ol' ez you is, I'll hatter l'arn you some manners.'

"Wid dat, he dash de water in de man's face wid one han' en draw'd his gun wid de yuther. De man wipe de water out er his eyes wid one han' en draw'd *his* gun wid de yuther. Leas'ways, I speck he draw'd it, kaze de pistol what my young marster had wuz so techous, ez you may say, dat I duckt my head when I seed 'im put his han' on it.

"But 'fo' anybody could do any damage, suh, I heerd a squall dat make my blood run col'. Hit come fum a 'oman, too, kaze dey ain't nothin' ner nobody what kin make dat kinder fuss 'cep' it's a 'oman er a mad hoss. I raise my head at dat, en dar stood my young marster en de man wid der han's on der guns en de table 'twix um. De squall ain't mo' dan die away, 'fo' somebody holler 'Fier!' en time dat word come, I could see de red shadder flashin' on de water, en den hit come 'cross my min' dat dey waz one nigger man a mighty fur ways fum home, en hit

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make me feel so sorry fer de nigger man dat I couldn't skacely keep fum bustin' out en cryin' boo-hoo right den en dar. De man look at my young marster en say:

"'Scuze me des one minnit. My daughter——'

"'Certn'y, suh!' sez my young marster, en den he bowed des ez perlite ez ef he'd a had a fiddle stidder a pistol. De man, he bowed back, en went out, en my young marster follered arter. By dat time de folks in de boat (en dey wuz a pile un um, mon!) come a-rushin' out'n der rooms, en 'fo' you kin wink yo' eyeball dey wuz a-crowdin' en a-pushin' en a-pullin', en a-haulin', en a-cryin', en a-fightin', en a-cussin', en a-prayin'.

"Wel, suh, I put it down in my min' den, en I ain't never rub it out, dat ef you take proudness out'n de white folks dey er des ez skeery ez de niggers. En dem white folks on dat boat dat night had all de proudness out'n um, en dey went on wuss'n a passel er four-footed creeturs. Hit's de Lord's trufe, suh—all 'cep'n my young marster en de preacher-lookin' man. Dem two wuz des ez cool ez cowcumbers, en I say ter myse'f, I did, 'I'll des up en wait twel dey gits skeer'd, en den I'll show um how skeer'd a nigger kin git when he ain't got nothin' on his min'.'

"Dat ar Mr. Barksdale, he wuz fer shovin' right 'long froo de crowd, but my young marster say dey better stay on de top deck whar dey kin see what gwine on. 'Bout dat time I cotch sight er de young 'oman in de jam right close at us, en I p'int her out ter my young marster. Time he kin say, 'Dar yo' daughter right nex' ter de railin',' de crowd sorter swayed back, de rope railin' give 'way, en inter de water de gal went, wid a lot mo' un um. My young marster han' me his coat en pistol en over he went; I han' um ter Mr. Barksdale, whiles he sayin', 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lordy!' en over I went—kaze in dem days I ain't had no better sense dan ter go whar my young marster went. I hit somebody when I struck de water, en I like ter jolted my gizzard out, en when I riz hit look like de boat had done got a mile away, but she wuz headin' fer de bank, suh, en she flung a broadside er light on de water, en I ain't hit mo'n a dozen licks 'fo' I seed my young marster hol'in' de gal, an' swimmin' 'long easy.

"Well, sun, what should I do but des up en fetch one er dem ar ol'-time fox-huntin' hollers, en I 'boun' you mought er heerd it two mile. My young marster make answer, en den I know'd de res' wuz easy. Kaze me an' him wuz at home in de water. I holler out, I did, 'Gi' me room, Marse Lint!' en I pulled up 'long side er him same ez a pacin' hoss. My young marster say sump'n, I disremember what, en den he laugh, en when de young 'oman hear dis, she open her eyes, en make some kind er movement. My young marster 'low: 'Don't grab me, please, ma'am,' en she say she ain't skeer'd a bit. 'Bout dat time we come up wid a nigger man in a canoe. Stidder tryin' ter save us, ef we needed any savin', he done his level best ter git away. But he ain't hit two licks wid de paddle 'fo' I had de boat, en I say: 'You dunner who you foolin' wid, nigger!'

"Well, suh, he dez riz up in de boat en light out same ez a bull-frog in a mill-pon'. My young marster say he wuz a runaway nigger, en I speck he wuz, kaze what business he got jumpin' in de water des kaze we want ter git in his boat? Dat zackly what he done; he lipt out same ez er bull-frog. Now, some folks dunner how ter git in a boat fum de water when dey ain't nobody in it, but here's what does. De sides is lots too ticklish. I dez grab de een' en sorter spring up en down twel I got de swing un it, en den I straddle it des like playin' lip-frog. Dat done, dey want no trouble 'tall. I lif' de young 'oman in, en den my young marster he clomb in, en dar we wuz a little chilly in de win', but warm 'nuff fer ter thank de Lord we had life in us. I tuck de paddle, I did, en look at my young marster. He nod his head to'rd de burnin' boat. De young 'oman wuz cryin' en moanin', en gwine on turrible 'bout her daddy, but I des jerk dat canoe along. Her daddy wuz dead, she des know'd it; sump'n done tol' her so; en nobody ner nothin' can't make her b'lieve he 'live, no matter ef day done seed 'im 'live en well. You know how de wimmin folk runs on, suh. But while she gwine on dat a-way, I wuz des makin' dat canoe zoon, pullin' fust on one side en den on t'er.

"By dis time, suh, de burnin' boat done been run on de bank, en, mon, she lit up

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de worl'. De fier wuz shootin' mos'ly fum de middle, en mos' all de folks wuz at de een' nex' ter de bank, but on de hine een' en way on de top deck dey wuz a man standin'. He wuz wringin' his han's en lookin' out on de water, en he want no mo' tryin' ter save hisse'f dan de smoke-stacks wuz. De light shined right on 'im, en I know'd de minnit I seed 'im dat 'twus dat ar Mr. Barksdale. So I turn my head en say ter de young 'oman, 'Mistiss, yon' yo' pa now.' She ain't look up 'tall. She 'low: 'I don't b'lieve it! I never is ter b'lieve it!' I say: 'Marse Lint, who dat ar gemman on de top deck all by his own 'lone se'f?' My young marster 'low: 'Hit's Mr. Barksdale.' De young 'oman moan en cry out: 'Oh, it can't be!'

"But I des drove dat ar canoe 'long, en bimeby we wuz right at de hine een', en my young marster sot in ter holler at dat ar Mr. Barksdale. But look like he can't make 'im hear, de folks on de een' wuz makin' sech a racket, en de fier wuz ro'in so. I say, 'Wait, Marse Lint,' en den I back de canoe out in de light, en fetched one er dem ol'-time corn-shuckin' whoops. Dis make de man look down. I holler, 'Here yo' daughter waitin' fer you! Climb down—climb down!'

"Well, suh, he sorter rub his han' 'cross his eyes, en den de young 'oman fetched a squall en called 'im by name. Wid dat, he stoop down en pick up my young marster's coat en den he clomb down des ez cool ez a cowcumber. 'Twan't long atter dat 'fo' we made a landin'. You mayn't b'lieve it, suh, but folks in gettin' off dat burnin' boat, what wid der crowdin' en der pushin', would drown deyse'f in water dat want up ter der chin ef dey'd a stood up. It's de Lord's trufe. Not one here en dar, suh, but a whole drove un um.

De folks in de neighborhood seed de light en know'd purty much what de matter wuz, en 'twan't long 'fo' here dey come wid der buggies, en der carryalls, en der waggins, en by sunup me an' my young marster, en de young 'oman en her daddy, wuz all doin' mighty well at a house not mo'n two mile fum de river. Leas'ways, I know I wuz doin' mighty well, suh, kaze I wuz drinkin' hot coffee en eatin' hot biscuits in de kitchen, en I speck de yuthers wuz doin' de same in de house. En what better kin you ax dan dat?

"Atter dinner, whiles I wuz settin' out on de hoss-block sunnin' myse'f—kaze de sun feel mighty good, suh, when you done got yo' fill er vittles—I wuz settin' dar, I wuz, kinder huv'rin' 'twix' sleep en slumber, when I hear my young marster talkin'. I open my eyes, en dar wuz him en Mr. Barksdale comin' down fum de house. Dey stop not so mighty fur fum whar I wuz, en talk mighty sollum. Bimeby, Mr. Barksdale beckon ter me. He 'low:

"'Come yer, boy. You wuz de onliest one what hear what I say ter yo' young marster las' night, en I want you ter hear what I say now, en dat's dis: I'm ready ter git on my knees en 'polergize on account er de insults what passed.'

"I say: 'Yasser, I know'd sump'n n'er had ter be done 'bout dat, kaze my white folks ain't got no stomach fer dat kind er talk, let it come fum who it shill en whence it mought.'

"He look at me right hard, en den he laugh, en 'low: 'Shake han's wid me. Nigger ez you is, you er better dan one-half de white folks dat I'm 'quainted wid.'

"Well, suh, you wuz 'roun' here when my young marster come back wid my young mistiss? Dat wuz de upshot un it. We went home wid Marse Barksdale, en when we come 'way fum dar, Marse Lint brung wid 'im de gal what he pick up in de river.

"Dey ain't but one thing 'bout my young marster dat I can't onkivver en onravel. What in de name er goodness de reason dat he can't stay right here whar he born'd at, stidder gwine out dar in Massysip er Loueeziany, er wharsomever hit is? Dat what I want ter know."

When I last saw him, Uncle Primus was sitting on a log, evidently still trying to solve that problem.

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THE WHITE REPUBLIC

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

Of Pilgrim eyes previsioned and Puritan lips foretold,
Dowered with wealth of woodland and glory of virgin gold,
Awoke the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most High,
As broad and free as the borders be of her own wide western sky!
Mother of loyal daughters, whose girdle and guard are these—
Their leagues of inland waters and bulwarks of splendid seas,
Each to the other plighted till the end of time they stand,
Palmetto to pine united and prairie to pasture-land.

She hath store of grain ungarnered and harvests her sons have sown,
She is jewelled with mines unminted whose measure no man hath known,
And the light of her eyes is steady, and her onward march is free,
For it knows no rest, but is like the quest of her rivers that seek the sea.
Upward and on she presses with a zeal no check may rein,
With a strength no shock may shatter while her seasons wake and wane,
Nerved of her stirring stories of the deeds and the deaths of men,
She wins for greater glories till the lapse of human ken.

Her breath is sweet of the southland and the fragile jasmine blows,
On her brow is the excellent whiteness of still Sierra snows,
And her feet are shod with the mosses of the murmurous woodland ways,
And her temples crowned with fillets of the sheaves of slender maize:
As the wild Atlantic fearless, as the hushed Pacific calm,
She rules her rugged hilltops and her breathless groves of palm,
And, whether in waste or city, with freedom her shining shield,
She is queen by right of her splendid might and the love her children yield.

And on through the unrun ages, through stormy and sunlit days,
Still shall the crescent pages of history sing her praise,
As by ways of strife and burden to the goal of strife's surcease
She pursues the priceless guerdon, the dawn of a deathless peace,
The wise and wonderful mother of states and states to be,
Guarded and well defended of the sons who made her free,
Of the sons who learned to love her, and of loving her learned to die
For the flag of the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most High!

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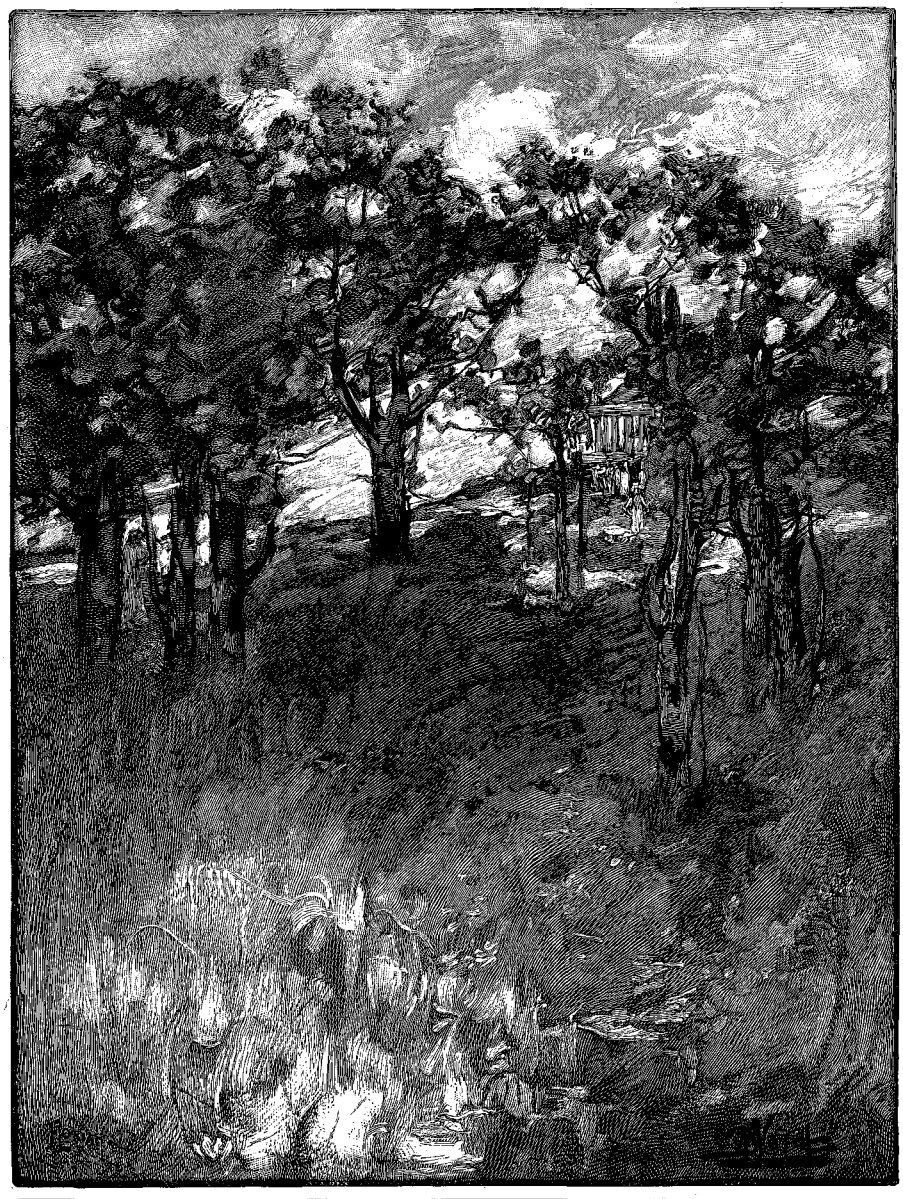
THE POSING OF VIVETTE



By J. Russell Taylor. Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell.

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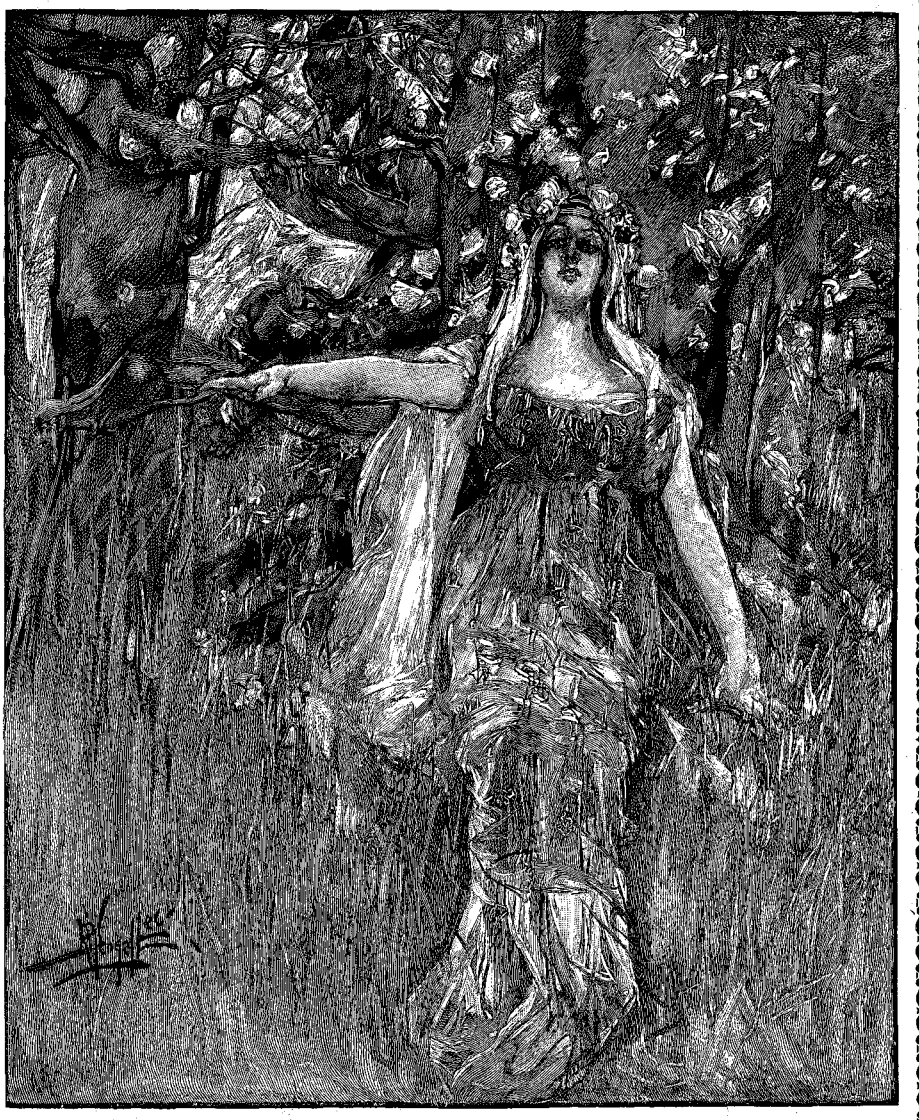

VIVETTE. You've finished with my face? Then I can talk?
'Twill take an hour to mend my skirt; it caught
And spoiled my three-rail jump: I hate to sew.
Why do you paint me in these stupid woods?
What is this . . . mm . . . who is it that I am?
Bacchante, yes: but tell me what she was—,
A harlequin?

THE ARTIST. Not quite: it means a girl
Who served a Greek god.

VIVETTE. O, that's what I am.
I wondered if this airy creature waltzed
In a smile, a garland, and a leopard skin

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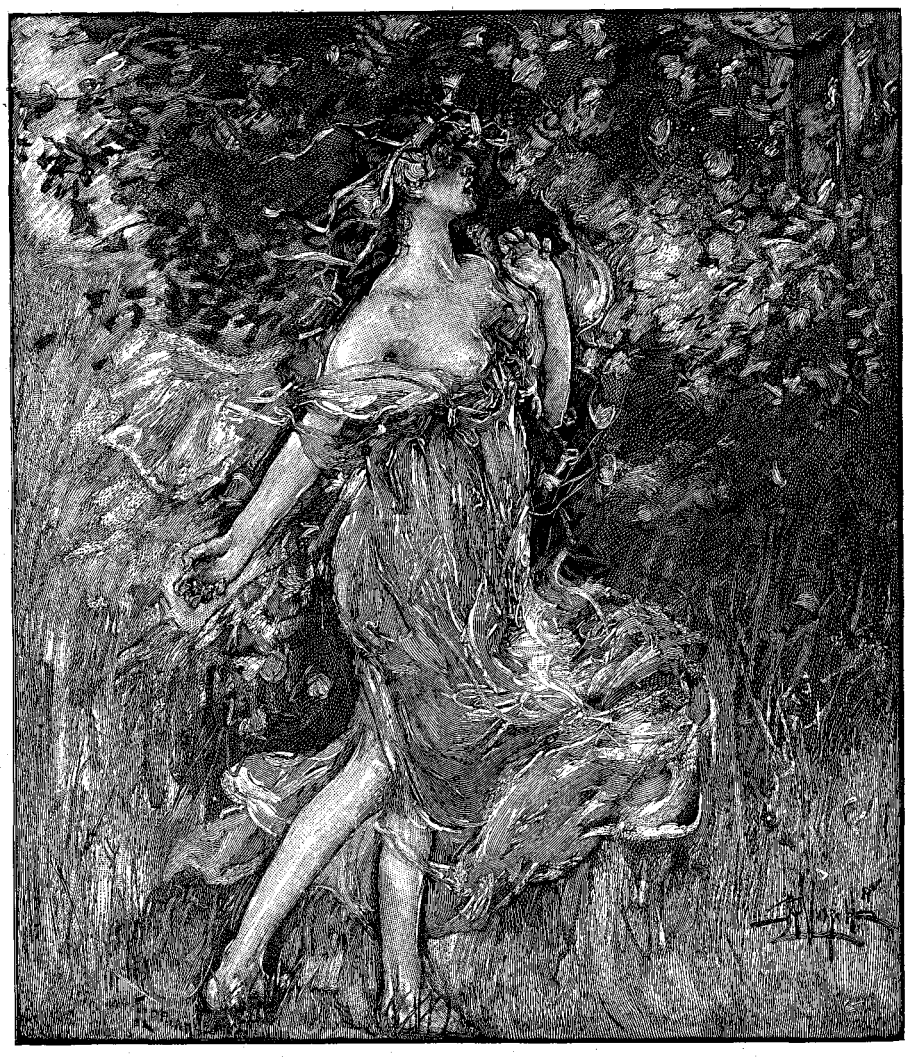

That doesn't fit: 'tis too décolleté.
But if she served a god—why, here's a nun,
A convent, dressed in purity and wreaths!

THE ARTIST. He was the god of wine, my dear.

VIVETTE. Ah, then,
The sisters danced a ballet up to church
With flapping leopard skirts, took off their wreaths
Like theatre-hats, and most demurely drank
Absinthe. . . . I wish you'd hurry: this old tree
Is rough, my foot's asleep, and ants
Explore my back. Just let me shiver, please!

THE ARTIST. It won't be long.

[*She hums a little tune, then stops. He looks up.*]

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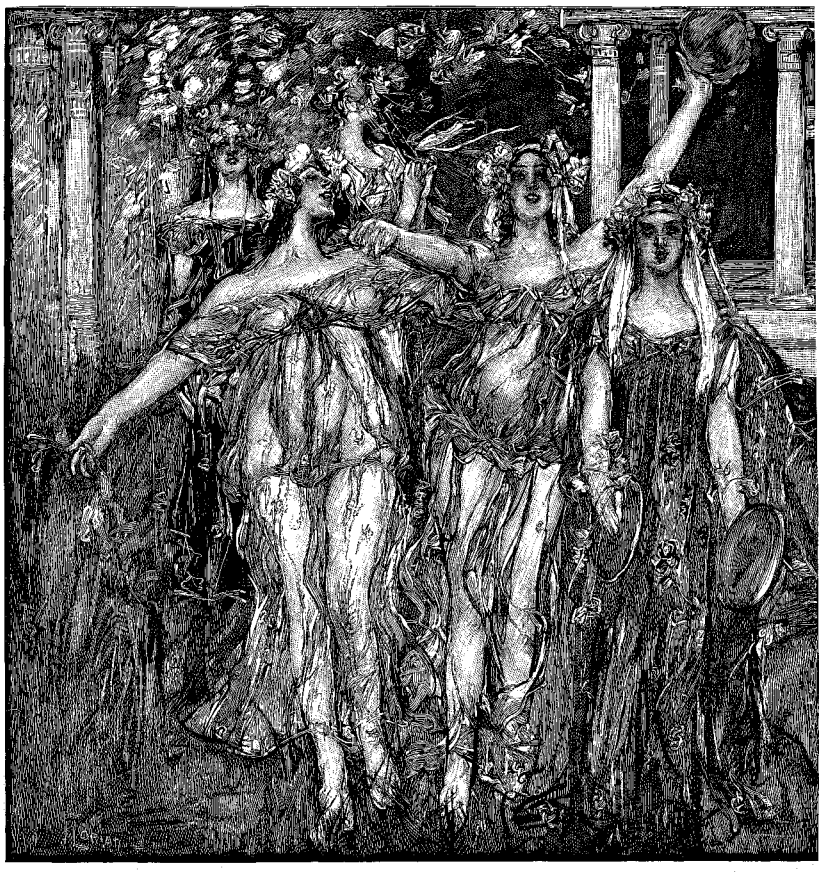

Vivette! Don't wink, don't breathe!
That's just the expression. Don't——

VIVETTE. Io, io,
Iacchus!

THE ARTIST. Yes, the wine god. . . . But, Vivette!—

VIVETTE. 'Tis day, Silenus. We have overslept:
Has Ino risen already, little man?
Where are our mænads pale in purple hair,
Leaf-ears and slim-shanks with the mellow nymphs,
The satyrs, and the Lydian bassarids?

THE ARTIST. Well, what the devil's this?

VIVETTE. And no wine left
For us, old goat-hoofs: . . . I am something mused;
The torches through the dark are in my head,
The deep-toned Chthonian cymbals up the wood,
And all the Evian revel and parade.
I am not yet adept in ecstasy:
This strange new sweet romantic god of ours
Intoxicates my fancy all too much.
Here is a change, from tripping robes in town

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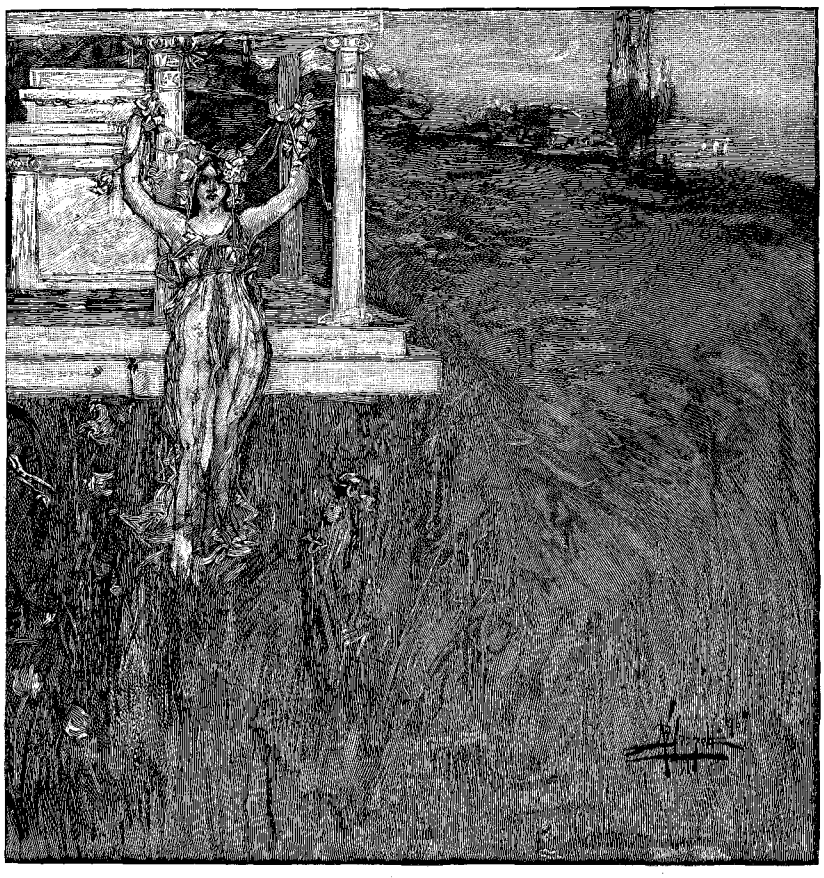

To dappled fawnskins knotted at the breast
With snakes which float and lick us on the chins,
Or exquisite cool-thrilling nakedness
That dances honey-pale upon the gloom
With sounding moons of tambourines aloft!

THE ARTIST. Good lord, she's mad!

VIVETTE. And yet 'tis not all joy:
Mere frogs that croon and quire the death of night
Chill our flushed dreams to ashes; laughing fauns
Grow wistful, and gay hamadryads mute
When Bacchus sleeps or is away: some threat
Lurks in the charm of this high dalliance,
Some horror black beneath this masque of spring,
As in Pan's piping. Even the green-wreathed wands
Are weapons masked. Silenus, did you know
The pine-cone on the thyrsus hid a spear?

THE ARTIST. So I must be Silenus. Heaven help!
O yes, I knew!

VIVETTE. The tiger, teased too far

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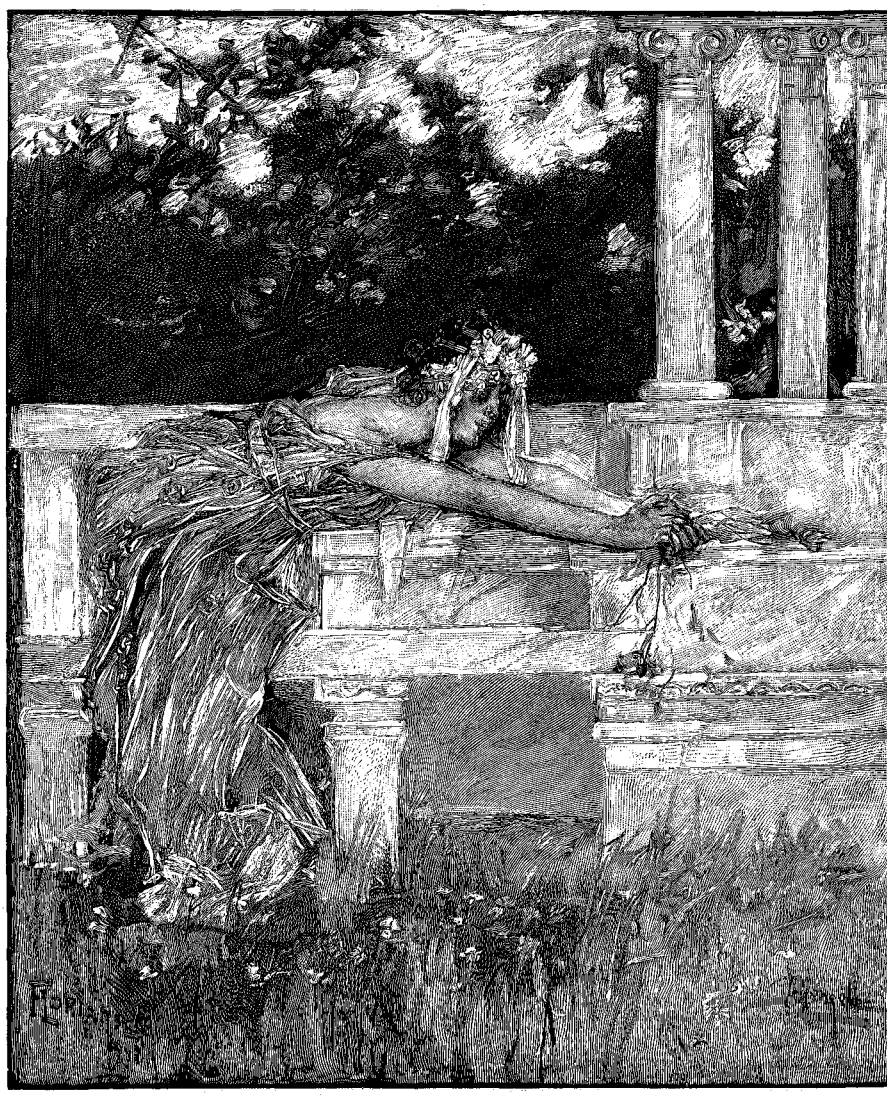

Last night (she sprawled an insolence of grace
Along his cruel beauty, black and gold
And sumptuous white), nipped Ariadne's hand.
I had not guessed the cone concealed a blade,
Though there I saw the Theban horror drip:
She shrieked; the thyrsus glittered, pinned the brute
By one gaunt stripèd flank unto the moss
Where he writhed roaring till the god released
And healed him. . . . Come, flushed ancient, we must stir.
O for the chanting dithyramb, to wake
The rain of pattering satyr-hoofs, and thrill
The purple ankles of the Hyades

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Till every grape-kissed girl-foot taps in tune
And every nymph in Naxos floats her hair!
O, Dionysus, drinker of raw blood!
O, Dionysus, golden, honey-sweet!

[*He steps forward as she begins to dance, and touches her arm.*]

THE ARTIST. Vivette——

VIVETTE. A man here at the Mysteries!
Agave's fingers shall drip red again. . . .
Mænads, a man!

[*She leaps, one hand reaching his face before he can seize her wrists and hold her, struggling.*]

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THE ARTIST. You wild-cat! Why, Vivette!

[*She falls forward against him: he lays her on the grass.*]

VIVETTE. Hullo, what's happened? O, you hurt my wrists!
What have I done—I fainted?

THE ARTIST. Died, I think.

VIVETTE. Your face is bleeding—aie!

THE ARTIST. I know, I know:
That blackberry caught me when I ran to help.

VIVETTE. We're brilliant. Where's my leopard skin? Why, here,
Bacchantes shouldn't swoon in evening dress
Without a chaperone: besides, it crumples
Your gorgeous lack of clothes.

THE ARTIST. Come, child, we'll go.
I'll paint you serving tea-cups after this.

VIVETTE. O, I'm all right. Your old ants make me sick.
Please tie my shoes while I put up my hair,
My antique hair. Vivette's herself again.

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SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

IT says not a little for that often abused body, the English Royal Academy of Arts, that after losing in rapid succession two such distinguished presidents as Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, it should be able to select another from its ranks so able to sustain its prestige as the painter of "Israel in Egypt," "Atalanta's Race," and "The Visit to Æsculapius." But it is not only from his easel pictures, nor even from his other pictorial and decorative works, that he derives all his qualifications for the high office which he holds. As a creative artist he has done much, but it is doubtful whether he has ever quite done himself justice. Almost from the beginning of his career his keen mind has been employed in many directions for the good of his country and his country's art. As the first Slade Professor at University College, London, and as Director of the National Art Training Schools at South Kensington, to mention no other ways in which his knowledge and intelligence have been employed for national ends, he has been occupied with important duties which must have seriously trenched upon the time at his disposal for original composition; moreover the thought and care and judgment which he has so continuously exercised as a teacher and a counsellor, have doubtless influenced the creations of his own mind. They are by no means deficient in variety, in originality, or force, but they are the work of an imagination always under critical control. If there is one element predominant in all his work, it is the intellectual. Clear, serene, well ordered, the art of Sir Edward Poynter stands out with some distinction amongst the less considered and less complete workmanship with which it is so often surrounded. Although he himself has been among the reformers of his day, the later movements in the direction of personal impressionism have not affected either his method or ideal. The new school to which he belonged in his youth, which may be broadly described as the "neo-classical," has almost become an "old" school now, but he has seen no reason to swerve from the aims and principles which inspired and guided his earliest efforts, and he finds it impossible to believe that any new fashion or indeed any new discovery can alter certain fundamental truths, which inform all the greatest art works of the past, including those of Phidias and Michelangelo. To him, as to them, art means the exercise not only of feeling and skill, but of thought and knowledge. He seeks beauty, especially of form, as seen in the most beautiful and expressive of all forms—the human. He loves not only its superficial charm, but the excellent order of its construction, the inimitable science of its organization. And this beauty, this order, this organic perfection, should, to his mind, regulate the making of a work of art, a creation complete in itself, with every part correctly proportioned and adjusted to achieve a designed result. Art so intellectual in its genesis, so definite in its appeal, requires great patience and exactitude in execution and preparation, and Sir Edward's work never fails in these respects, for it is always thoroughly thought out and wrought out. It does not seem at all improbable that the desire for order and proportion which marks the work of the present president of the Royal Academy may have descended to him from his father, the late Ambrose Poynter, architect, who, before his career was cut short by blindness, had, amongst other works, designed the National Provincial Bank at Manchester, St. Katharine's Hospital, Regent's Park, and Christ Church, Westminster. At all events his early surroundings must have soon drawn his attention to architecture and also probably to architectural decoration. Those who believe in heredity will also not fail to observe that his mother, Emma Forster by birth, was the granddaughter of Thomas Banks, R.A., a sculptor of real genius, whose works were the admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Flaxman, and have

⁂ All of the sketches and studies reproduced in this article are now published for the first time by special permission of the artist.

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Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

By permission of the artist, after the portrait painted by himself. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

been too much neglected by the rest of his countrymen. Such tendencies as he may have inherited toward the more intellectual forms of art were at least not discouraged by his early association with Leighton and his study in the *atelier* of Gleyre at Paris. Owing to his delicate health, Sir Edward's regular education was much interrupted. Shortly after his birth at Paris (March 20, 1836), he was brought to England, and he spent his childhood in the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey, first in a house at Poet's Corner, now demolished, and afterward in one at Queen Anne's Gate, which is still in his possession. After a short time at Westminster School he was sent to Brighton College in 1849, and to Ipswich Grammar School in 1850, but the winter of 1852–53 was spent in Madeira, by the doctor's orders. Here he continued his studies under a tutor, and spent much of his time in sketching the scenery in the neighborhood of Funchal, having obtained from a Mr. Thomas Boys some instruction in the use of water-colors. The next year was spent in Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the young Frederick Leighton, then engaged in his celebrated picture of "Cimabue's Madonna Carried Through Florence." It was this meeting that determined the direction of the present president's career. It commenced an associa-

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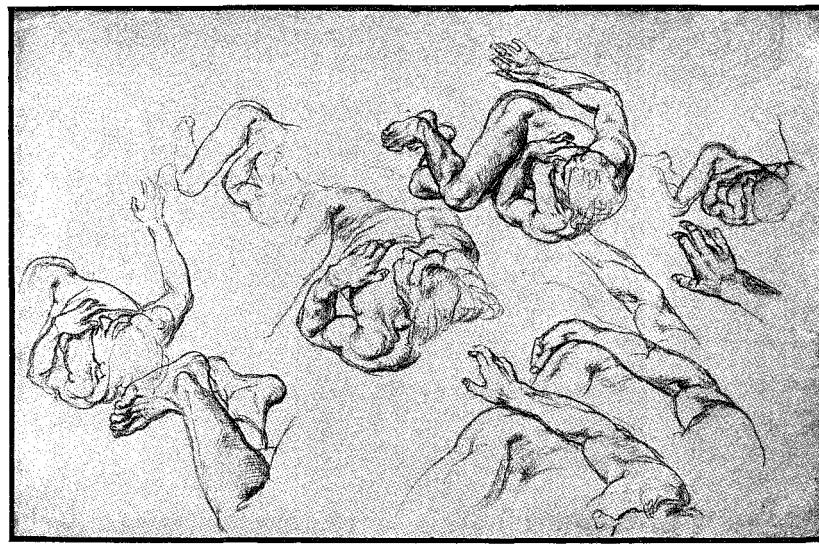

Studies for the Ashanti War Medal.

tion, friendly and artistic, which was to last till the elder's death. When the two youths (or young men) met, for Leighton was but twenty-three and Poynter seventeen, little did either of them think that they should both occupy the presidential chair of the Royal Academy.

Six years only between these two artists; but at their time of life six years is a very considerable period. Leighton was already an accomplished artist, after a long and severe training at Florence, at Paris, and more especially at Frankfort, under Steinle; Poynter was a mere tyro who had had no training at all, and had not even made up his mind what sort of training he desired. This important step, however, was decided at Rome as he worked in Leighton's studio and watched the progress of the great picture. He would be a painter, and not a painter of landscape, but of the figure. His father consenting, he went to Leigh's well-known school in Newman Street, and shortly afterward received some instruction from Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and entered the schools of the Royal Academy. His dissatisfaction with the English training and the result of it was started or accentuated by a visit to Paris in 1855, at the time of the great Exhibition, where he was greatly struck by the works of the modern continental schools, and especially with a series of designs by Decamps. His

"Best Shot." Ashanti.

Reproductions of two medals designed by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

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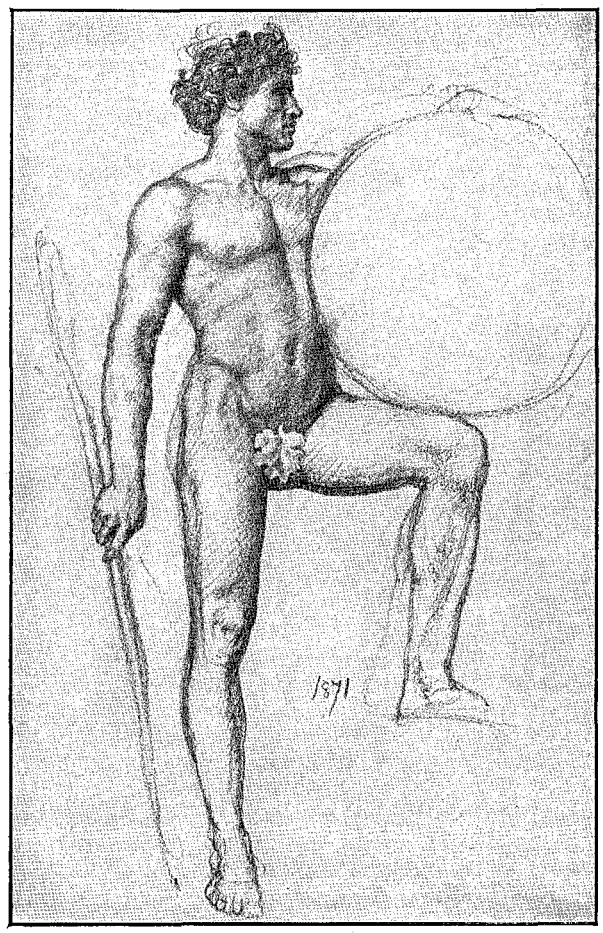

Figure Study for "Best Shot" Medal.

strong desire to transfer his studies from London to Paris was soon gratified, and on the recommendation of his uncle, the Baron de Triqueti, the sculptor (some of whose marble inlays may be seen at the Mausoleum at Frogmore), he entered the *atelier* of Gleyre (the stanch upholder of the traditions of the school of Ingres, but also the painter of "Illusions Perdues"), where he worked for three years (1856-59), in company with, amongst others, Mr. James McNeill Whistler, Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., and the late George du Maurier. On leaving Gleyre's studio, he and his friends, Du Maurier, Lamont, and Thomas Armstrong, set up one for themselves in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, which is the very studio immortalized by Du Maurier in "Trilby." The character of *The Laird* is taken from Lamont, and, according to Sir Edward, the picture of their student life in Paris is very faithful, except that there was no *Trilby*.

Poynter returned to England in 1860 a well-trained artist, an excellent draughtsman of the figure, and with his sense of composition and decoration well developed. In 1861 a pen-and-ink drawing of a girl, called "Alla Veneziana," was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the next year two pictures, "Heaven's Messenger" and "A Bunch of Blue Ribbons" (now in the collection of Mr. A. A. Ionides), were hung upon its walls—the former of these, a scene from Dante, having been previously rejected. But his artistic energies were already engaged in more decorative work. While still at Paris he had executed some designs for stained glass for Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars,

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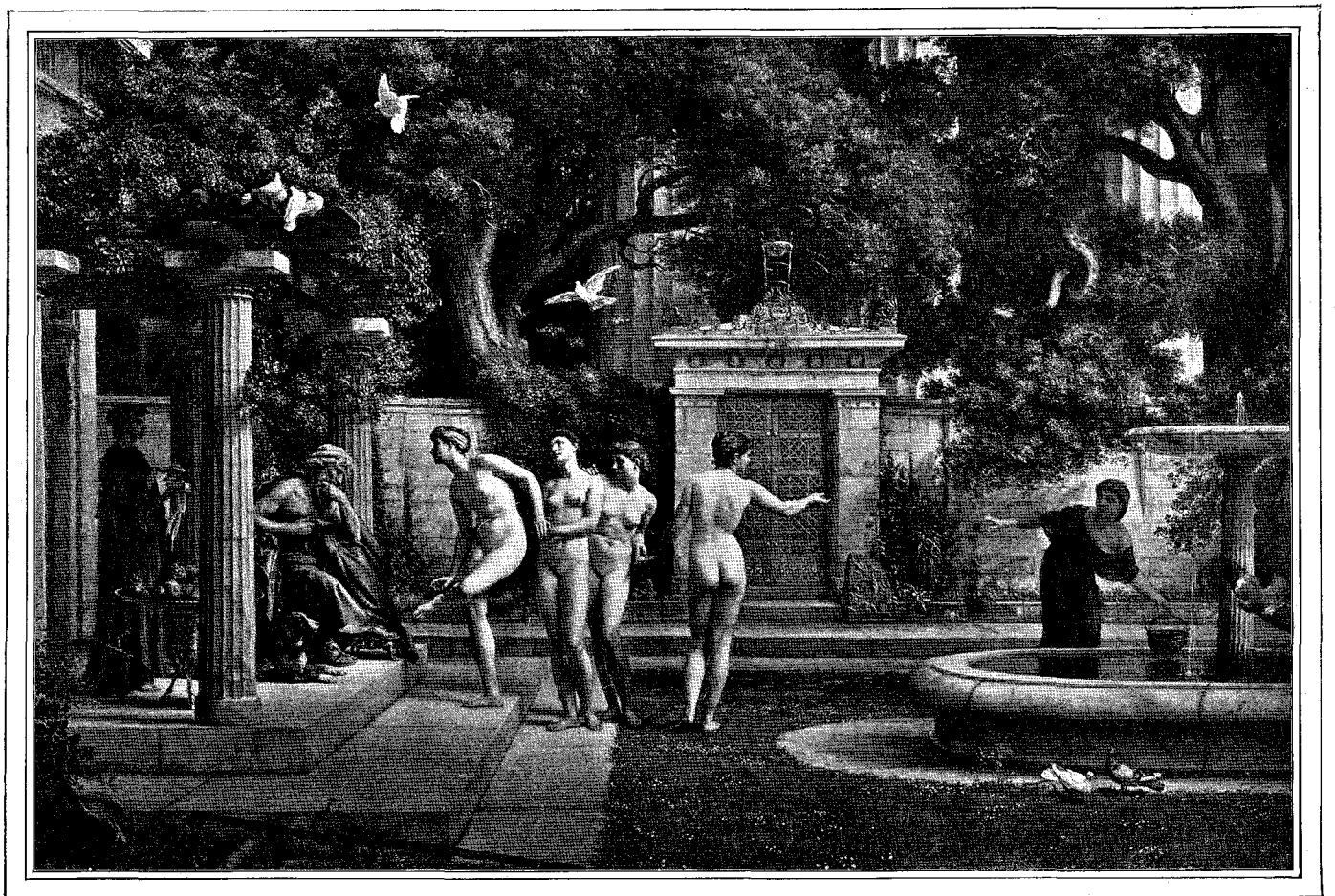

A Visit to Æsculapius. (1880.)

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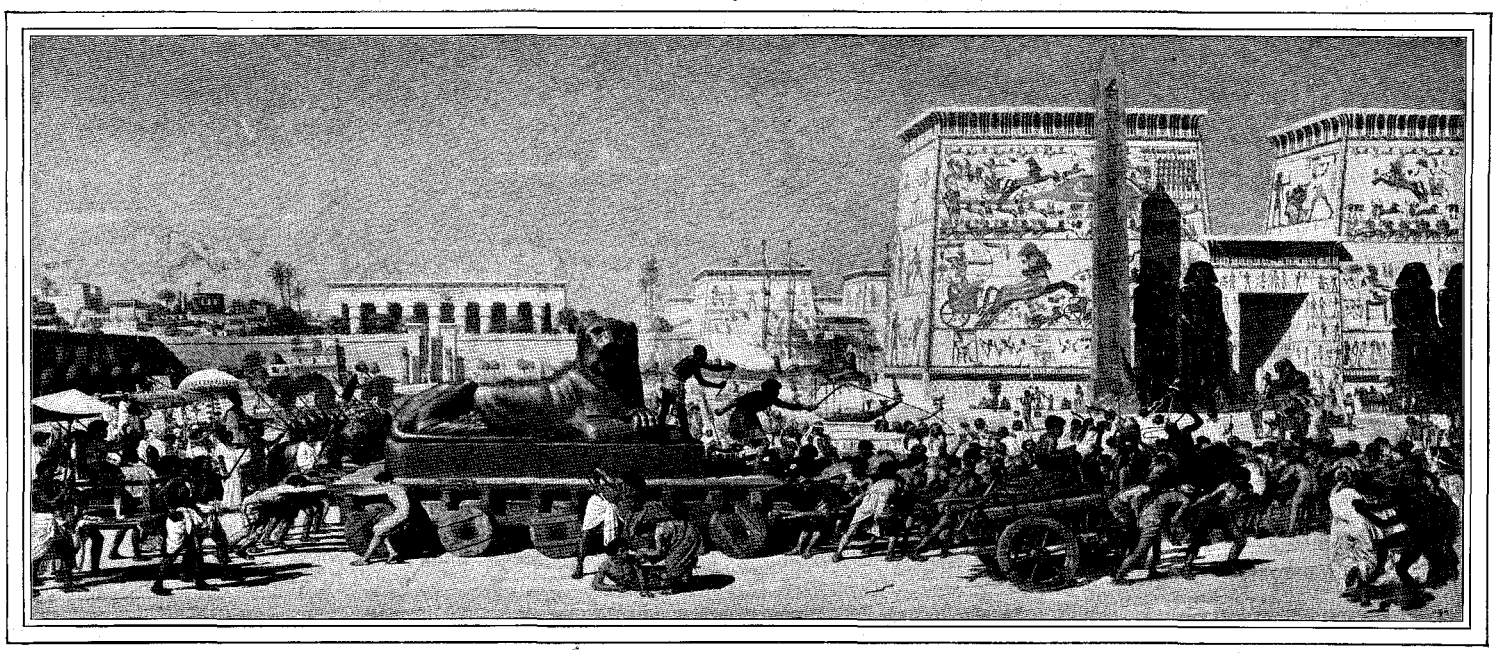

Israel in Egypt.

By permission of I. C. Hawkshaw, Esq.

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A Corner of the Market Place.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company,

and he subsequently was much employed in such work, fine examples of which are to be seen at St. Bartholomew the Less, Smithfield, and the Maison Dieu at Dover.* But the immediate occasion of his return to England was to assist that ingenious architect and ultra-mediævalist, the late W. Burges, in the decoration of Waltham Abbey, then in process of restoration under his superintendence. For Burges he made the whole of the figure designs for the decoration of the ceiling of the abbey. They included the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the Four Seasons, and the Four Elements, and are remarkable for their decorative ingenuity. Amongst other work which he executed for Burges may be mentioned the decoration of furniture, an interesting example of which (a sideboard painted with a "Contest Between the Wines and the Beers") is at the Bethnal Green Museum, having been purchased by the Department of Science and Art at the International Exhibition of 1862. His long and intimate association with that Department commenced about this time, when he received a commission to execute the fine figures of Apelles and Phidias for the frieze of one of the galleries at the South Kensington Museum. There they stand in company with Leighton's Cimabue and Niccolo Pisano—four noble figures worthy of each other's society.

Among other works of his early man-

*For some illustrations of Sir Edward's work of this kind, see Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson's article in the *Architectural Review* for June, 1897.

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Study for Fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich.

hood which deserve notice (besides the etchings in Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake's "History of Our Lord"), are some powerful illustrations to poems, etc., in *Once a Week*, his first commissions for original work, and some still more notable illustrations of the Bible for Messrs. Dalziel, the wood engravers. His contributions to the latter included some scenes from the history of Joseph and Pharaoh, one or more of which would have made fine pictures, and may make them yet if the artist can find leisure. His imagination was much engaged at this time on themes of Bible history and in realizing the life and manners of the Hebrews and the Egyptians of the Old Testament. Subjects of this class appear frequently in his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Dudley Gallery, till about 1870, when they give way to more classical compositions. It was by the former that he made his reputation, and though he has since painted a great many more beautiful pictures, it is doubtful whether there is any so universally associated with his name as the "Israel in Egypt," which was exhibited in 1867.

This celebrated picture may be regarded as the natural fruit of an imagination that had dwelt much upon the history of the Jews; but its conception was almost accidental. It was at the Langham Sketching Club, a society still in existence, that the design occurred to him. At one of their meetings the subject of the "Sketch" for the evening was "Work," and Poynter's sketch was so much admired that he determined to elaborate it into a picture. He had already attracted attention at the Royal Academy by "On Guard in the Time of the Pharaohs" (1864) and "Faithful unto Death" (1865), a picture of the Roman soldier who is supposed to have sacrificed his life to his duty by remaining at his post at Pompeii till he was engulfed by a stream of lava, but "Israel in Egypt" made a still more decided mark, and with, perhaps, some as-

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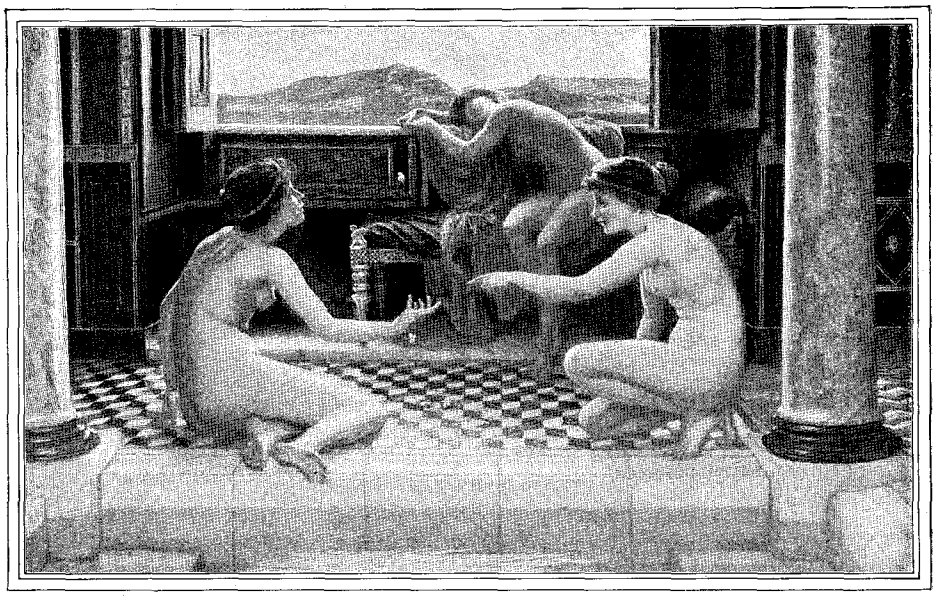
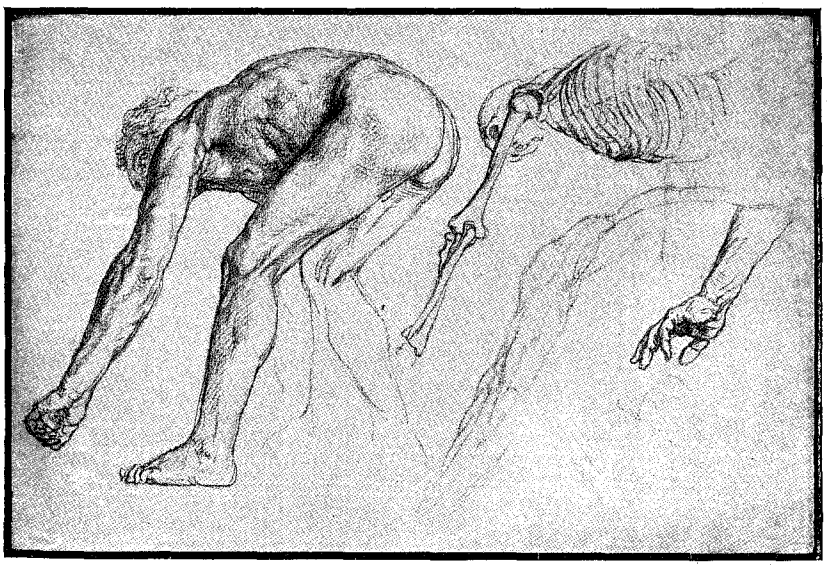


Knuckle Bones. (1891.)

By permission of Arthur Lucas, Esq.

sistance from the "Catapult" of the following year, secured his election as an Associate in the winter of 1868.

These two pictures may be regarded as typical of Sir Edward's first period, and are specially remarkable for the interest shown in primitive mechanics and engineering, and in the vigorous action of the figures. In the former we see the colossal statue of a lion dragged across a flat, sandy level by a quivering mass of humanity, straining every muscle at the bidding of their taskmasters, two of whom are riding on the wagon flicking at the backs of their human cattle with their long-thonged whips. Behind is seen the great Egyp-



Study for Fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich.

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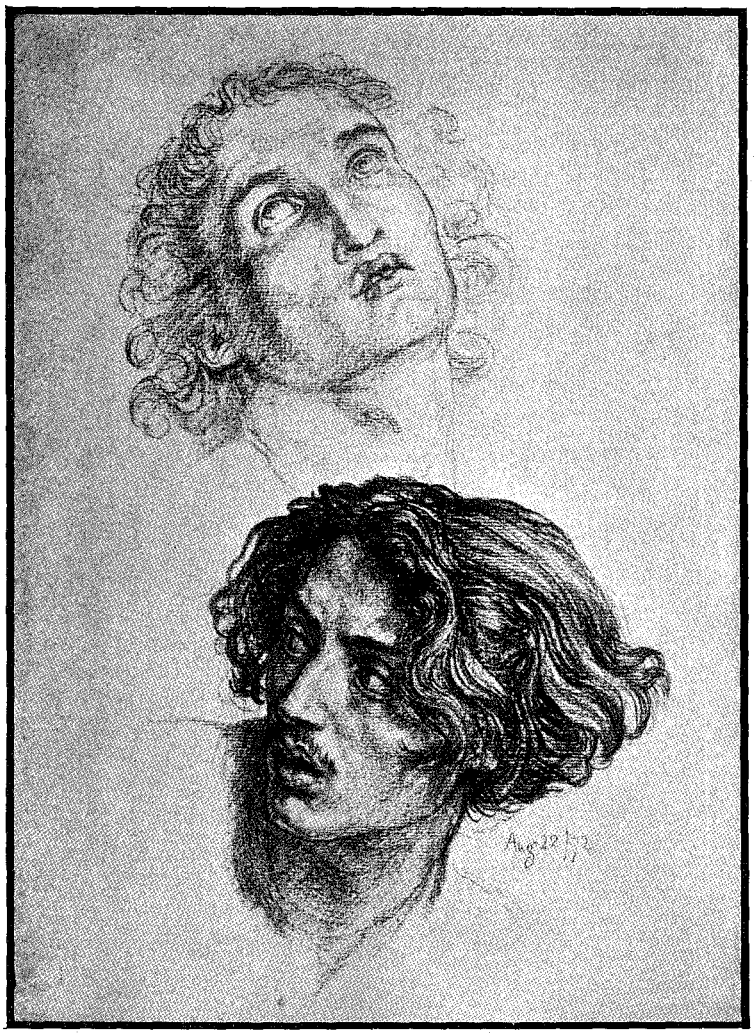

Studies of Heads for the Fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich.

tian temple with its gayly painted sunk-reliefs shining in the sun. It is no wonder that such a picture should have attracted the attention of the celebrated engineer, the late Sir John Hawkshaw, who purchased it from the walls of the Academy. "The Catapult" is intended to represent an incident in the siege of Carthage, and is very original and effective in design. We are at the rear of the great cumbrous engine, the Woolwich Infant of the time, whose bulk, composed of huge beams, occupies nearly the whole of the canvas. The great power of the machine is shown by the strenuous efforts of four strong men, who, with the help of a windlass, are pulling down an enormous lever. On the right a Roman captain on horseback is directing operations, and on the left some soldiers, crouching under cover of the catapult, are exchanging shots with the enemy.

Industrious and successful as Poynter had been during the first period of his career, he now entered upon another, still fuller of energetic and fruitful production. During the next twelve years, omitting all minor work, he executed the mosaic of St. George, supported by Purity and Fortitude, for the lobby of the Houses of Parliament; the fresco at the Church of St. Stephen's, Dulwich, perhaps the noblest

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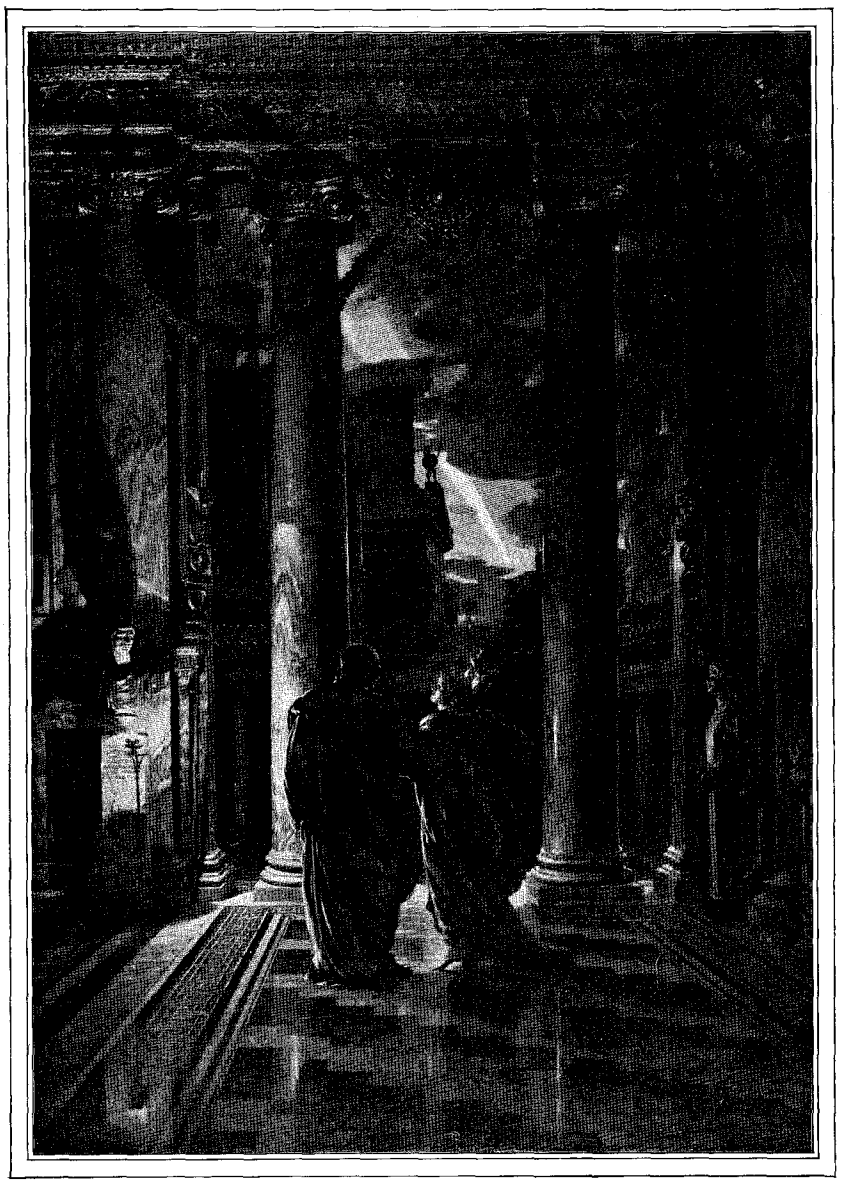
and least known of his greater works; the series of four large poetical pictures for the decoration of Lord Wharncliffe's billiard room at Wortley Hall ("Perseus and Andromeda," "Fight Between More of More Hall and the Dragon of Wantley," "Atalanta's Race," and "Nausicaa and Her Maidens Playing at Ball"); and "A Visit to Æsculapius," which is now in the National Collection (Chantrey Bequest), and is almost universally regarded as his masterpiece. If we add to these a number of portraits and other pictures (of various sizes, but all designed and executed with the greatest care, like the noble "Zenobia Captive" of 1878) and a considerable amount of decorative work, like the grill room at the South Kensing-



The Ides of March. (1883.)

By permission of the Art Gallery of the City of Manchester.

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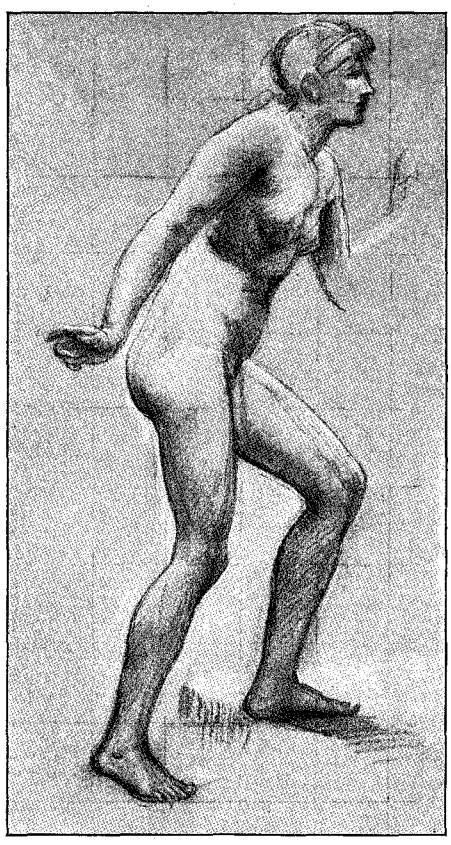
ton Museum, which is all panelled with tiles of his design, of great variety and charm, and if we remember that for the greater part of this time he was discharging the functions of Slade Professor of Painting at University College, London, an office which he was the first to hold, or of Director of the National Art Training Schools, some notion may be gained of the artistic and intellectual activity of this period. But no estimate of the kind would be fair or complete without taking into account the care and labor which Sir Edward devotes to the execution of the least of his designs.

It may almost be said that it is impossible to appreciate the finished work of this artist without some knowledge of the contents of those portfolios which contain his drawings. It at all events increases our respect for the man and his art to know how much thought and labor and thorough craftsmanship have gone to the making of his more important compositions. For the figure of St. George, for instance, which we see clothed in a complete suit of Maximilian armor, gleaming through the dusk of the lobby of "the House," he thought it necessary to draw the figure nude, and not only nude but *écorché*, and it was not unusual for him about this time to make a study even of the skeleton in the attitude required for a figure. Such a drawing I have before me now—a drawing for one of the men, who is stooping to pick up a stone to hurl at St. Stephen—on one side, the figure nude, but fully fleshed; on the other, trunk and legs and arms "in the bones." Contrasted with such studies there are others of great completeness and finish, but still preparations—one, for example, of the same St. George, but fully armed, with his attendant figures of Purity and Fortitude fully draped, and underneath the shield of the United Kingdom, with naked children on either side holding a festoon. The work is bordered with a band of roses conventionally treated and executed in water-colors with the utmost care, yet so broadly that when photographed it looks like a fresco. This little drawing, almost as beautiful in color as in design, was ex-



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Two of the Studies for "The Queen of Sheba."

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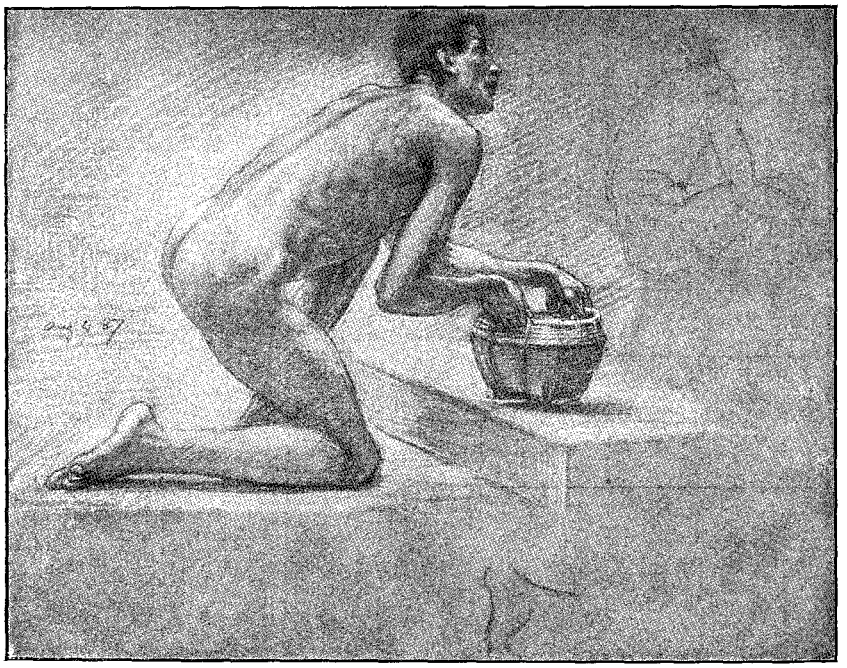

Study for One of the Figures in "The Queen of Sheba."

perimental only; the shield and the children were replaced by a more formal design for the mosaic.

I am inclined to regard the series for the fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich, as the finest of all, and certainly as the most interesting from a human point of view, as they are studies not only of form and action, but also of character and expression. In the latter qualities the finished composition stands almost alone amongst his works. It stands alone also in the class of its subject, being, so far as I know, the only completed work of any importance in which he has attempted to express pathetic religious feeling, and it is so great a success that one cannot help regretting that he has so seldom exerted his powers in this direction. It fills the tympanum of a blind pointed arch, and contains two compositions. The upper represents Stephen before the Sanhedrim, the lower the Saint being led out to his martyrdom. The former is grandiose in design, the scene being laid in a temple of rich Renaissance architecture, with marble columns and elaborate throne, much in the style of Mantegna and other artists of North Italy. In this imposing chamber there is no figure which is not fine in physique and strong in character, and the grandest of all is the High Priest. But yet none of them can divert attention from the figure of the Saint himself—a singular combination of sweetness and dignity, who stands before them with upraised hands and his face turned to the heavenly beams which slant from above. His face is rapt with the vision of "the heavens open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God," but the expression is simple and unaffected. The long low picture at the base, with smaller figures, like a *predella*, is quite worthy of the main composition, and as many of the figures are scantily draped, displays with greater effect the artist's knowledge of the figure and skill in draughtsmanship. The saint is being led forth between two soldiers, who are endeavoring to protect their prisoner from the fury of the crowd, which is represented by about half a dozen fierce men picking up and hurling stones. Again the figure and expression of the saint are beautiful, and the varied attitudes and gestures of his enemies fine and full of character.

Another very fine series of drawings is that made for "Atalanta's Race," which is

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on the whole the most successful of the four decorations of Lord Wharncliffe's billiard-room at Wortley Hall. The running figure of Milanion casting a glance over his shoulder was the subject of many of his finest studies in charcoal and pen and ink, but more interesting perhaps are those in which he endeavors to solve the very difficult problem of drawing the arrested action of Atalanta as she turns to swoop upon the golden ball. For the whole composition there are at least two careful sketches differing in details.

After the completion of "A Visit to Æsculapius" in 1880 Sir Edward was much engaged in his designs for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, in which he was associated with his friend Leighton, whose design of the sea giving up its dead is now in the Tate collection at the new National Gallery. They followed in general architectural arrangement a design left by the great sculptor Alfred Stevens, but except one or two of the larger spaces left for Leighton, the very numerous and beautiful designs themselves were entirely his own. Unfortunately this scheme, upon which all his knowledge and skill was brought to bear, had to be ultimately abandoned. Nor is this the only disappointment of the kind which, from no fault or incompetency of his own, Sir Edward has had to bear, involving the waste of months of thought and labor. From this and other causes he was

Study of One of the Figures in "The Queen of Sheba."

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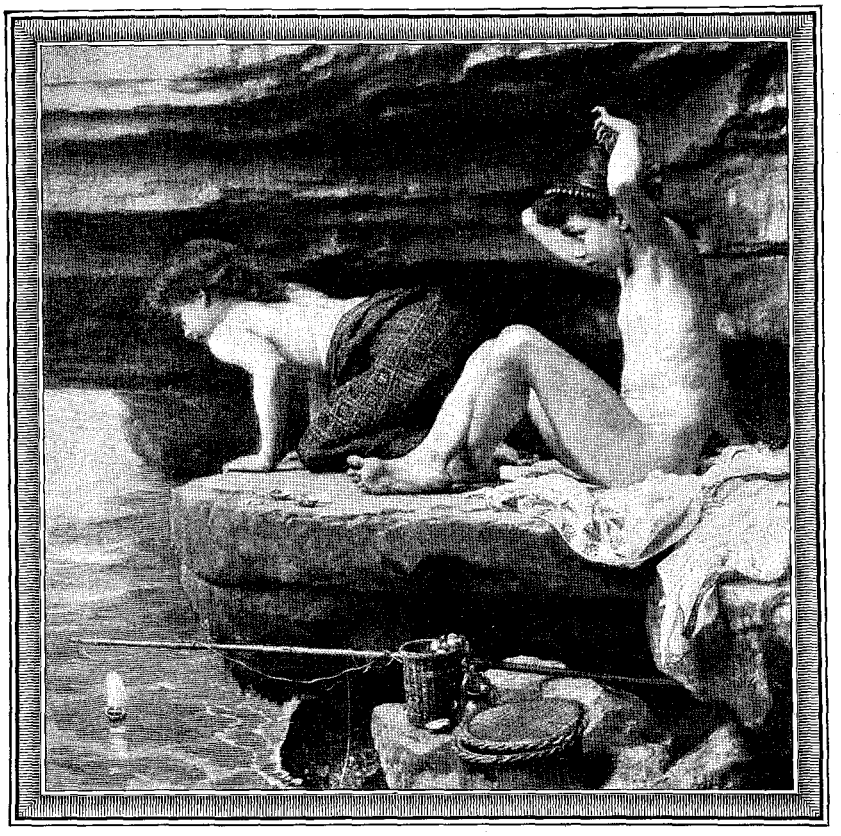

Outward Bound.

By permission of H. Evans, Esq.

unable to complete any very important picture till 1890, when "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon" was exhibited at Mr. McLean's in the Haymarket for a short time previous to its despatch to the art gallery of Sidney, New South Wales. The finished study for it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891. It is the last as it is the most gorgeous and elaborate of his larger pictures. On no work did he spend greater care in preparation. The studies nude and draped for its fifty figures are almost legion ; every detail of architecture and armor, costume and ornament, every accessory in the shape of vessels and musical instruments, "apes and peacocks," was the object of conscientious care, and for the golden lions which line the steps he had models made from his own design. Solomon is represented in the prime of life. He wears a jewelled cap (like a glorified "fez") and carries a sceptre in his left hand. He extends the right to greet the Queen of Sheba as she ascends the throne with downcast eyes and gently undulating motion. She is nude to the waist, with the exception of her tiara and the rich coils of jewels which fall over breast and arms. The rest of her body is robed in rich purple drapery spangled with gold. It needs scarcely be added that Sir Edward made numerous studies for these two principal figures both draped and undraped.

Though space only enables me to dwell upon the more important of the president's pictures, it must not be supposed that between a "Visit to Æsculapius" (1880) and "The Queen of Sheba" (1890) he did not produce many beautiful things. Indeed he may be said during these ten years to have made a separate reputation for cabinet pictures of which the creation of beauty was the sole aim. They are generally classical in subject, gem-like in color, and ex-

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Studio of Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

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quisitely finished, and not from want of individuality, but from similarity of subject, challenge comparison with Leighton on the one hand and Alma-Tadema on the other —interiors, mostly of Roman or Greek temples, houses, and baths, or scenes on marble terraces and steps with sparkling glimpses of sea or landscape in the distance, and slightly draped figures of women and children engaged in some simple or playful occupation, like teasing a beetle or feeding pigeons. The human figure and architecture—human flesh and marble—may be said to be the primary motives of nearly all these dainty works, and none of them are more charming in feeling and color or more irreproachable in *technique* than Mrs. Renton's "Corner of the Villa" and "Corner of the Market-place." But among the pictures of this period there are a few which call for a special word, and one of these is certainly "The Ides of March" (1883). Generally Sir Edward has avoided strong effects of light, preferring, in common with the greater masters of Italy, a light so diffused as to enable every object to show its definite shape unconfused by atmospheric accident; generally also he has kept clear of feeling which approaches the tragic and anything like magic or mystery. But in this picture, in which Cæsar and Calpurnia are gazing at the portentous comet which strikes like the blade of a dagger across the cloudy sky, he has combined tragedy, chiaroscuro, and the supernatural in one work, as if to show for once and for all how powerfully he could treat them if he were so minded. Another picture which is almost unique amongst the president's work is "Outward Bound"—two children on the shelf of a rock watching the fortune of a tiny toy boat that is slowly sailing out to sea. Never has Sir Edward drawn children more natural or unconscious than these little girls, or painted a bit of natural scenery with greater skill. Lastly, perhaps not quite so unusual but yet remarkable even amongst Sir Edward's works for the grace of its figures and the beautiful balance of its composition, is Mr. Evans's picture of "Knucklebones" (1891), a subject which the artist has repeated more than once—under the title of "When the World was Young"—with the figures draped. Whether the drapery was a concession to Mrs. Grundy or not, I do not know, but the

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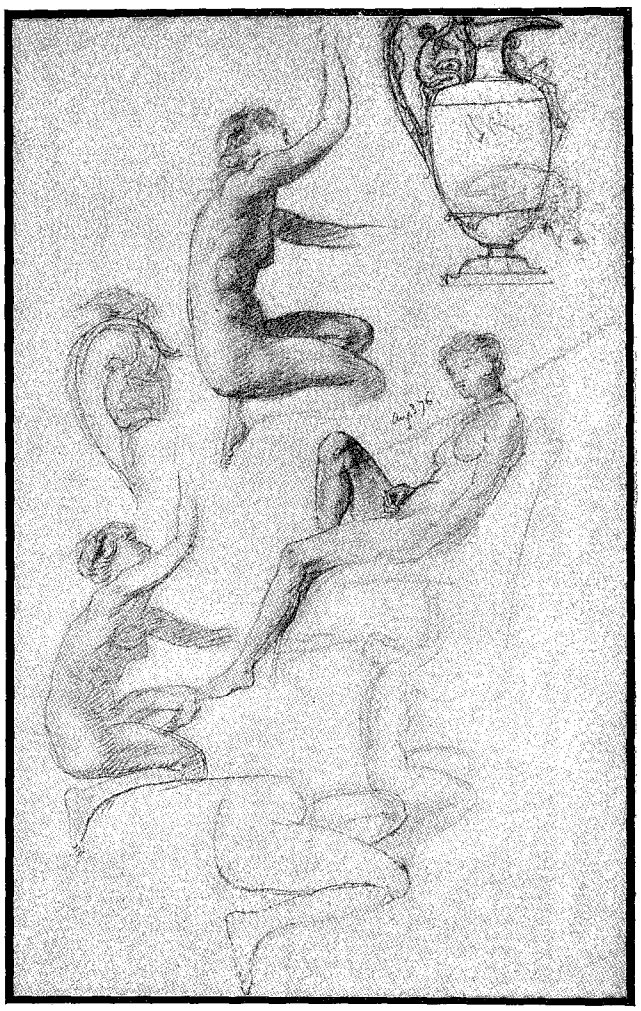
nude has never been treated with more purity than in the undraped version of this charming design. It will be seen from our illustrations that Sir Edward's art is strongly imbued with the love of architecture and sculpture, and though I am not aware of any building built from his plans, he designed that portion of the frieze of the Albert Hall which represents the Four Quarters of the Globe bringing offerings to Britain, and has frequently shown his talent and skill as a modeller and medallist. His prize medal for the "Best Shot" in the rifle competition of the Volunteers is certainly one of the finest of modern works of the kind, and the army medal for the Ashanti war if not so simple and dignified in design deals with much greater difficulties. It is nothing less than a picture of an incident in modern warfare with savages at close quarters, and is treated with excellent skill. He has also modelled some very good portrait medallions, including those of Sir Joseph Whitworth, Mrs. Langtry, and Lady Windsor, and the reverses of the last mint of the shilling and the florin of the British coinage are from his designs. In decorative sculpture of many kinds he has tried his hand, and amongst his drawings are a number of designs for a salver and two beakers decorated with figures illustrative of the story of Cupid and Psyche. It is one of the many proofs of his own busy life that he has



Studies for Ewer with Story of Cupid and Psyche.

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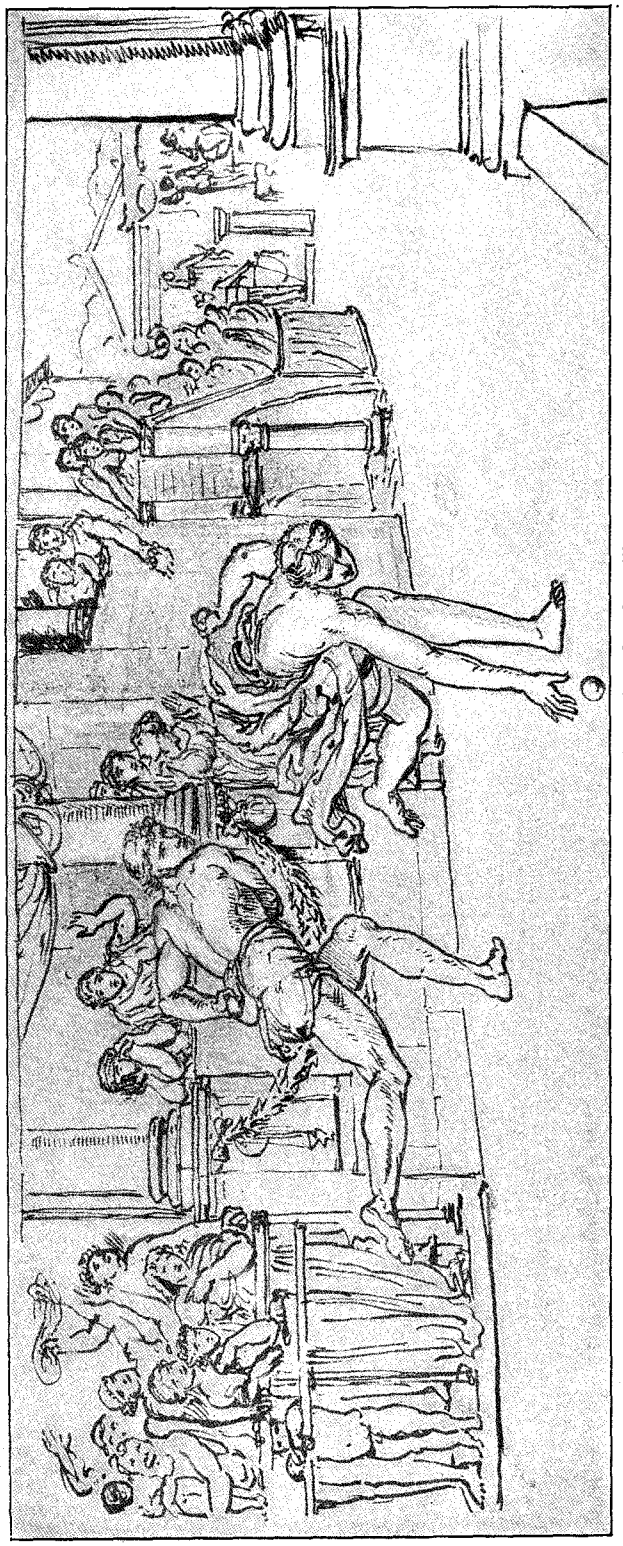

Drawing for "Atalanta's Race," differing from Completed Picture.

never found time to carry this very beautiful scheme into execution.

Sir Edward Poynter's life has been one of hard work marked by few incidents outside his home and his profession. He married in 1866 at Wolverhampton the present Lady Poynter, whose maiden name was Agnes MacDonald. One of her sisters is Lady Burne-Jones, and another Mrs. Kipling, the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For many years he has resided at 28 Albert Gate (not far from his studio in the Avenue, Brompton Road), in one of those charming old houses that back onto Hyde Park, a situation as distinguished and modest as his own character. Of his personal appearance there is no better presentation than that painted by his own hand for the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, where it hangs by the side of those of his great predecessors Leighton and Millais. There he looks out upon the constant streams of visitors with those eyes so full of that keen intelligence which has done so much in so many ways for his country's art. I have no intention of writing his panegyric, but it may be safely said that in this respect he has few rivals amongst his predecessors, certainly few as a writer on art. The lectures he delivered at the Slade School and other places, a new edition of which has just been published, are lucid in statement of principle and practical in

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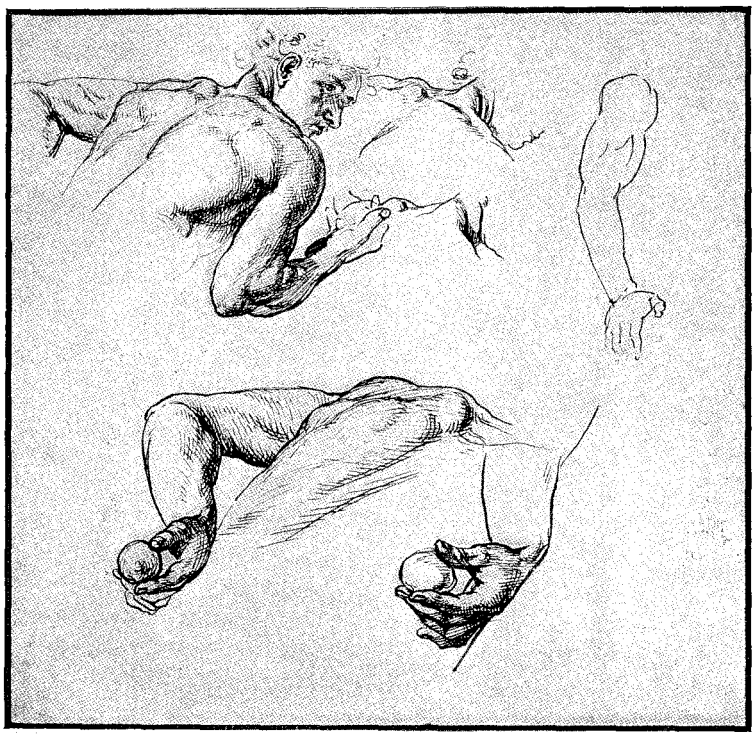

Pen-and-ink Study for Milanion in "Atalanta's Race."

their application, and form no small part of his credentials for his present high position as President of the Royal Academy. Among the many honors which have come to him, not the least was the sad one of being chosen to design the border of the Queen's letter to the nation on the death of the Duke of Clarence. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, where he occasionally sends those charming little landscapes, which ever since his first essays in the island of Madeira have been the amusement of his rare holidays. He is a member of the Royal Society of Etchers, though he seldom uses the needle, and he is an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Lastly, he is not only the President of the Royal Academy, but the Director of the National Gallery, the duties of which have been lately increased by the New National Gallery of British Art (Mr. Tate's munificent gift) and the Wallace Gallery.

How he will contrive to discharge all his duties in the future it is difficult to see, but it may be taken for certain that he will not neglect them. What must, I fear, suffer is his own work as an artist, but this I think has suffered from a similar cause (*i.e.* from the pressure of more public duties) almost from the first.

On his easel is now standing a picture (an enlargement of a subject, "The Ionian Dance," exhibited 1895) which was almost ready for the last exhibition. It is "almost" ready now.

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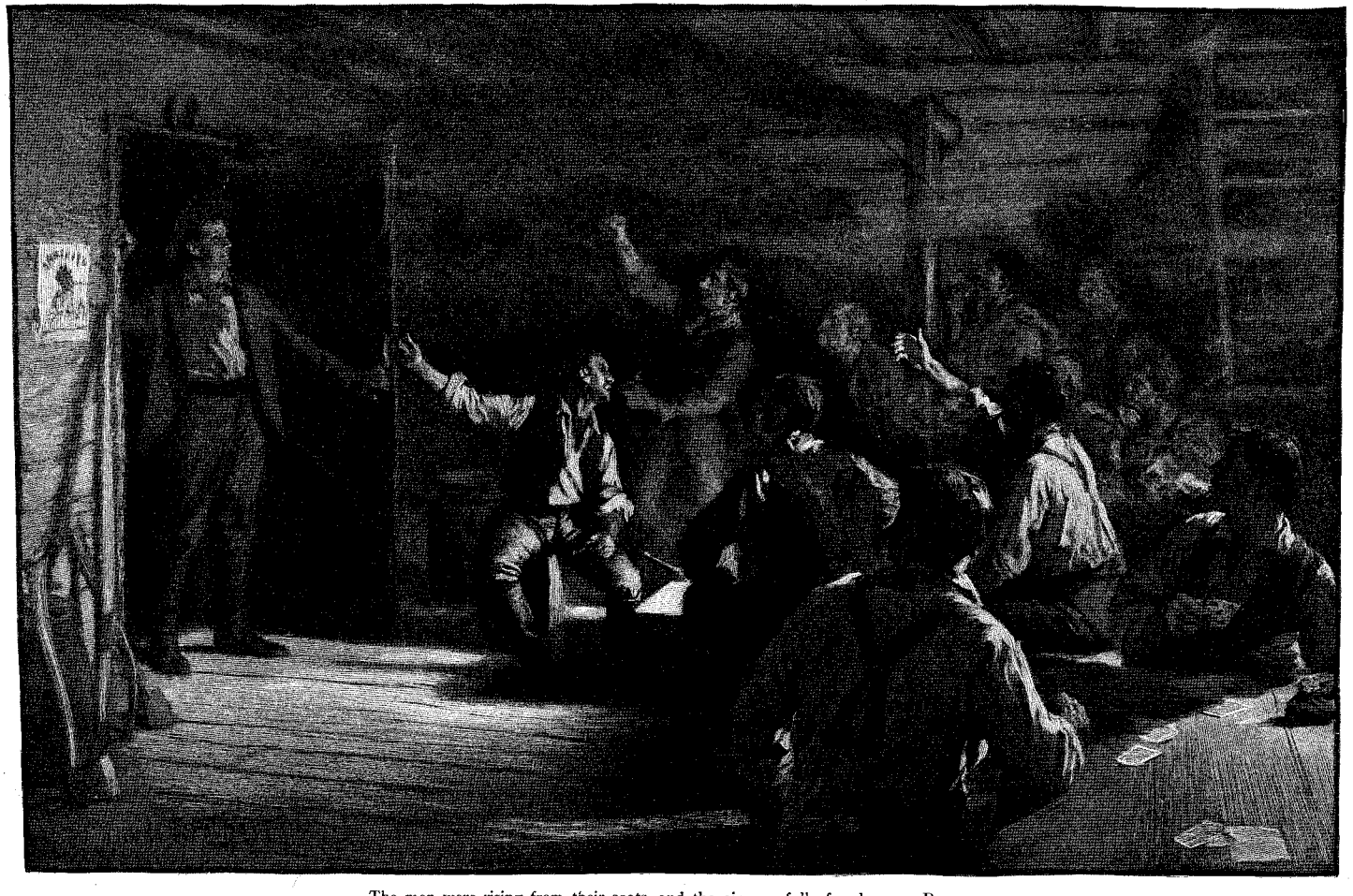

The men were rising from their seats, and the air was full of welcome.—Page 727.

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THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

V—IN A LOGGING CAMP

FITZ-ADAMS'S CAMP,
ENGLISH CENTRE, LYCOMING COUNTY, PA.
Tuesday, October 27, 1891.

IN spite of the fast falling rain Fitz-Adams, the boss, ordered us up at half-past four, as usual, this morning; but when breakfast was over, the rain was too heavy to admit of our going to work. Some of the woodsmen are gone back to bed and some are mending their clothes in the loft, and the rest of the gang are loafing in the "lobby," smoking, and playing what they call "high, low, Jack, and the game," except Mike, a superb young Irishman, who, seated on a bench with his back braced against the window-sill, is reading a worn paper copy of one of the Duchess's novels, which is the only book that I have so far seen in the camp. Jenny, the head cook and house-keeper, has given me leave to write at one of the long tables where the gang is fed.

It is a relief sometimes to get away from the men. There may be *ennui* that is more soul-destroying, but I have never known any that caused such evidently acute suffering as the form which seizes upon workingmen, of my class, in hours of enforced idleness. When the day's work is done, they take their rest as a matter of course and enjoy it. But a day like this, which lays them off from work, and shuts them within doors, furnishes awful evidence of the poverty of their lives. Most of the men here can read, but not to one of them is reading a resource. The men at play are in blasphemous ill-temper over the cards, and are, apparently, on the brink of blows, while Mike is laboriously spelling his way through a page and nervously squirming in an effort to find a comfortable seat. And I know, from the experience of Sundays, in what humor the men will come down to dinner from the loft, to face an afternoon of eternal length to them, which in some way must be lived through.

I note the contrast with their normal selves the more, because, as a body of workmen, this is much the most wholesomely happy company which I have so far fallen in with. We are about twenty in number, a curiously assorted crew, all bred to the roughest life. Far up in the mountains, miles from any settlement, we live the healthful life of a lumber-camp—working from starlight to starlight, breathing the mountain-air, keen with the frosty vigor of autumn, and fragrant of pine and hemlock; eating ravenously the plain, well-cooked food which is served to us, now in the camp and now on the mountain-side, where we sit among the newly stripped logs; sleeping deeply at night in closely crowded beds in the cabin loft, where the wind sweeps freely from end to end through the gaping chinks between the logs, and where on rising we sometimes step out of bed upon a carpeting of snow. This is the life which these men know, and which half unconsciously they love, breaking from it at times, in a passion of discontent, and spending the earnings of months in a short, wild abandon of debauch, but always coming back again, remorseful, ashamed to meet the faces of the other men, yet reviving as by miracle under the touch of their native life.

They charm you with their freedom of spirit, and their rude sturdiness of character, until you find your heart warming to them with a real affection, and feeling for them the infinite pain of personal sorrow at sight of their cruel limitations. Away from their work, their one notion of the necessary accompaniment to leisure

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is money, and possessed of time and treasure, their first instinctive reach is after liquor and lust.

Even now as Fitz-Adams and his brother, in yellow oil-cloth coats and wide tarpaulins, set out through the pouring rain in an open rig for English Centre, there is a chorus of voices from the door and windows of the cabin shouting to them to bring back whiskey and plenty of it. If they do and the rain continues, only God knows what the camp will be to-night.

. . . . . .

On the way out from Williamsport I could find no work on the farms, but was told of a constant demand for men in the logging-camps about English Centre.

Early on Saturday morning, October 10th, I passed through the village of Salladasburg, and the tavern-keeper at whose door I inquired the way, confirmed me strongly in my expectation of ready employment.

An old plank-road led me thence through a mountain-pass and along the course of a stream far into the interior. The earlier miles of the march were among mountains that had long been stripped of all valuable timber, and that now stood ragged and uncouth in their new growths, and in the blackened remnants of forest fires.

Here there were a few scattered farms, stony and of thin soil, where, for fences, uptorn stumps of trees had been placed side by side, with their twisted roots so interwoven as to form an impenetrable barrier.

A caravan of gypsies met and passed me; but except for these, the road was almost deserted, and seemed to be leading into yet lonelier regions.

Mountains now succeeded, on which the forests were untouched, and which, in autumn colors, were like huge mounds of foliage plant, so richly did the gorgeous hues of the maple-trees and chestnuts and beeches blend with the dark greens of hemlock and pine.

At a little after noon I came quite suddenly upon an iron bridge that crossed the wide bed of a mountain-stream which was little more than a brook now, but gave evidence of rising at times to the volume and strength of a torrent. A large tavern stood near the bridge, and beyond it to the right was a huge tannery which plainly provided the chief industry of the place. The village street was lined with rows of wooden cottages, each an unpainted duplicate of its neighbor, and all eloquent, I thought, of the monotony of the life that they held.

I went at once to the post-office, and learned that my journey was by no means at an end; for the lumber-camps were yet some miles farther in the mountains. The camp at Wolf's Run was mentioned as an important one, where work was plenty, and I set out at once for that.

I was tired and not a little hungry; for this mountain-air acts always as a whet upon your appetite, and I had eaten nothing since the early morning, and had already walked some fifteen miles. But the camp road, although rough, was easy to follow, and I found much satisfaction in dramatizing my approach to some short-handed employer who would take me on at once; I dwelt longingly on supper and a restful night and Sunday in camp, and thought hopefully of the work to be begun on Monday morning.

And then there was a peculiar interest in meeting lumbermen on the way—some were teamsters, who sat high in air on top of immense loads of bark, which they were carting to the tannery. Many of these wore wide sombreros, and jackets made of blanket stuff in gay plaids. Others were on foot, small companies of four and five together, walking to the village, for it was Saturday afternoon.

I was prepared for some degree of roughness in a lumber-camp, and in the woodsmen themselves, but there was something in the appearance of these men whom I met that hinted at my not having guessed all the truth. I judged of roughness by what I knew of the gang at West Point and in the sewer ditch at the asylum, but here was something of a widely different kind from the hardness of broken-spirited, time-serving laborers. Instinctively you knew these men for men; and I respectfully kept silence, and looked to them for greeting, and got none.

When you, a total stranger, try to meet the questioning gaze of five strong men at once, all of them sturdy and lean and deeply lined in face and keen of eye, there is bred in you a vague unease, not of fear, but an answering to that wonder as to what you

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are and what you are doing there. I was conscious then only of the disturbing of my earlier confidence in entering the woods; I could not analyze the look that met me, but now I know it for meaning, reft of its strongest words: "Who in —— are you? Gospel sharks we know, and camp cooks, and honest Jew pedlers who get our wages from us for their brass-gold watches and glass jewels, but such a ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! as you, we never saw before."

It was about the middle of the afternoon when a turn in the mountain-road brought to view a cluster of log-cabins, which I knew to be the camp of Wolf's Run. The cabins were splendid buildings of their kind. The logs were clean and fresh and were securely fitted, while the chinks were well plastered with mud, and the roofs tightly shingled, and the gables closely boarded up.

No one was in sight from where I stood, but there issued, from one of the smaller cabins, the ring of a blacksmith's hammer, and I found a group of men about the cabin door.

The camp stood in a little clearing on the mountain; and in contrast with the shadowy gloom in the forest around it, the sunlight flooded this open rift with concentrated light. The chestnut-trees on the edge of the wood shone like burnished gold, and the maple leaves, still green nearest to the trees, and but lightly touched with red along the boughs, deepened gradually, until, in the full sunlight, they blazed in crimson splendor. It was still with the stillness of autumn, and the sound of the blacksmith's stroke and the answering ring of the anvil were echoed far in the forest, where you could hear, fretting down its stony bed, a mountain-stream, which, in the speech of the lumbermen, is called a "run."

I had slipped the pack from my back, and carrying it in my hand, I went up to the group of men. One of them stood leaning against the door-post. He was very tall and straight, and under his wide sombrero the upper forehead was white and smooth as a girl's. The brows were arched above dark-brown eyes, and his nose was straight and sharply chiselled; the cheeks were lean and ruddy brown; and under a light mustache was a clean-cut, shapely mouth that answered in strength to a well-rounded, slightly protruding chin. His hands were thrust into the side pockets of a bright blanket jacket, and his dark trousers were tucked into a pair of top-boots, that were laced over the insteps and up the outer sides of the legs.

All the men were eying me with that disturbing look, and even the blacksmith quit his work, and joined them. In the questioning silence I summoned what courage I had, and walked up to young Achilles at the cabin door, and thus addressed him:

"Is this the camp of Wolf's Run?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Benton here?" (Benton is my version of the superintendent's name.)

"No, he's in English Centre."

"Is the camp boss here?" That was a rash plunge on my part, but it was successful.

"Yes, that's him," and Achilles's head nodded slightly in the direction of the largest cabin. From the door nearest us there stepped an elderly man of massive frame, bent slightly forward, and with arms so long that the hands seemed to reach to his knees. He was dressed in an old suit of dark material—a long-tail coat that fitted very loosely and baggy trousers—and a soiled linen shirt and collar and a black ribbon necktie. His face was very set and stern, not with an expression of unkindness, simply the face of a man to whom life is a serious matter, and who means business all the time.

He was evidently absorbed, and, carrying an iron bar, he was about to enter the forge with no least notice of any of us, when I interrupted him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I understand that you are the boss."

He stood still, and looked down upon me out of keen black eyes from under shaggy brows that bristled with coarse hairs; and in the deepening silence I wondered what I should say next.

"I'm looking for a job, and I heard in English Centre that men were wanted here."

"Have you ever worked in the woods?"

"No."

"Then you'll not get work in the woods this side of hell."

He moved on at once, and the blacksmith followed him into the shop. I was

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left standing in the midst of the other men, who had listened intently, and were now soberly enjoying the quality of that *bon mot*, and were eying me in leisurely curiosity.

Again I appealed to Achilles:

"Is there another camp near here?"

"There's Long's Camp, a quarter of a mile up the run," and a slight inclination of his head indicated the way.

Mr. Long did not want me, and knew of no one who might, if I was not wanted at Wolf's Run, unless, on second thought, I could get a job at Fitz-Adams's camp.

"And where is that?" I asked.

"You remember a road which forked to the left about two miles back as you came up from English Centre?"

"Yes."

"Well, you follow that road about two mile and a half, and you'll come to Fitz-Adams's Camp."

The road was the roughest that I had so far travelled. It cut its way along the sheer side of the mountain, following the course of the run. Presently I came to a small log cabin, where, in a little yard beside it, a cow was munching straw, and in front a fat sow wallowed in a pool in the middle of the road. An old Irishman, who sat on the door-step, told me that I was not half a mile from the camp.

There was a stout log dam on the run a little farther up. But the gates were open, and only a slender stream flowed through the muddy bottom, for the dam was undergoing repairs. Near by was a cabin large enough for a score of lumbermen.

The sun had sunk behind the mountains a good half hour before; not even the trees on the summits were lighted up with its setting rays, and the still, clear air bit you with a sudden chill. All the confidence which I had felt in the morning was gone; it was a very tired and hungry, a sobered and a chastened proletaire, that at length caught sight, in the gloom, of Fitz-Adams's Camp.

It stood in a clearing like the camp of Wolf's Run. On the highest area was a long, stout log cabin, to which there was given an added air of security by an earth embankment, which sloped from the ground to the lower logs all round the building, as a means of preventing the air from sweeping under the floors. A door was in the end of the cabin nearest me, and a window was cut in the boarded gable above. A wooden block served as a step to the door, and near this a grindstone swung in its frame. On the outer wall of the cabin were tacked some half dozen advertisements on tin, bidding you, in black letters on an orange background, "Chew —— Cut." Over a rough bridge that crossed the run near the cabin, I could faintly see one or two other smaller buildings like it, which proved to be the blacksmith's shop, and the stable for the teamsters' horses. The mountain-road continued its course past the main cabin, and disappeared among the trees in the gorge. So narrow was the ravine, that the mountain rose abruptly from one side of the cabin, and in much the same manner from the bank of the run on the opposite side, leaving a valley scarcely thirty yards in width. The larger timber had been cut away, but the mountain-sides, all about the clearing and the road, were dense with poplar, white-barked birch, chestnut, and the younger growths of evergreen.

There was perfect quiet in the camp; not a living thing was to be seen or heard. I went up to the nearest door, and knocked. There was no answer. I knocked again, and still there was no answer. At the side, far to the rear, I found another door, and knocked there. It opened instantly, and in the twilight I could faintly see a young woman in a dark print dress.

"Is this Fitz-Adams's Camp?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Fitz-Adams here?"

And then in louder voice over her shoulder into the darkness behind her:

"Say, Jim, here's a man that wants you."

There was the sound of heavy footsteps upon the wooden floor, and in another moment Fitz-Adams stood framed in the door-way.

I was standing on the ground, quite two feet below, and looking up at him in that uncertain light, he seemed to me gigantic. A great muscular frame fairly filled the door. He was dressed in a suit of light-gray corduroy, and a flannel shirt, and a dark felt hat, and top-boots, and I could see that he was young and not unhandsome, although of very different type of good looks from those of Achilles. His large round head rested close upon a trunk that was massive yet quite splen-

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didly shapely, and highly suggestive of agility and strength. His face was round, and the features full and of uncertain moulding, but you did not miss the evidence of strength in his thick firm lips and the clear unfaltering eyes with their expression of perfect unconsciousness of self. He was plainly Irish, but quite as plainly of American birth, which was clear when he spoke.

"I'm looking for a job, and I've come to see if I can get one here," I began.

"Who sent you?"

"They told me in Long's Camp that I might get a job here."

"They didn't want you, and so they sent you to me, eh?"

"They said that they didn't need more men there."

"Oh, they did, did they? And you've worked in the woods before, I suppose?"

"No, but I have worked at other kinds of work, and if you will give me a chance you can see what I can do, and then you can discharge me if you don't want me."

"Well, there's lots of work in this camp, Buddy. I don't guess from the cut of you and the way you talk, that you know much about it. But you can stay, and I'll see what's in you on Monday. Look lively now, and split some of that wood, and build a fire in the lobby."

A pile of dry wood which had been sawed into lengths of two feet lay near the kitchen-door. On top of the pile was an axe; and as quickly as I could, I split up an armful, and carried it around to the front of the cabin and into the lobby. Near the centre of this room, which is the loafing-place for the men, was an iron stove long enough to admit the sticks which I had cut. It was the work of a minute to arrange some chips on the bottom of the stove, and to pile the wood loosely on top of these. I was about to touch a match to the finer stuff, when Fitz-Adams appeared with a tin can in his hand. He bent over the stove, and opening the door wide, he tossed in the contents of the can, and the room was instantly full of a strong odor of kerosene.

In another moment the fire was blazing like mad, and roaring up the stove-pipe, and fast turning the old cracked stove red hot, but Fitz-Adams stood by in perfect unconcern, and presently departed in the direction of the kitchen.

I began to look around me in the light that shone through the gleaming cracks. Swift shadows were chasing one another over the walls and ceiling, and I soon grew familiar with a room about twelve feet deep and which extended the width of the cabin. The floor was bare, and was very damp with the Saturday's scrubbing, as were also the benches which reached all round the walls. Besides the stove the only piece of furniture that the room contained was a heavy table, about four feet square, which stood close to the benches in one corner, directly under the single window of the room, which was a small opening in the logs, fitted with four panes of glass. A rough wooden staircase led from the near corner through an opening in the ceiling to the loft; and a door was cut through the thin board partition which separates the lobby from the larger room in the body of the cabin, where the men are fed, and where I am writing now. The logs that formed the outer walls of the room had been rough hewn to a plane, and along these walls on two sides of the room was a line of nails, on which hung coats and hats and flannel shirts and overalls. On the partition-wall there was nailed a small mirror with a little shelf below, on which lay a comb. Near this were three wooden rollers, and on them as many towels, large and coarse and fresh from the wash.

I found a dry spot on the bench near the stove, and shoving my pack under me, I sat down facing the outer door and awaited developments.

It had grown quite dark without. The young woman who met me at the kitchen-door now came in with a small oil-lamp, which she placed on the shelf by the mirror. I began to think that the men must all have left the camp for Sunday, and my spirits rose at the thought of an easy initiation into camp life. But I was soon roused from this revery by the sound of many footsteps approaching the cabin, and the deep, gruff voices of men.

The wooden latch lifted, the heavy door swung open, and there came trooping in a crew of fifteen lumbermen, all dripping water from their hair and faces and their hands, for they were fresh from the evening wash in the run. They went first to

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the towels, and then formed in line for their turns at the mirror, where the comb was passed from hand to hand.

Fifteen pairs of wet, blinking eyes were fixed on me, and I was obliged to meet each searching gaze in turn. But when this ordeal was passed, I began to feel a little at my ease, for the men ignored me completely. The air with which they turned away from the inspection seemed to say: "There is something exceedingly irregular in there being in the camp so abnormal a specimen as this, but the way in which to treat the case, at least for the present, is to let it alone." It was precisely the manner of well-bred men toward, let us say, some inharmonious figure in their club, whose presence is for the moment unaccounted for.

As they finished their preparation for supper, the men crowded about the stove to warm their hands, chilled by the cold ablution. Chiefly they talked shop about the day's work, but in terms that were often unintelligible to me, and the sentences were surcharged with oaths. I watched them with deep personal interest, and pictured myself in line, and wondered whether I should ever be so fortunate as to find a clean, dry section on a towel, or come early to the much-used comb.

The last man had hardly completed his toilet, when the door in the partition opened, and a woman's voice announced supper. Instantly there was loud shuffling of heavy boots on the bare floor, and a momentary press about the door, and then we were soon seated at one of the two long tables in the mess-room of the cabin, and there rose the clatter of hungry men feeding, and the hubbub of their talk.

The meal was excellent. Its chief dish was corned beef and cabbage, and there were boiled potatoes, and boiled beans besides, with an abundance of home-made white bread, and strong hot tea. My seat was last in the row on one side of the table. The end seat was unoccupied, and my nearest neighbor ignored me; I was free to satisfy a well-developed appetite, and grow more familiar with my surroundings.

First of all I ate a very hearty supper. The food was admirably cooked, and was served with a high degree of cleanness. The oil-cloth of marble design which covered the table was spotless, and the rude, coarse service, befitting a camp, had all been thoroughly washed. It is true that the men were without their coats, most of them with their waistcoats off, but these are men whose work is of the cleanest, and there was nothing in all the setting of the supper to mar a healthy appetite; there was much, I thought, that really heightened the pleasure of eating.

The conversation ran on as it had begun in the lobby. There was much talk about the progress of the work, and gossip about neighboring camps, and proposals for the disposing of Sunday, and it struck me with swift terror that the presence of the three young women who waited on the table was no check to profanity. The talk never rose to a pitch of excitement, it was the merest give and take of commonest conversation, and yet there mingled in it the blackest oaths. With a curse of eternal perdition upon his lips, a man would speak to his neighbor of some casual incident of the day, and would end his sentence with a volley of nameless insults and hideous blasphemies. This was their common language. With no realization of what they did they flung curses and foulest epithets at one another in lightest banter.

Half an hour later we had all returned to the lobby. The teamsters lit their lanterns, and went to care for the horses. Some of the men went up into the loft. Four had soon started a game of cards at the table, while most of the others filled the bench near the stove, or drew empty beer-kegs and old soap-boxes from their hiding, and completed a circle around the fire. Everyone was smoking, and all seemed highly content.

I was crowded in between a lank young fellow with dark hair and eyes, and a long, lean, sharp nose, who was swearing comfortably at a gawky youth across the stove, and an older man of heavier build, who had fine black eyes, a black mustache, a very pale complexion, and long black hair that lay in pasty ringlets about his face and on his neck.

Soon I came to know these two as "Long-nosed Harry" and "Fred the Barber." I should explain at once that the camps have a curious nomenclature of their own. As among other workingmen whom I have known, so here, only a man's

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Christian name is used, but it is nearly always accompanied with an explanatory phrase. A new-comer in the camp is called "Buddy" until his name is learned, and some appropriate epithet is found, or until a nickname springs complete from the mysterious source of those apt appellatives.

I knew that Fred the Barber was making ready to speak to me, and I was on my guard, when, while the talk was running high, I heard a voice close to my ear:

"Say, Buddy, you ain't a pedler, are you?"

"No."

"I thought you warn't." And Fred the Barber settled farther down upon his seat, and folded his arms, and puffed in silence on his pipe, with the air of a man who finds deep satisfaction in his own sagacity.

Soon he returned to the cross-examination.

"Say, Buddy, are you going to work in the woods?"

"Yes, the boss took me on this evening."

"Ain't you never worked in the woods before?" His pipe was out of his mouth now, and his eye shone with a livelier interest.

"No."

"How's that?"

"Why, I'm working my way out West, and my money gave out at Williamsport; and when I went looking for a job, I was told that I could get work in the woods. So I came up here."

"Well, you ain't struck a soft snap, Buddy. Jim, the boss, is a square man, but he can beat the devil at work, and he don't go easy on a new hand. This is my tenth season in the woods, and I earn $2 a day right along; but I'm going to quit, it's too rough."

There was sudden commotion just then, for the outer door had opened to the touch of a young woodsman, who, standing sharply defined against the black night, regarded the company with a radiant smile. He was the finest specimen of them all; not much over twenty, I should say, and as straight as the trees among which he worked. Through the covering of rough clothes you felt with delight the curves of his splendid figure, and the sinewy muscles in symmetrical development. And then the lines of his throat and neck were so clean and strong, and his face charmed you with its fresh beauty, and its expression of frank joyousness. No wonder that he was a favorite in the camp. The men were rising from their seats, and the air was full of welcome, while he stood there for a moment, his teeth gleaming as he smiled and his eyes shining with delight.

There rose a tumult of loud voices:

"I'm eternally lost if it ain't Dick the Kid! Dickie, my boy, you God-forsaken whelp, are ye drunk? You ain't spent it all in two days, have you, Dick? Shut that lost door, and sit down by this condemned fire, you ill-begotten cur, and eternal torment be your lot! Tell us what hellish thing brings you here, you blessed boy, and why—ripe for endless misery as you are—why ain't you in Williamsport?"

The smile did not fade from Dick's face, as with easy deliberation he took a seat on a beer-keg and looked at the crew with answering affection in his eyes.

"I'm forever lost if I've been to Williamsport," he began. "And I ain't drunk a drop, you perjured hell-hounds of shameless begetting. I've got all my reprobate stuff with me except the two God-condemned dollars that it cost me to live at the Temperance House in English Centre, where you can get for a quarter the best meal that any of you unveracious ones, you food for unquenchable fire, ever ate."

God help us! it was like that, only a great deal worse, until the blessed stillness of the night fell upon the camp.

For an hour or more Dick the Kid sat talking to the other men. A stranger in English Centre had fired his ambition for the lumber-camps in the mountains somewhere in West Virginia, and Dick was freely imparting his plans; how he meant to beat his way to Harrisburg and then to Pittsburg, and so on to his destination, hoarding the while his savings of about $65, as capital to launch him in a new enterprise, where he was sure that more money could be made than here.

The men listened in rapt attention, knowing perfectly that Williamsport was the destined end of Dick's journey, and that the dram-shops there and brothels would get every dollar to the last; yet charmed by his fresh enthusiasm, which

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touched a hidden memory, or gave momentary flight to some new-fledged hope that fluttered in their breasts. He was so young and strong and handsome, so full of life, so rich in native gifts that win and hold affection with no thought of effort! One knew it from the clean, keen joyance of the man, and the power which he had to hold the others, and to draw out their hardy sympathy. I could endure the sight no longer; I went out to the mountain-road and waited where I thought that Dick would pass.

He was startled when I stopped him, and instinctively he clenched his fists. For a moment I had a vivid sense of my physical insignificance, as I realized how easily, with a single blow, he could smash in my countenance and make swift end of me.

"I'm a new man in the camp," I began. "The boss took me on this evening. I was interested in what you said about going to West Virginia, and I wanted to ask you more about it. Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"You are sure that there's a good chance for a man there?"

"It's all straight, Buddy, if that's what you mean."

I told him frankly what I meant, but he was still on his guard, and presently he broke in abruptly with

"Say, Buddy, you're a sky-pilot, ain't you?"

We walked on together for a mile or more, and Dick grew friendly, and I lost my heart to him completely. Only once Dick warmed a little at a question from me. Perhaps I had no right to ask it upon so slight an acquaintance; but as there was little prospect of ever seeing him again, I asked him if he felt no sense of wrong in using lightly the name of the Almighty.

I can see him now as he stood against the blackness of the forest under the clear, still stars, and answered me, with protest in his eyes and in his voice:

"By the Eternal, Buddy, I ain't swore for a month! May the Infinite consign me to the tortures of all fiends, if I've swore for a month! That? Oh, that ain't nothing; that's the way that us fellows talks. If you live in the camp long enough, Buddy, you'll hear a man swear."

His face was even more attractive in its expression of manly seriousness when we stood on the roadside at parting, and he put a firm hand on my shoulder, and fixed clear eyes on mine, as he told me, in his frank, open way, that he wanted to make a man of himself and not be a drunken sot, and that in this new venture before him he would honestly try, and would ask for help.

The men were going to bed when I got back to camp. I took my pack and followed them into the loft, where I found three long rows of beds, reaching nearly the length of the cabin. At my knock the boss came out of his room, which is a lightly boarded-in corner of the loft, and gave me a bed next to that occupied by "Old Man Toler."

I had noticed Old Man Toler in the lobby as being markedly older than most of the others. He was about fifty-five, I thought, of slender, slightly stooping figure, and with gray hair. What had impressed me was his exceedingly intelligent and agreeable face, and I had wondered at sight of him as being apparently an ordinary hand in the crew. He gave me a friendly greeting when the boss consigned me to his care, and then resumed his conversation with a neighbor, while I made ready for bed.

The beds are simple arrangements, admirably suited to the ends which they serve. A mattress and a bolster stuffed with straw lie upon a rough wooden frame without springs, and on top of these are four or five thicknesses of coarse blankets and "tow comforters." The men creep under as many strata of bed-clothing as their individual tastes prompt in a given temperature. And the temperature varies in the loft in nearly exact conformity with its variations out of doors, for the boards in the gables have sprung apart, and there are rifts even between the logs, and the winds sweep with much freedom from end to end of our large bedroom.

I soon became interested, too, in the varying tastes of the men in the manner of their dress for bed. Some go so far on warm nights as to take off their boots and trousers, and even their coats and waistcoats. Others stop at their boots and coats; and on the colder nights not a few go top-coated and booted to bed, and

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make a complete toilet in the morning by putting on their hats.

There was more than one surprise for me that night, in the considerate, well-bred manners of the men, and the whole experience of my stay in camp has only served to deepen my appreciation. Young Arthur met, at Rugby, the fate which a merely casual acquaintance with Sunday-school literature would lead one to imagine as being unfailingly in store for those who prefer to maintain their private habits in the company of unsympathetic associates. It will be remembered that Arthur became, while kneeling at his bedside on the evening of his first day at school, a target for boots and unkind remarks, until Tom Brown interfered. Schools have improved since those days, and it has been gratifying to observe that a like improvement has spread among workingmen, and so far as to embrace the lumber-camps. The momentary expectation of a boot in violent contact with one's head is not a devotion-fostering emotion, and it was a distinct relief to find no least objection offered to a course of conduct however out of keeping with the customs of the place.

There was another surprise in the comfort and the wholesome cleanness of my bed, notwithstanding its roughness. But in spite of physical ease I lay awake until after midnight, and when I slept at last, it was a troubled sleep, and I awoke unrested, after a miserable night, feeling sick at heart and little inclined to further experience of a logging-camp.

But the morning brought a glorious day, clearer and much warmer than Saturday; and after a late breakfast (seven o'clock), I took a book into the forest, found a comfortable seat, and read until nightfall, with time enough for dinner taken out.

The men scattered widely soon after breakfast. Many visited neighboring camps or went shooting; some walked to English Centre; but it was a perfectly sober crew that reassembled at the supper-table, and a much cleaner looking set than on the night before; for after breakfast, for two hours or more, Fred the Barber had thriftily plied his trade.

We all went early to bed. The men hailed the day's end as bringing welcome relief in release from intolerable restraint. When it grew too dark to read, and I had returned to the cabin, I found in the lobby several of the men who had loafed about the camp all day. They were in vicious humor. They fretted like children long shut in by the rain. They could not sit still in comfort, and their restlessness grew upon them as they waited for supper, and the movement of time was slow torture, and so they swore at one another and at the other men who were returning to camp and who seemed in but little better humor than themselves.

I slept soundly that night, and was wakened in the morning by the mad chatter of an alarm-clock. It was about four o'clock. I could hear Fitz-Adams getting up in the little chamber which serves him as a sleeping-room and an office. He went below, and soon had the fires roaring fiercely in the kitchen and lobby; and I could hear him calling to the women to get up and get breakfast. Next he appeared in the loft, and aroused the teamsters. In an incredibly short time they were dressed, and had lit their lanterns, and were gone to the stable to feed and tend their horses.

I got up with them, and was nearly dressed, when the boss reappeared in the loft. He walked down between the rows of beds, laying heavy hands here and there upon sleeping figures, and raising his voice to the call, "Come, roll out of this, you damn——!" There was no ill-temper in his manner or tone; it was simply his habitual way of rousing the crew.

I was first at the run, and first at the towels and comb, and was sitting in warm comfort behind the stove when the other men came shambling from the loft, their eyes blinking in the sudden light of the lobby.

We had beefsteak, potatoes, and bread, and coffee for breakfast. As soon as he had finished his meal, I went up to the boss to remind him of my existence, for he had in no way noticed me since Saturday night.

"You'll help the teamsters load bark, Buddy. Have you got any gloves?"

"No," I said.

"Then come this way." We went together to the office, and he spread before

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me a number of new pairs of heavy skin gloves.

"I don't know which will be best suited to the work that you want me to do," I said. "Won't you select a pair for me?"

"My advice to you, Buddy, is to wear them mits," and he pointed to a pair of white pig-skin mittens. "They'll cost you seventy-five cents, which I'll charge to your wages."

There was a cot in the office, and a writing-desk, and in one corner a small stock of woodsmen's furnishing goods, boots, hats, overalls, and blanket-jackets, besides the gloves.

The boss locked the door behind us and told me to follow him. He carried a lantern and lit the way to the stables.

Outside it was white and still, almost like a clear, quiet night in the snows of midwinter; for a heavy frost covered everything, and in the thin, unmoving air you could almost hear the crackling formation of frost crystals. Into the darkness of the forest the stars shone with greater glory, and Orion was just sinking beyond the western mountain.

The four or five teamsters and Old Man Toler and I had gathered in front of the stable, where the bark-wagons stood in the open. These were strong vehicles, each with four massive wheels, and they supported wide-spreading frames within which three or more cords of bark could be loaded.

We "greased" the wagons by lantern-light, and then "hooked up" the horses. The wagon in the van was driven by "Black Bob." Fitz-Adams ordered Old Man Toler and me to go with that teamster and help him get on a load of bark.

Black Bob, muffled to the eyes in a long ulster which was bound about his waist with a piece of rope, stood erect on the loose boards that formed the floor of his wagon, and gathered up the reins and then started his horses with a ringing oath. Old Man Toler and I followed after on foot up a rocky road that had been newly cut to a point on the mountain where strips of hemlock-bark lay piled like cord-wood.

Black Bob swayed to the jolting of the wagon, but kept his balance with the ease of long habit, and swore a running accompaniment to the tugging of his team. He was the tallest man in camp, almost a giant in height and in proportional development, and he owed his name to his blue-black hair and swarthy complexion. He was a native-born American, and, although he seemed never to discriminate among the other men on grounds of nationality, I thought that some of them did not like him because of a certain domineering manner that he had.

He drew up now beside a pile of bark, and Toler and I placed a large stone under each hind wheel to relieve the pull on the horses.

It had been growing light as we climbed the mountain, and now we could see the sunlight on the topmost trees across the ravine.

Toler took up a position facing the bark-pile, with his back to the wagon. He began to pass swiftly the pieces of bark over his head and into the wagon where Black Bob stood ready to load. I followed Toler's example, imitating his movements as closely as I could, but was painfully aware of my awkwardness.

We had been but a few minutes at work when the boss came driving up behind us; as he turned out in order to pass, he called to me to come with him and lend a hand at loading.

I had an uncomfortable premonition of the ordeal before me; why, I do not know, for the boss had treated me civilly so far; but I greatly wished to stay in the camp, and I much feared discharge.

The boss drove on for some distance, then branched off on a side-road, and having passed a number of bark-piles, finally turned around with great difficulty, and drew up, as Black Bob had done, beside a cord of bark.

I hastened to place a stone under a hind wheel, and then threw off my coat, and, getting in between the wagon and the pile, I began to pass the bark over my head, as I had learned to do from Toler.

The boss stood on the bottom of the rig, accepting listlessly the bark as I passed it, and tossing it carelessly into place. His whole manner was meant to convey to me the idea of my own inefficiency, as though he was ready to work, even anxious to get warmed up in the frosty air, but my part was so slowly done that his own was reduced to child's play.

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The storm brewed for a time in grim silence, but soon it broke in angry shouts of "Faster, faster, damn you!" and then the entire gamut of insults and excommunications.

I had been cursed at West Point, though in terms less hard to bear; and in expectation of the worst, I thought that I had schooled myself to take it philosophically when it came. But I had an awful moment now, for philosophy was clean gone, and in its place was a swift, mad desire to kill; and as the hot blood rushed to my brain, and tingled in my finger-tips, all that I could see for the instant were the handy stones under my feet, and the close range of Fitz-Adams's head.

I do not know what saved me, unless it was the sight of Fitz-Adams flushed with the anger to which he lashed himself, and becoming the more ludicrously impotent in his rage, as I restrained my temper, and showed no sign of fear. Why he did not discharge me on the spot I do not know. With awful imprecations he kept urging me to faster and yet faster work. I quickened my clumsy pace to the swiftest I could maintain with efficiency, and held it there, careless of his curses; and exhausted as I was, I yet had the satisfaction at the last of noting that our load was on as quickly as Black Bob's.

And Fitz-Adams, too, found a curious balm for his troubled feelings. We were at the last cord, and he was cursing free, while I panted and sweated in my straining efforts to pass the bark aboard. The strips were large and heavy, some of them, and they all lay rough side up; and as you lifted them over your head, there fell upon you from each a shower of dust and dirt that had gathered in the crumbling outer bark. This filled your ears and hair, and found its way far down your back. I had blocked the wheel, but we were on a sharp descent, and the load was growing heavy. Evidently Fitz-Adams feared our breaking loose, and so he stopped me suddenly with an order to "make fast the lock-break." Now "the lock-break" conveyed the dimmest notion to my mind, and the boss would give no hint as to what it really was nor how it was to be "made fast." Instead, he stood and watched me, while, with awkward guesses as to its purpose, I succeeded in unhooking one end of a heavy chain that hung under the wagon, and having passed it between two spokes of a hind wheel, I clumsily made fast the hook in a link of the chain drawn taut.

Fitz-Adams stood meanwhile in speechless anger, enraged beyond relief from oaths; and then the tension broke, with comical effect, in a sentence which seemed to come to him as a happy inspiration.

"I'm damned, Buddy, if you ain't greener than a green Irishman, *greener than a green Irishman.*" And he repeated the phrase as though it exactly met the case, and brought him satisfaction far beyond the power of profanity; and then he shouted through the forest:

"Hey, Bob!"

"Hello!"

"This Buddy, he's greener than a green Irishman!" He laughed aloud, and there came an answering laugh from Bob, and the boss started down the mountain with his load, the locked wheel bounding and crunching among the stones, while he swore to steady the horses.

That was all of the loading for the morning, so Toler and I joined company. Toler had in charge the cutting of roads to the bark-piles, and I was to serve with him.

Some of the piles were in most inaccessible places. The hemlock-trees on that side of the mountain had first been felled, then the bark was cut round on the trunks at intervals of four feet. Next the bark was peeled off and carefully heaped near by, while the trees themselves were trimmed, and then sawed into logs of desired lengths, and these were "skidded" into piles. From the piles, in the spring, when the streams are high, the logs are sent by "skid ways" into the run, and once in the water, the lumbermen use their finest skill in floating them to the market at Williamsport.

In the meanwhile, the bark must be got out and carted to the tannery, and Toler and I had our work laid out in cutting ways for the wagons.

Supplied each with an axe, a cant-hook, and a grubbing-hoe, we began the work of cutting through the brushwood, and clearing away the stumps, and laying rough bridges over the small streams.

I was delighted at my good fortune in being set to work under Toler. My re-

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spect for him grew steadily. An experience of nearly forty years as a woodsman had developed his natural gifts to the point of highest skill, and he had a marvellous instinct for directing a course through the maze of tangled undergrowth and logs and stumps which marked the ruins of the forest. I was soon lost, but he turned hither and thither, with the ready familiarity of a gamin to whom there are no intricacies in the East End. He had the inspiring air of knowing what he was about, and the less common possession of actual knowledge, and he did his work in a masterly manner. "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed," constantly recurred to me as a phrase which aptly fitted him. And besides being a clever woodsman, Toler was clean of speech, that is, comparatively clean of speech; he swore, but his oaths were conventional and not usually of the blood-congealing kind of some of the other men.

That was a long morning's work, from earliest dawn until noon, and the ultimate advent of the dinner-hour was hugely welcome. Toler and I knocked off work at the sound of the noon whistle at the tannery four or five miles away. Only a few of us gathered at the camp. Fitz-Adams with the other teamsters, and "Sam the Book-keeper," who is also the camp carpenter, and Toler and I, made up the number. The rest of the crew were too far in the mountains to return at midday, and "Tim the Blacksmith" drove off in the buckboard with a hot dinner for them.

The first work of the afternoon was to help the teamsters get on a second load of bark. Again the boss forced me to his aid, and cursed me as he had done before, only I thought that he had been drinking, and there was certainly an added viciousness in his oaths, and in the threats of sudden death. But I had the consolation of knowing that, as soon as the load was on, I should work with Toler for the rest of the day. Toler did not curse me, although it was impossible for him to wholly conceal the slender regard in which he held a man who never before had seen a grubbing-hoe, nor a cant-hook, and who handled an axe about as effectively as a girl throws a stone, and to whom the woods were a hopeless labyrinth. But Toler had the instincts of a gentleman; for all his want of respect for a man so ignorant as I, it was clear that there was not a little patient compassion in the feeling which he bore me, and he was at pains to teach me, and he eagerly encouraged any sign of improvement on my part.

But this time Fitz-Adams had not done with me when the afternoon's load was on. Toler and I soon needed a crowbar at our work, and he sent me to fetch one from the blacksmith's shop.

Near the shop is a depression in the road, and there the soil is somewhat soft. Much noise was coming from that quarter; and as I neared it, I could see that Black Bob's wheels were fast in the mud, and that the boss's load was drawn close up behind and blocked.

Black Bob was on the ground beside his team, his reins in hand, and with frantic oaths he was urging the horses to their utmost strength. Fitz-Adams stood by and watched; but at sight of the weakening brutes, he quickly unbolted his own whiffle-trees, and driving his team ahead, made fast to the tongue of Black Bob's wagon. Then both together they started up their horses, lashing them with the far-reaching leather thongs that swung from the short stocks which they carried, and joining in a chorus of furious curses. Slowly the great wheels began to rise from the deep grooves into which they had settled; but in another minute, as the strength of the horses failed, the wheels sunk surely back again. Fitz-Adams was beside himself with rage, and at that moment he caught sight of me.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted with an oath.

"Toler sent me for a crowbar."

"He did, did he? Then I'll send you to hell!" and with that he seized an axe which lay near, and swinging it above his head, he rushed at me. It was a menacing figure that he made with the axe held aloft by his giant arms, his eyes flashing, and his nostrils dilating with the childish passion which mastered him; but he was as harmless as a child at any show of fearlessness, and there was the oddest anticlimax in his mild command to "get that damn crowbar and hurry back to Toler," which I was glad enough to do; for my part was a mere pretence of courage; in reality I felt scared out of a year's growth, and my legs were trembling violently.

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Through the following days there was little variation for Toler and me in the programme of work. We loaded bark until the teamsters were off, and then cut ways to the piles.

There is, however, an incident of Tuesday morning which will linger in my memory. It was the fulfilment of Dick the Kid's prophecy. I heard a man swear.

The boss anticipated the usual time of the morning cursing, and gave me an initial one that day in the dark in front of the stables, while the teamsters stood by with their lanterns in hand, and listened critically with sober faces, as though they were determining, with a nice sense of the possible, whether Fitz-Adams was doing himself justice. At the last he turned to them.

"Will I kill him now, or let him live one day more?"

"Let the damn dog live," came from Black Bob.

"Then you'll take him," said the boss, "and dray out that bark." So Black Bob and I set off in company.

I was not a little perplexed by the puerility of Fitz-Adams's rage. It seemed singularly out of keeping with the sturdy manliness of the fellow. If he wished to get rid of me, why did he not discharge me? I began to suspect that the cause lay in tenderness of heart, of which he was secretly ashamed. To him I was *avis rara* in a lumber-camp; no doubt he thought me some hitherto unknown species of immigrant; and being too tender-hearted to assume the responsibility of turning me adrift, he hoped to frighten me away.

Black Bob soon puzzled me as much. He was driving the dray, which is a rude, low sledge, used to draw out bark from points that are inaccessible to the wagons. We were walking together at the side of the road, and neither of us spoke. Presently Bob stopped his horses to give them breath, and then he turned to me. His speech was halting, and there was an uncomfortable, apologetic quality in his voice, but the feeling was evidently sincere. To my surprise he was bidding me, with the utmost kindness, not to mind Fitz-Adams's curses, and he added that the boss meant nothing by them, that he really knew no better. It seemed to me an act of truest friendliness on Black Bob's part, involving charity and moral courage of high order, and I was far more grateful than my acknowledgment implied. It produced a comfortable elation, which lasted while we got on a towering load of bark in silence in the earliest dawn, and started for the road. We had almost reached it, and the horses were pulling hard, when, with the suddenness of a pistol shot, the dray came sharply against the stump of a stubborn sapling that rose unseen in the way, and in an instant the horses were plunging forward in broken harness, and half the load was sliding gently to the ground.

Black Bob brought the team to a stand, and then stood still himself. I was filled with admiration for his self-control, for I dreamed that he was making a successful effort to restrain himself. In reality he was summoning all his powers, and in another moment, with face uplifted to the pale stars, he broke forth in blasphemies so hellish, that for the next full minute I might have been listening to the outcries of a tormented fiend, held tight in the grip of remorseless agony.

Thursday morning brought the crisis in the history of my stay in the camp. In the course of the midday cursing of the day before, Fitz-Adams told me that he was giving me my last chance. I tried hard to show my fitness for the place, and our load was the first to start for the tannery; but to all appearances Fitz-Adams was not placated. I thought that the last hour of my stay in camp was surely come, and with a heavy heart I began to plan the next move. But for some reason nothing further was said to me about leaving, and Thursday morning found me again helping the boss.

His mood had utterly changed. It was very early, and the skies were overcast, and in the clouded twilight we could scarcely see to do our work. Fitz-Adams seemed to be in no hurry, he was silent, and moved nervously. I wondered what this might portend, and braced myself for finality. It was very hard. I was learning to know the men; they ignored me still, but I was sure that I understood them better, and my liking for them grew each day, and earnestly I wished to stay, in the hope of winning a footing in the camp, and some terms of fellowship with the men.

Fitz-Adams had stopped work now, and

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he stood leaning on the rigging as he spoke to me. There was a mildness in his tone and a tentative expectancy, as though an uncomfortable suspicion had dawned upon him, and he feared to verify it.

"Say, Buddy, have you ever been to school?"

"Yes," I said.

There was silence for a minute, and the tone in which Fitz-Adams broke it was awestruck.

"Say, Buddy, have you got a education?"

"I've had good advantages."

And then eagerly from him:

"Major, can you figure?"

It was my inning now and I liked it, and I was guilty of saying that within narrow limits I could.

"Will you do my accounts for me, Major?"

"I will, with pleasure."

Fitz-Adams drew a deep breath, and his voice fell to a lower tone.

"Well, that'll be a good thing for me. I never had no schooling, and Sam the Book-keeper, he don't seem to know much more'n me. I guess I lost pretty nigh on to $2,000 on my contracts last year, on account of not knowing how to figure. Say, Major, this is pretty hard work for you; you suit yourself about this work, and help me with the accounts. Of course, I—I—I didn't know."

"Oh, drop it, Fitz-Adams!" I said. "We understand each other. I'll be glad to look after the accounts so long as I stay; but it's growing light now, and let's get on this load."

And so I won a place in the camp, and got myself on human terms with the boss. Fitz-Adams never referred to the matter again, but treated me in a perfectly manly, straightforward way, taking patiently my clumsy work as a woodsman, and accepting, as a matter of course, my help with the accounts, and even consulting me, at times, in certain details of the work. It was one of these consultations which brought a rare opportunity.

I had won my way with the boss, not by virtue of an education, but actually upon the basis of an acquaintance with elementary arithmetic. When I came to look at the accounts, it was not a question of book-keeping that was involved, but simple addition and multiplication and division, in all of which branches both Fitz-Adams and Sam the Book-keeper were lamentably weak, so weak, in fact, that they felt no real confidence in their results.

But my way with the men was yet to make. They were not uncivil, but they would none of me. To them I was still an outsider, an inharmonious figure in their club; and, whatever may have been the change in my relations with the boss, the men were in no way bound to recognize me.

One morning Fitz-Adams and I stood together in his rig, as he was driving up the "corduroy road" to the place on the mountain where the crew were at work. Presently he pointed out to me, about forty yards up the steep ascent on our left, some long, straggling piles of bark that perched there, like peasants' huts over a precipice in the Alps.

"I don't know how to go at that bark," he said with a frown. "You can't get a wagon there, nor yet a dray; and it's so brittle that if you slide it down you'll have nothing but chips to cart to the tannery, and the man that tries to carry it down—well, it's a three or four days' job, and he'll have his neck broke sure."

I said that I should look at it. I was "piling bark" now on my own account, and Toler had another "Buddy," a big, bounding Irish Hercules, who had lately come to camp and who soon won distinction by reason of the songs he sung. They were wonderful songs; long beyond belief, and they told the loves and woes of truly wonderful people.

Buddy had early made known his talent, and on his first evening in camp he was peremptorily told to sing. It was after supper. He was sitting much at home on the bench behind the stove, and was smoking. Instantly he took his pipe from his mouth, and cleared his throat; then, laying his hands on his knees, he sang, swaying meanwhile in time with the monotonous cadences of that strange verse, which went on and on for quite half an hour, while the men listened open-eyed, and punctuated the sentiment with profane approval.

When I examined the bark-piles I found that transferring them to the "corduroy road" below was a matter of carrying the bark in small loads on one's back, and of having a secure footing for the descent.

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On the next morning I took a pick and spade, and first cut a series of steps to the ledge where the bark lay piled. After a little practice I learned to make up a load, by selecting a broad, stout slab of bark and packing the smaller pieces upon it. Then stooping under the load, as it lay ready on the edge of the pile, I easily shifted it to my back and head; and holding it with one hand, while the other was free to help maintain my balance, I carefully picked a way down the steep decline.

It probably appeared a far more difficult and dangerous feat than it really was; and with a load of bark upon my back, I was more than ever an outlandish figure to the men, more in keeping with the Königsstuhl and the valley of the Neckar than with Fitz-Adams's Camp in the Alleghanies. But the actual accomplishment of the work seemed to interest them, and the teamsters used to stop and watch me in silence, and then drive off, swearing in low tones. One evening the whole returning crew caught me at the job. The men stood still, and having watched a descent, they examined the bark piled high at the roadside and then walked on, commenting among themselves. That night in camp several of them spoke to me, calling me "Major." after Fitz-Adams's manner.

It was the beginning of more personal acquaintance with the men. I can but like them. In the fortnight and more of my stay I cannot lay claim to having got on intimate terms with them. But they seem to me a truthful, high-spirited, hard-working, honest set of men. They swear like fiends incarnate; and when they can, they drink, and they all have "rogued and ranged in their time." On grounds of high morality there is no possible justification for them. But these are men who were born and bred to vicious living; and the wonder is not that they are bad, but that in all their blasting departure from the good, there yet survives in them the vital power of return.

There is Old Man Toler. He is certainly an exception in birth and earliest breeding, but he has been in the lumber business more or less, he tells me, since he was a boy of fourteen. There was one important period taken out, when, as a young man, he enlisted, and served in the Army of the Potomac, from the spring of 1862 until the end of the Civil War. He is native-born, and has the intelligent patriotism of a true American. In our walks together to and from our work, I delighted in his talk about the war period in his life. His perspective as a private soldier was so true, so thoroughly free from the towering obtrusion of his own experiences. These were almost lost in his absorbing interest in the working out of great events. He knew the war thoroughly from the point of view of the army. He knew the service, and had borne his part in hardship and in action with a distinct sense of personal responsibility to the subject and aim of it all. This was luminous in what he said, and never from his declaration of it, but in the absence of such declaration, and in the loss of self in the large action of which he felt himself a part.

There was much in Toler that rang true, and I regretted the more that he evidently preferred to talk little about himself, and almost never of his personal views. My wonder at his being a common hand in camp grew, until one day, in talking with Black Bob, I learned a reason. Black Bob, quite of his own accord, had instituted a series of comparisons among the men.

"There's Fitz-Adams and his brother," he was saying; "they're about as good a pair of lumbermen as you'll find. But they ain't the best in this camp. There's a man here that knows more about this business than any three other men, and that's Old Man Toler. His father was a big lumberman before him, and Toler was brought up thorough to the work, and he's had many a camp of his own, and made lots of money in his time. But he ain't never kept none, and he never will." And Black Bob winked significantly, and ostentatiously wiped his mouth.

. . . . . .

In looking over this chapter I see that I have drawn a very inadequate picture of Fitz-Adams. A hard swearer he certainly is, but Black Bob was right in assuring me that there is more ignorance than malice in his habitual maledictions.

First of all, Fitz-Adams is an admirable workman. To any department of the work of lumbermen he can lend a hand of highest efficiency. And his in a marked degree are the manual skill and resourceful ingenuity which are characteristic of these men, only Fitz-Adams is exceptional

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in these particulars, like Old Man Toler. With them this manual skill, for instance, is like the sure touch of a master handicraftsman. One morning while at work with Old Man Toler, I openly admired his handling of an axe. Toler was standing on a log which obstructed our way, and which he was about to cut in two. He drew the axe-blade up the side of the log between his feet.

"Do you see that scratch?" he said, and then he swung the axe above his head, and brought it down with a sweeping stroke. The blade entered the bark exactly where the scratch had been. Five times running, Toler performed this feat, never missing his mark by the fraction of an inch, and then he turned to me.

"I've used an axe so long, Buddy," he said, "that I can split hairs with a good one now."

But even more than a thorough woodsman, Fitz-Adams is a superb overseer. Under his shrewd foresight and direction, the whole work of the crew is urged forward with resistless energy. He knows exactly what each man is doing, and whether or not the work is well done.

His planning of the work, and his effective organizing and directing toward its accomplishment are, no doubt, his strongest points, but dramatically considered, although he is perfectly unconscious of the effect, he shows to greatest advantage when he is personally leading the crew in an attack upon a difficult situation. All his powers are well in evidence then, and not least of all his power of speech. You have actual sight at such times of one of Carlyle's heroes, a "captain of industry," to whom there are no insurmountable difficulties, no "impossibilities," but who brings order out of chaos, by the sheer force of indomitable energy.

With this high efficiency his ignorance is in striking contrast. He can write his name, and there his educational equipment ends. His helplessness in the presence of figures is as pathetic and quite as serious as is Sam the Book-keeper's. But Fitz-Adams is a young man, barely thirty, I should say. Almost his earliest memory is that of being a mule-driver in one of the mines near Wilkesbarre. From this he went to picking slate in a breaker. Now he is a jobber, employing a large crew, and undertaking contracts which involve considerable sums of money. There has been offered to him, and it is still open to him, the position of overseer in a far larger enterprise than his own, where, personally, he would run none of the business risk; but he has confided to me that he does not dare to accept the place owing to his lack of even elementary education. In this connection he once asked me whether I thought that he might yet go to school. I did think so with emphasis, and I gave him so many reasons for this opinion, and cited so many examples of men as old as he and older who were at school, that he really warmed to it as a practicable plan.

. . . . . .

The rain stopped hours ago, and it is turning "wondrous cold," and snow has begun to fall. Fitz-Adams got back from English Centre long before dinner, and there is evidence that he has not been drinking. I have consulted him on the matter of leaving, and he has urged me to stay, and has offered me permanent employment; but he says that, if I must be off, and am bent on going westward, I would better get as far as Hoytville as soon as possible, else I may run the risk of encountering roads blocked with snow. Then, for the first time, he introduced the subject of wages, and asked me what I thought was "right." I said that before coming to the camp I had worked for a farmer, and had been given seventy-five cents a day and my keep; and I added that, if this rate of wage seemed fair to him, it would suit me perfectly. He agreed at once, and now I am a capitalist. Soon I shall set out for Hoytville, which is a matter of two or three hours' walk from here. Fitz-Adams has given me careful directions about the road, and has shown the deepest interest in my plan of getting west, and has urged me to write to him.

The crew are all gone to work, and I shall not see them. They were off as soon as the storm slackened. All were keen to go, and so be spared the misery of a day of enforced idleness, all except "Old Pete," and he is past being keen. He is over sixty, and has a strongly marked Celtic face, deeply furrowed with the lines of age and pain. He works with the crew, but in camp he sits alone on the bench

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opposite the stove, with the overalls and shirts hanging over him. When not at work he sits there hour after hour, his large, muscular frame bent forward, and his elbows resting on his knees, and there he endures, in the dumb agony of animal pain, the torment of rheumatism in his legs. He seldom speaks, and never of his sufferings, only sometimes in comically sententious response to something that has interested him. And the men let him alone, knowing by a true intuition that he prefers it so.

After the rain let up I happened to pass through the lobby as the men were starting for their work. Old Pete was the last to move. I watched him rising slowly to his feet. In spite of him, his face drew the picture of the hideous pain he bore, but through it shone the clear courage of a man, and his eyes reflected the grim humor of a thought that touched his native sense, and he smiled as he said :

"We don't have to work ; we can starve."

. . . . . .

I have spent three Sundays in the woods. On the first I fled cravenly into the forest hugging a book from out my pack, and the hours flew swiftly along the pages. The second Sunday was another glorious autumn day. By that time I had won a modest place in camp, and could hold up my head with due respect among the men. I asked several of them whether there was any church service at English Centre. They thought that there was, but they would take no stock at all in my plan of discovery.

Alone I set out for the village. There was perfect quiet in the mountains, no sound of axe or saw, nor crash of falling trees, nor rumble of bark-wagons ; only the tuneful flow and splash of the run, which caught the living sunlight, and flashed it back in radiance through the flushing air, that quivered in the ecstasy of buoyant life. The fire of life flamed in the glowing hues of autumn, and burned with white heat in the hoar-frost which clung to the shaded crevices in the rocks, and along the blades of seared grass, and on the fringe of fallen leaves. And I was free, as free and careless as the mountain-stream, and before me was a blessed day of rest !

Every foot of the road was strangely familiar, but the familiarity lay in an intimate association with some distant past, as of earliest childhood. There was the camp by the dam, and there the Irishman's cabin, where the cow was still munching straw, and the sow wallowing in the mire. Then I came to the fork in the road, where one way led to Wolf's Run. It was a lifetime since I had gone up that way, feeling as cocky as a wedding-guest, and soon had come down again "a sadder and a wiser man." I felt like another Rip Van Winkle as I entered the village, but the marvel lay in there being no change at all, except in the Sunday calm which now possessed the place.

The post-office is in a private house, and I knocked in some uncertainty of being able to get my letters ; but the postmistress gave them to me with obliging readiness, and with them a cordial invitation to attend the Sunday-school, which, she said, was the only service of that morning. Her invitation was more welcome than she knew, for it was the first of its kind to reach me as a proletaire.

I read my letters, and went to the church, which stands at the end of the village street. The service was beginning. As superintendent the postmistress was in charge. About thirty women and girls, and half a dozen boys, made up the school. The conduct of the service I thought intensely interesting. The superintendent was entirely at home in her place, and she valued the opportunity.

When the classes grouped themselves for the study of the lesson, a teacher was lacking. I was asked to take the place, and was startled at finding myself in charge of a class of village belles. What their feeling toward the arrangement was, I could only guess ; but it was clear that they were not accustomed to being taught by an unshaven, unshorn woodsman, in rough clothes, and boots covered with patches. But the lesson was in my favor, it was the incident of the washing of the disciples' feet at the last Passover. I soon forgot embarrassment in the interest of the text, and in an atmosphere of serious study.

Last Sunday I went again to the Sunday-school, where I had my former class to teach. Some preparation had been possible during the week, and the hour passed

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successfully. Among the announcements was one of a prayer-meeting to be held that night.

I reached the church at the hour of the evening service. I opened the door, and there sat a crowded congregation in waiting. The back seats on both sides of the aisle were solid ranks of men, lumbermen, teamsters, and tannery hands, many of them in their working-clothes. There were women and children scattered through the pews farther up, and some boys had overflowed upon the pulpit steps, but most of the company were men.

There was no one in the minister's seat; but the postmistress was in place at the organ, and as I entered, she nodded to me in evident expectation of my joining her. I walked forward, and she stepped out in the aisle to meet me.

"It's time to begin," she said, quietly.

"Is your minister not come yet?" I asked.

"Oh, you're going to speak to-night, you know."

I did not know; for an instant I knew only that there was a cold, hard grip upon my heart which seemed to hold it still, and that in my brain there had begun a mad dance of all that I ever thought I knew. But from out the turmoil a sane thought emerged: "This is a company of working-people, who are come to hear a fellow-workman speak to them about our deepest needs." In another instant I was cooler, and a strange, unreasoning peace ensued.

I asked the postmistress to select some hymns. She handed me a list chosen with perfect knowledge of those which the congregation most enjoyed. The people were soon singing, thinly at first; but the familiar melody spread, and carried with it a sense of solidarity, in which self was merged and lost, and the swelling sound rolled on, deepening with the voices of the men. Soon it recalled college chapel, with the men in a mood to sing, and "Ein' Feste Burg" mounting in the majesty of that deep-toned hymn, until the vaulted ceilings rock, and the archangels above the chancel seem to join in the splendid volume of high praise.

But more helpful to me than the singing was the sight of familiar faces. Black Bob stood towering like another Saul above the mass of men; and at his side was one of our teamsters who lives in the village, and with whom I had often loaded bark. Near the door—I was not quite sure at first, but there could be no mistake—near the door was Fitz-Adams, and not far from him Long-nosed Harry and Phil the Farmer stood together.

I was trembling when I began to speak, trembling with awful fear, a fear that was yet a solemn joy; for I had vision then of human hearts hungering to be fed, and, as a sharer in their need, I knew that it was given to me to point them to the Bread of Life.

I could speak to them now, for with greater clearness I could see these fellow-workers as they were; strong, brave men who had won the mastery which comes to those who clear the way for progress; giving play in their natural living to the forces which make men free, and growing strong in heart, and in the will to do, as they grew strong of arm and caught the rough cunning of their trade. Men of many races, yet meeting on the common ground of men all free and under equal chance to make their way; knowing no differences but those of personality, and winning their places in the crew, each man according to his kind, and his rewards according to his skill. Such were they in their outward lives, the physical life within them growing in living ways, and making them the true, efficient workmen that they were. But of the inner life that makes us men, that life wherein we act from choice, and must "give account of the deeds done in the body," that range of action which we call moral, where conscience speaks to us in words of command, there they knew no mastery at all, and least of all the mastery of the moralist.

To them God was a moral ruler, dwelling afar from the daily life of men, and righteousness was a slavish obedience to His laws, and religion a mystic somewhat which was good for women and children and weak men.

And yet deep in their own hearts was their supremest need. Life as they knew it brought to them no satisfaction for its craving want. It was not so in other things; they knew their work; and in the overcoming of its difficulties, they had felt the fierce joy of conquest. But confronted with temptations, the difficulties of their

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inner life, there they had no strength; while lust and passion mastered them, and left their real desire unsatisfied. Here, in respect of mastery, they were slaves, and as regards life, they were dead, having only the need of life.

There then was their want; it was for *Life*, abundant, victorious *Life*.

And now I could speak to them of God; of Him "who is not far from every one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" the living God who reveals Himself in all life, and who became incarnate in the Son of Man, who speaks to us in human words which go straight to our seeking hearts: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." "The words that I speak unto you, they are life."

"Strong Son of God!" whose living words quicken us from the death of sin, and set us free. By whose grace "we are renewed in the whole man after His image, and enabled more and more to die unto sin and live unto righteousness." Who was "made sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness." Whose death was not a reconcilement of God to us, but was "God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." Whose Gospel is the glad tidings of this reconciliation, and we are become "ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

And then we prayed, confessing our sinful state, our bondage, our death in sin, and pleading that we might be "transformed by the renewing of our minds, that we might prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

. . . . . .

Now that I am on the eve of leaving Fitz-Adams's Camp, I cannot hide from myself my eagerness to go. I have real regrets; for while two weeks and as many days do not constitute a long period, yet time is purely relative, and I shall have a livelier memory of the camp and of certain of the men, and a keener interest in them, than I have for places and men with whom my association has been longer.

But of the feelings of which I am conscious at leaving, I am surprised at the intensity of the longing to know what has happened during the three weeks nearly since I have seen a newspaper from the great world. I thought little of it as the days passed, but now I am all aglow with desire for news about the progress of the campaigns in New York and Massachusetts and Ohio.

And then the last word from abroad has piqued one's curiosity to the utmost as to possible results. Mr. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, I know is dead; and, as I was leaving Williamsport for the woods, I saw upon the bulletin-boards the announcement of Mr. Parnell's sudden death; but of the political effect of these events, no word has reached me. Is Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen to succeed to the leadership of the House? And if Mr. Balfour becomes the First Lord of the Treasury, will he retain the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland? And has the death of Mr. Parnell brought about a reunion between Parnellites and M'Carthyites, or is the breach as hopeless as ever?

It will be intensely interesting to find answers to these questions, and to many more, but after all I am sincerely sorry to leave the camp, and as I go up now to say good-by to Fitz-Adams, who is in his office, it is with the knowledge that I am parting from a man whom it is a privilege to have known.

["The Workers" (The East), herewith concluded, has dealt with conditions in the rural regions. "The Workers" (The West), to begin early in 1898, will narrate Mr. Wyckoff's experiences in the crowded labor market of Chicago and elsewhere in the West.—ED.]

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A PENSION LOVE-STORY

By Robert Herrick

Illustrations by Henry McCarter

I

CLOVER GREEN was her whole name. Her mother, whom one might presume had been a sentimental person, had called her only daughter Clover from some significance which that name carries to persons of a similar sentimental disposition. Perhaps Miss Green felt the responsibility and the charm of her name; for she did very well as a simile for the flower. She was not outrageously individual, but belonged—you could see it at one glance—to the large family of green clovers, nice young women, coated in a soft, dark velvety substance, with a trig air and a healthy bloom (for she was a red clover, not a pale-blooded white one). She carried about with her a conviction of propriety, not chilly or unpleasant; this made her delightfully fresh after all the "Bohemianism" of these latter days of art.

Palmer Ransom, naturally, did not see the full significance of the name at his first glance, that day when he arrived in the courtyard of *numero cinq bis, rue du Vieux Bonhomme*, with his two bags and a trunk, the oaths of a reproachful cocher hounding him on. He saw a young woman, whom he took to be an American citizeness, seated commandingly on the edge of an open window above one of many doors, any one of which might be the entrance to the pension of the "admirable Mme. Cuano." A hard-faced, unvenerable old man was bellowing a song up to the windows, and strumming an accompaniment on a dirty guitar. The huge copper sous that fell irregularly on the great paving-stones of the court put emphasis to his lines. The windows which Ransom scanned were filled with pensionnaires. Some, the younger men, were grouped about the American girl on the little stone opening which jutted out over the door below. Ransom had arrived at the crescendo and sat down on his trunk, conscious of his inopportune appearance from the flies. The old man gave out when he had climbed a certain way on his bar; then a splendid free yodel started in from a young fellow who was crouching in the door on the watch for the descending sous.

It was one of the golden last days of September, full of the perfection of vintage time, that Paris had discovered late in November and had put in here at random between a week of greasy fog and another week of persistent, passionate rain. The light, pleasantly saturated with the warm sun, fell into the irregular court and made the yellowish walls of the old kennel of buildings to smile. The place was hidden behind a series of wine-cellars—you entered the outer court through a horrifying tunnel like a great cask—and it looked westward on the slope of the hill above the river and Notre Dame. There are mysteries beyond, in the little garden, on the sloping side, behind the thick walls of this outer court, which we will come to later. Ransom could see above him a sort of half-house jutting out, superimposed on the fourth story upon the wine-cellars. It was a little signal-box, or light-house tower, with its main window to the river, and a side slit that winked at the low buildings and the court-yard below.

And that court-yard—once much more brave than now—with its tranquil, sunny air, the old vagabond and the guitar, the vigorous yodel echoing back from the lantern tower, and the listening folk at the windows—it had the grave unreality of a scene at the opera, of a story from Bandello; even up to the dais where sat Clover Green smiling indulgently, surrounded by men.

When the music stopped—the man with the guitar and the yodeler were on the hunt between the cobbles for the sous—a sense of his position came over Ransom: he looked up straight into the kind, velvety eyes of Clover Green. She was smiling

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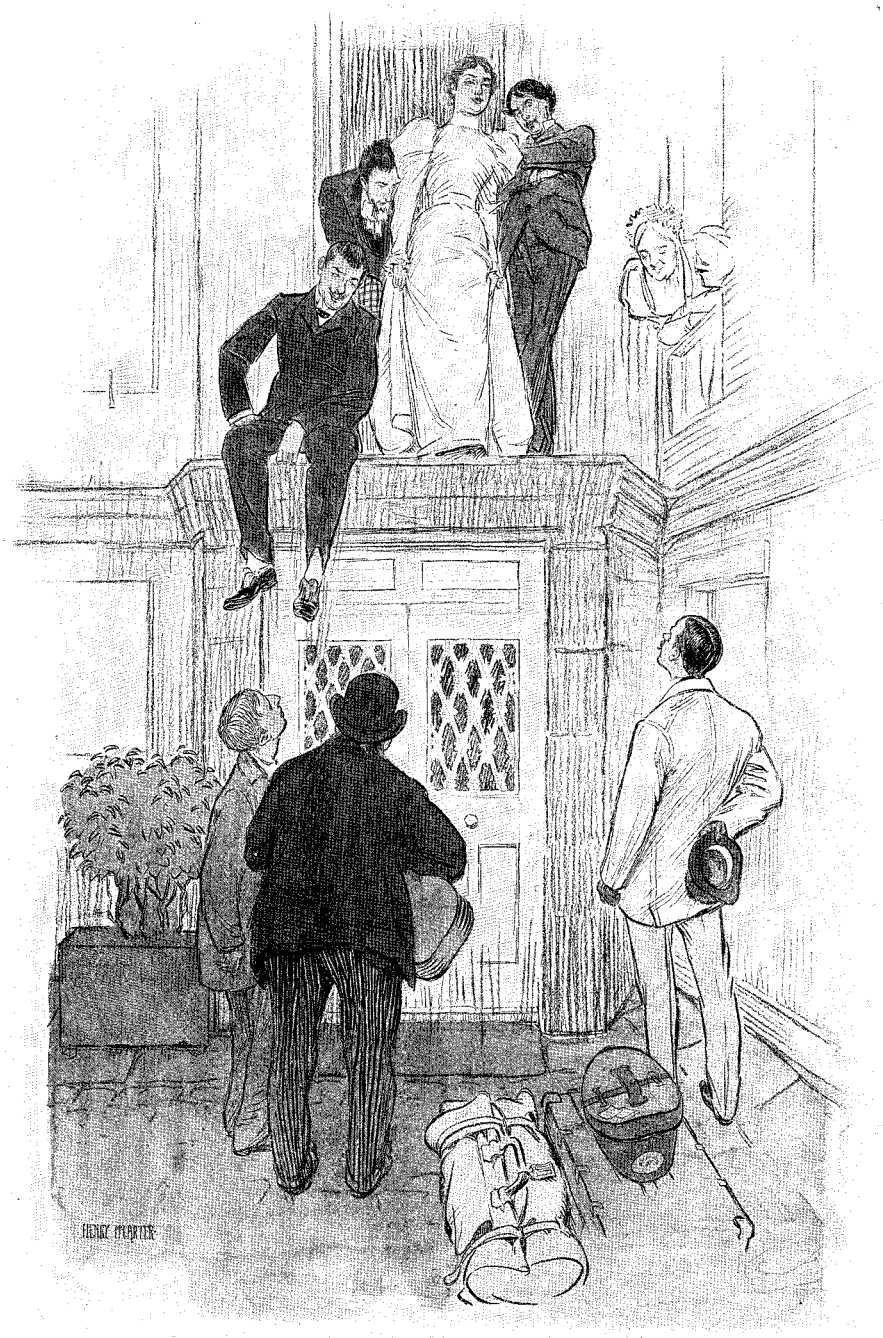

There was a hush once more, as the prima donna advanced to the edge of the little stone cornice.—Page 743.

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at him. And there, in the presence of the curious spectators who were speculating over the new American, he confided himself to his fellow-countrywoman. Most people, men at any rate, would confide anything to Miss Clover Green. He rose.

"You are looking for the proper entrance, aren't you?" (That sublime, smooth "Aren't you!")

There was a hushed stillness among the assistants at the sound of this unintelligible tongue. Ransom raised his hat, and advanced: it was time for him to sing his part.

"You will help me?" he entreated; "for I am lost, and a stranger."

She laughed: she was above him, and he must have been ridiculous with his body-guard of two valises, a steamer-trunk, and a bag and a hat-box. That laugh, a naughty little ripple and shake of the whole

Madame Cuano's Humble Pension.

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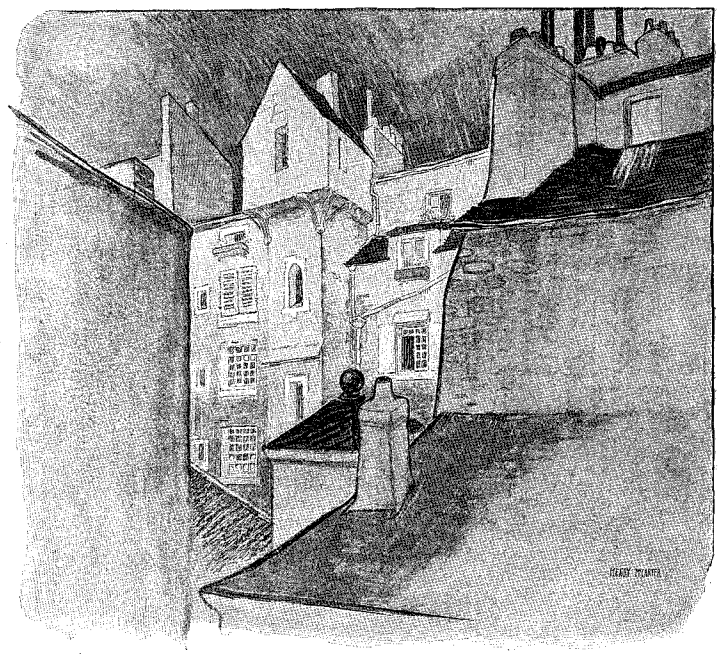

The little lantern-room over the outer court . . . was once held by Calvin.—Page 744.

body, gave the stranger a clew to her name. They always topple about like that—chubby, round-faced red clovers.

"Certainly." There was a hush once more, as the prima donna advanced to the edge of the little stone cornice. There was always a hush in the pension when Miss Clover's treble voice broke into the hurly-burly of tongues. She was a foreign goddess, and her heavenly strange ways were worthy of all attention. Perhaps it was because to all men there, Russian Jew, Bulgarian Anarchist, Swedish doctor, Lithuanian Pole, or American student, she was alike, frankly kind and with good-fellowship—but incapable of more.

"Certainly. You turn to the left around that corner," pointing to the one presided over by the little watch-tower, "and ring the bell at the third door. They will show you up to the second floor on this side, where you will find Madame." Then she smiled (the business done), and the assistants began once more their speculation over the new arrival. The man with a guitar strummed anew, and Ransom sat down, content with the music, the warm sunshine, and—even at this hour—with his young American.

"She is June and July," he said, softly, in time to the music, "the girl and the woman, just a little of the woman, enough to run the girl, and a good deal of the girl to keep her sweet. I hope she will smile again and shake her head."

The last *amour* disappeared slowly over the housetops.

"*Eh bien!*" it was the American girl's voice.

"And my stuff," Ransom pleaded helplessly. "Shall I leave it here exposed to the greed of this troubadour?"

"Jean will come for it after you have seen Madame. And I will keep an eye on it."

The young man rose slowly, as if he would much rather have had her keep an eye on him. But there was no excuse this time. "*Marchons.*"

So this was the way Palmer Ransom met Clover Green on the outside of a student pension in Paris above the Seine, one November afternoon.

II

THERE was the pension and there was Clover Green. And as Clover Green will perforce come to the front as we move along, it will be well to bestow a few remarks on the pension, now, in an unprejudiced frame of mind.

You will never find it, no matter how you prowl about the wicked, black holes in the few spots of old Paris still left. For, if you ever came on the rue du Vieux Bonhomme, you would pass by the foul cabarets, the garlicky *marchands du vin*, the black holes in the wall, where, nights

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and feast-days, laugh and jabber the poor, gaunt rats of men and women who are hidden away in the dark corners of Paris, the refuse of the old Commune, the fermenting mother of a new one! Into one of those treacherous holes, between the caves of a wine-cellar, you would have to penetrate to find Madame Cuano's.

It was the hotel of the Spanish Embassy early in the seventeenth century, and it still turns an aged, aristocratic façade to the river. The other buildings around the entrance are older. The little lantern-room over the outer court (they gossip from an old tradition) was once held by Calvin, when, as a young man, he made his studies in Paris. Perhaps not, but up there he might well have lived, solitarily swinging a bitter eye over the gay, priest-governed city, the great cathedral at his feet, or from the little slit of a window in the side he might have peeped at the life of the great men beneath him. How strongly his name possessed the place! Ransom always thought of him, as of a grimy parchment in a black leather binding, suspiciously reconnoitring his comings in late at night, or insinuating an uncomfortable, harassing sense of the future into his parleyings with the coquettish mademoiselle. Probably he never disturbed Clover Green, for her ancestors had carried his hell-fire to a new world, and if in moving westward to St. Louis they had let a little of the brimstone fizzle out, what then? She had brought back to old Paris the sweeter elements of his faith. And as for Ransom, it was just as well to be reminded, whenever he crossed the court on some outward errand, that a sterner world lay beyond, perhaps.

If Calvin held the outworks, so to speak, another passionate spirit was laid inside, in the little gravelly patch that now takes the place of the stately garden which once sloped down in terraces toward the river. Danton, so one said, was brought here from the guillotine by some accident, here into the privacy of the order of things he had hated.

Near the mound where he was supposed to lie, a great vine of English ivy had grown over a low, red-tiled house. That house, with its quaintly pitched roofs and squat white chimneys of the last century, closed in the fourth side of the hotel—the side once open for the garden and the river view—and made a cosey, contained little community. It was *brav*, as Madame Cuano called it, with a few yards of turf, a great mulberry-tree that stretched one gaunt arm across to the ivy-covered wall, a patch or two of flowers, and the little iron tables where the pensionnaires took coffee whenever the noon sun could keep them from freezing. On the yellow wall, just under Ransom's window, was a great bas-relief, a tangle of deftly flowing robes, long legs of women, and supple bodies. And across the angle of the court two stately women were put into the wall, their slim, shapely arms protecting the window. They remained to tell of the better times.

The wall of the house opposite dipped at the angles, opening to Ransom's view at the left a few yards of the cathedral, just a bit of the transept and one or two of those slim buttresses in silver-white stone that prop its lofty choir. What a magnificent sight it must have been before, when the whole flank of the church, with its soaring buttresses, its heavy towers, and the queer little steeple stuck on the middle, shot up at once into sight from this same window! Some days in the winter, a reddish glow falls on the gray stone from the passing sun and jewels the building in soft rose lights. Then you would expect the smart new buildings all about to fade away, and down the river, from the forest of Vincennes, a long, low barge to come sliding by Notre Dame filled with warriors and Saint Louis at their head. You could watch them put ashore and ascend the steps on their way to take the sacrament.

At the right the view was closed by the black walls of Saint Severin. The rumble of the organ and the bell-ringing at the offering of the host were the only sounds to disturb the deep neglect of the pension. Sometimes Ransom fancied he caught a passing whiff of the Catholic odor, one could not call it merely incense, on its way heavenward.

One other thing should not be forgotten—Madame Cuano herself. She was a fine old girl, no less irreverent phrase would do—her gray hair cut short and brushed flat over a large head, a short full figure, a little like a sailor's, with a man's reefer and a broad collar. Mornings she generally wore a kind of serge pinafore over all,

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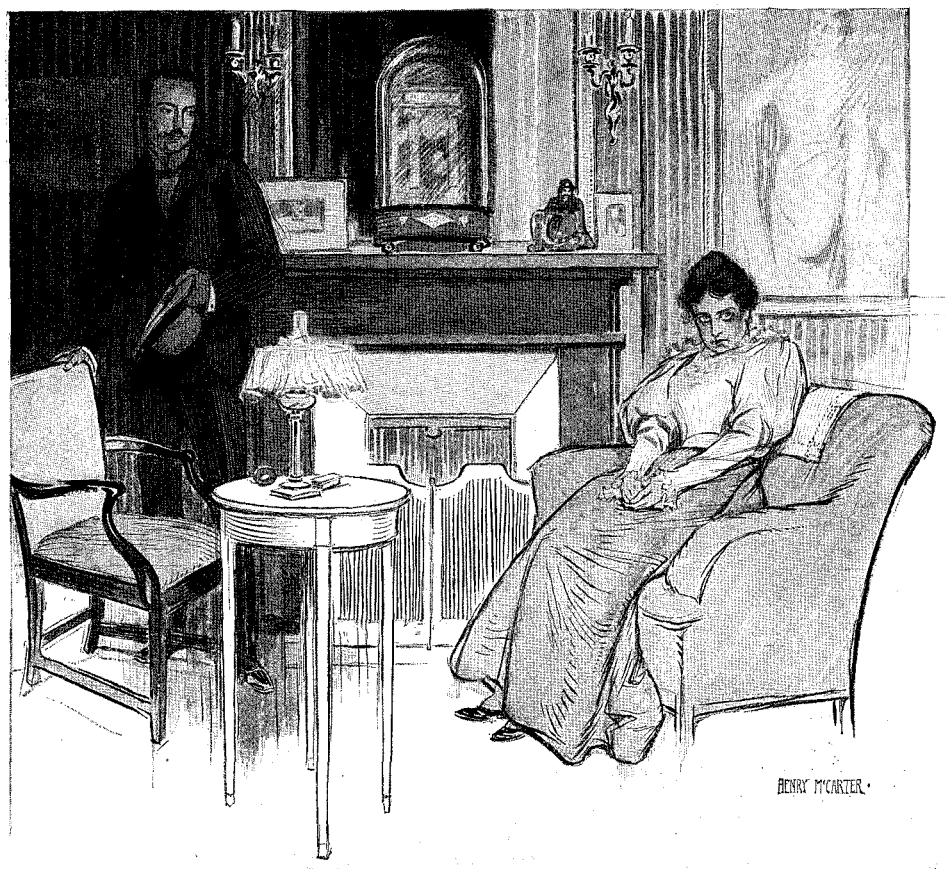

It was undoubtedly time to go. There was a general atmosphere of tears.—Page 754.

for she was a sculptor in a small way, as well as the owner of the pension. She made little copies in marble and terra-cotta, much fancied by the American tourist. She also repaired bric-à-brac, and in this way had a clientèle in musty corners of the Faubourg St. Germain. She was naïvely practical about her art.

"*Les Américains achètent choses comme ça! Eh, bien! que voulez-vous?*"

An ideal of artistic effort never crossed her mind or troubled her regular hours of work. She was pityingly courteous to the poor American girls or boys who spent their days over in the studios, struggling to utter something that had never before been said.

Ransom was taken into her high favor, almost at once, and given the seat next to her at dinner. Little by little he absorbed her philosophy of life, mumbled in a rapid, syncopated French.

"She will tell you when you have been here two months about her family," remarked Miss Clover Green. "It's *vrai* aristocracy, way back, but during the Revolution strange marriages had to be made. Her great grandmother took the gardener's son, temporarily, and hence the name. Then when you know her a month better you will hear about the uncle, a member of the *Conseil d'État* under the last Napoleon. By spring time you will be asked out to Granville—that's a little bit of a place in the country which she has managed to buy."

"You have been through it all?"

"Oh, yes. Auntie and I have been here off and on three years. You see, I model; everyone has to do something, and I am in Durand's atelier in the morning. We used to have an apartment beyond the Luxembourg, but stocks went down and I bought a palace in Venice; it doesn't pay

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She gathered up her skirts, backed out of his way, with a little bow, and sailed on.—Page 756.

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"I think we can settle this business without a row."—Page 756.

buying palaces in Venice; one ends in a pension."

"You know your neighbors on your floor?" she went on gently, determined to do the best for her countryman. "There's the doctor across the table—he can understand a little English—he's very clever, only twenty-two and through with all his studies. He is on his way home now. He is sputtering French at you."

There was a quiet-faced chap on the other side, an Englishman, Ransom took him to be: he looked like a solid intelligence in the crowd of emotions. Ransom was glad to find him a neighbor on the third floor, and they came to take refuge in one another. He was at the Polytechnique, a few doors away, and he was fighting against the charms of Clover Green. Ransom was willing to bet on the charms until a complication rose. For some time the young Englishman said nothing to his neighbor concerning the American girl, an international delicacy, perhaps, preventing him.

Another actor seemed to hover about, and soon an occasion came for Ransom to feel his presence. Late one evening the two men had turned into their disreputable street; an unusual sight caught their notice—a voiture at the door of the passage to the court-yard. It always suggested mystery, delights, to see a cab pulled up at the door of this modest retreat. As they neared the passage the carriage-door opened, so that by the light of the lamp two faces could be seen: one was Clover Green's fast enough, peeping out from the end of a voluminous wrap; the other, Ransom had seen it somewhere he felt—a sallow, grinning face, with heavy mustaches, an impression of oil oozing from every pore.

His companion, Ransom noted, had glanced at the same time, but swiftly turned

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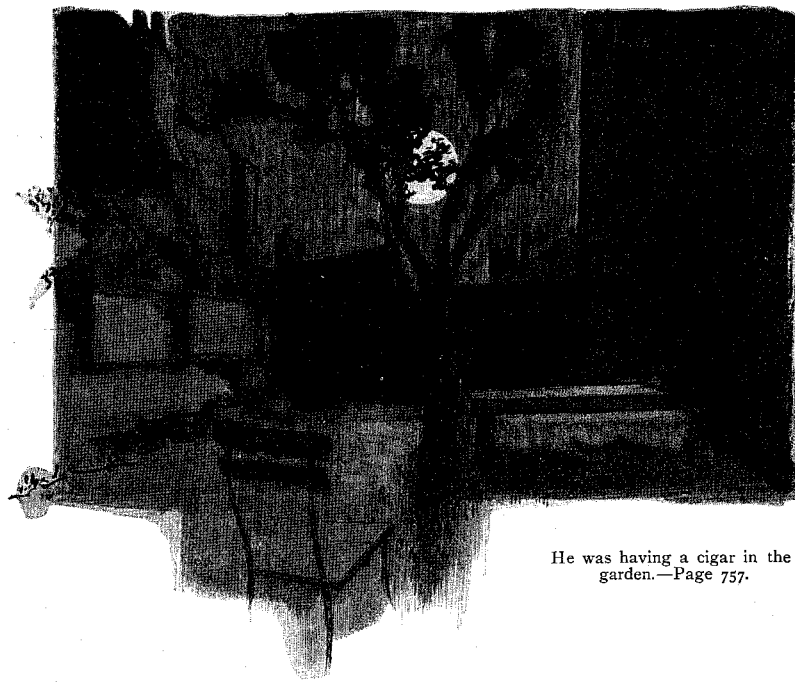

He was having a cigar in the garden.—Page 757.

his head. The two men quickened their steps and entered the house. Ransom invited the Englishman into his room, where they sat down before the remnants of a fire.

"The independence of your American young women," Brown remarked, with a forlorn smile.

Ransom whistled.

"Who the devil is he?"

"You will see him about the house at odd times, late at night like this, coming home from the theatre or opera, or driving off for dinner. That's his own voiture, chartered I suppose. Whenever you see it hanging around you may know that he is with Miss Green, somewhere about the premises."

"And 'Auntie'—what has she to say?"

"He comes from the same city, St. Louis. But they picked him up in Vienna two years ago, in that easy fashion, pardon me, your country people have of acquiring acquaintances whom they convert into friends. Mrs. Sollow told me how much he had done for Miss Clover—'formed' her was her word—in these two years. Developed her tastes and given her the present interest of modelling, which employs her time here in Paris."

"Then," the American remarked, "he is engaged to her, or about to be."

The Englishman's voice took an unnatural key, which showed that he wished to be reserved.

"That it is impossible to say."

"Why don't you ask her?" Ransom remarked, flippantly.

"Because Miss Green is not the person one asks such questions of."

Ransom's mind kept turning over that face and trying to fit a name and place to it.

"You know his name?"

"He calls himself P. Bertram Clarke—I met him once."

That seemed to give little further light. What American has not an extensive acquaintance among the Clarkes?

"Can you tell me," he said at last, in his slightly ponderous British fashion, "why they all come over here to dabble in art or to study languages or to travel, all your American young women, with a little money and good morals. One finds them at every pension table in Europe. Is there nothing in your country to satisfy them?"

"Come and see," the other replied. "They rise generally from a certain stratum of our civilization, such young women as Miss Clover Green—and their lives over there are pretty thin, or likely to be."

"Here they are game for any adventurer, big or little, in proportion to their

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assets." With that he laid down his pipe and said good-night.

Ransom glanced across the angle of the garden to the windows of Mrs. Sollow's rooms. In the faint light of a little lamp sat Clover Green, looking out into the cool, damp night. She had her long wrap still about her, thrown back from her head. He could almost feel the solemnity of her face. What facts of life was she so grimly revolving to herself when she should have been abed like other healthy young Clovers?

What had she to do with P. Bertram Clarke?

III

The pension ranked them as follows: The "unknown possibility" with an easy lead over all other competitors in Mademoiselle Clover's favor; then, by right of respect and old fellowship, the young Englishman; after him the new American, Ransom—Madame Cuano's preference; and, at the end, hopelessly handicapped, a young Bulgarian. Ransom, it was soon conceded, played the most assiduous game. Brown was occupied with his work at the Polytechnique; Ransom, on the other hand, who was nominally on the search for a manuscript in the National Library, found plenty of spare moments in the morning to *jaser* with his fellow-countrywoman.

He discovered that his way to the rue Richelieu led by Durand's atelier across the Luxembourg gardens. He would dawdle about the old court-yard until Miss Green appeared, then saunter with her down the Pantheon hill, dodging the groups of impertinent students. The powderish mist of a Paris morning enveloped the hard walls of the Pantheon and stole among the Luxembourg trees. Sometimes they would linger in the yellowed grass-plots of the old garden watching the fantastic nurses as they brought their fat little charges out for the morning.

At the corner of the rue Vaugirard Ransom would say adieu and slip into the crowd streaming riverward. He would sniff the familiar odors of each dark street, and wonder why he was always left on the outside of this young woman's mind.

Once he had induced her to deviate from her path enough to spend an hour in the Louvre. She walked the long galleries, handled the place, as Ransom put it, as if it were the back pasture of her father's farm, or the vacant lot she had known from childhood.

She stopped lovingly before a Franz Hals.

"What a dash and go! If one could do that! It's awfully nice, isn't it?"

"And if one can't do that, is there nothing else to make up?"

"Yes, there is *one* thing," the girl replied, unguardedly.

"And that?" Ransom queried, earnestly. She took her loving glance from the Franz Hals, and swept by her companion indifferently, unconsciously drawing her wrap closer.

"Could no one give you that?" he pursued, venturesomely.

"Perhaps—someone." Ransom knew that he was out of the play, as much as he had been when he first set eyes on her that warm November afternoon. They smiled enigmatically at one another, and turned to the next picture.

"So it's P. Bertram Clarke," mused Ransom, and though a little sore over his warning, he was determined to know more.

"I have it," he exclaimed the next morning as he was sipping his coffee. In a flash of matutinal inspiration the face and the name came back. "He is Paul B. Clarke, who was at Yale for two years."

That was ten years back; Ransom had known him as every one in New Haven did—a little. He had swaggered there on the vague report of being the iron king Clarke's near relative and heir. His rat-like activity had pushed him into prominence in a thousand little inferior ways. Then he did not appear at New Haven one autumn, and some years later, when Ransom happened to be in St. Louis, he had had the curiosity to inquire about him. Paul B. Clarke was no relative of the millionaire Hiram Clarke, he had found out, merely a young fellow the "iron king" had interested himself in. There had been some row between them about money matters; nothing that came to the surface as a scandal, and the young fellow had become a lawyer in Chicago. *Voilà tout!* But suggestive it seemed to Ransom.

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"So, so—" Ransom meditated. "I will take a hand. If she has snubbed me, yet there are better men than Paul B. Clarke for my American Clover."

That same afternoon while lingering over his déjeuner the waiter handed him the European edition of a scurrilous American newspaper. He had never happened to see it before, and began turning over its voluminous pages with strange feelings of home and disgust. It was the *New York Plunderer* once more, with its sharp atmosphere of impudent curiosity, its assured trust in the contemptible side of human nature, its swagger and self-esteem. A pretty picture of our native land for Europe to entertain itself with, thought Ransom.

There was a charming set of head lines: "American Push"—"It gets there"—"What a Saint Louis Millionaire's son will do for Literature.—A World Magazine"—and there followed a column and a half upon Mr. P. Bertram Clarke in the nature of a good old-fashioned puff that put Ransom down in the breezy streets of Chicago. It seemed that the rising young Western lawyer had concluded to devote himself to literature, and, backed by the old millionaire, who was represented as longing before his death to bequeath a national blessing to his native land, had planned a World Magazine to appear fortnightly in Chicago, London, and Paris—India, Australia, Mars and Jupiter in the course of time—in the respective tongues spoken at its centres of publication. This polygot sheet was to contain the "cream of the genius du monde," besides "a résumé of the world's history" cabled from the central office. The brilliant young editor was now in Paris at the Grand Hotel, securing manuscripts from famous French authors, and "forming an advisory editorial board among French litterateurs, artists, and newspaper men." Then followed a list of this board. Ransom dropped the paper in a shock of wonder—ten names best known in Paris, with a famous Academician as chairman! "Impossible," he said to himself; "the *Plunderer* has made it up this time in toto. B—— has been in America; he would know enough not to mix himself up in this."

Ransom then bought a dozen French papers; they were all chattering about it. In the *Gaulois* he found what seemed to be a bed-rock of truth, an interview with M. B——. It was true, so said the young Academician, that a new international review of literature, art, and politics had been founded in America with a European as well as an American directorate supported by American capital, *and it was understood to be subsidized by the United States Government.*

P. B. Clarke had succeeded in taking B—— in; in fact, he had successively taken in ten prominent Frenchmen. What a stupendous bit of *réclame* he was after, for of course he must know that in a few months at the outside he would be discovered.

How had he done it? Because a Frenchman is the easiest person on earth to hoodwink, for all his pretended worldliness and knowingness. The "grand plan" and something to tickle his pride, that was all. Probably Clarke was counting upon the American colony for his haul. The French would give him his notoriety, and the Americans his plunder.

Meantime there was Madame Cuano's humble pension and Clover Green. Was her little fortune to help inflate this bubble? Ransom knew that a private investigation was out of the question: she would give him another enigmatical smile. So he planned a public attack, and when Harold Brown came in for his dinner, he began:

"Have you heard the news?"

"The new magazine?" They had spoken in French, and the Lithuanian Pole, whose ears were the ears of a ferret, had leaned forward.

"Prenez garde, Mademoiselle Clover," mumbled Madame in Ransom's ear. The pension was evidently informed. Ransom pressed on unconcernedly in English, depending upon Brown to give him his opening.

"Of course it's a pretty bit of American cheek."

Brown looked into his plate. He would not hurt her feelings. Mrs. Sollow was startled out of her accustomed apathy, and glanced up nervously.

"Why so?" Miss Green interposed, looking coolly across the table.

"Because," Ransom replied, suavely, "do you happen to know how much

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money it would take to start and run such a journal even for one year? And do you suppose that a Mr. P. Bertram Clarke has any money behind him?"

"I happen to know that he has."

"Two millions? And do you think for an instant that any bill to subsidize such an affair would get through our Government? When this European directorate finds out that our Government is not behind it, and that they have been led into this game by a totally unknown and uninfluential person, and, worst of all, that their salaries are not paid, there will be one scandal more to amuse the public with."

"You are prejudiced, Mr. Ransom, I am afraid." Miss Green was eying him quietly. She either had exceptional control, or she was not engaged to Mr. Clarke. If she were not committed now, she must not go any deeper.

"Good! I am. Do you think your friends in St. Louis and Chicago, or in New York, will buy a magazine like that after the first curiosity has evaporated?"

"We have much to learn from the French, and for that very reason, the educational value of the work, it is a splendid attempt." She smiled at Ransom as she tossed out these remarks, gathered from P. Bertram Clarke. He would not succeed that way: they must come to closer quarters. Mrs. Sollow interposed here.

"Mr. Clarke is an old friend, and has been very helpful to us. We want you to meet him, and judge for yourself about the enterprise."

It should be said that Mrs. Sollow was an amiable mass of a putty consistency. The last hand upon her spirit left its mark. Usually that hand was Miss Clover's.

It was a heavenly evening for January. The greasy clouds that had been hanging about had floated away, exposing a soft, luminous firmament, an atmospheric consistency of May. The pensionnaires moved out of the dining-room into the garden to enjoy the tranquil night.

"You will pardon me if I have annoyed you by criticising a friend," Ransom began, hypocritically.

"Oh! that makes no difference, his being a friend. But I think you are wrong to judge so hastily."

Ransom paused a moment at this reproof.

"I know that I am right," he spoke slowly, "and I want you to know it, too."

Her lips quivered a moment, and then she shot one of her slow, mocking smiles at him, as if to say: Do you think you will gain anything from me this way?

"Well?" she replied, coolly, "and if I refuse to listen to your explanations?"

"If in the end you believe me, even if you hate me for it, I shall count myself happy."

"Thank you." Her impertinent tolerance irritated Ransom, who was old enough to assume airs of divination and guidance. They walked on around the little garden.

"Tell me," Ransom began, as naturally as he could, "how you happen to be wandering about Europe."

"My father and mother dead, with only an aunt to be converted into a family, a little money, and thoroughly bored with the respectable people of my town, isn't that enough?"

"Perhaps."

"Don't you know the kind of a life a girl leads in America, in a city like St. Louis? Let me tell you. Her father has made a little money, for which he has worked all his life, and her mother has scrimped and saved and worried until—well, she is tired out. They build a four-story stone house in one of the new avenues, with a great stoop, where they sit on warm evenings, he in his slippers with his paper, just tired or ready for gossip.

"Now what is there for the girl? The city is ugly, desolate. The people you must take refuge in, and the few concerts, the week of opera, a few pictures—and the domestic virtues! If she chooses to marry, then she does again, on a larger scale, what her mother did, and she finds it exciting enough, what with her children.

"But the rest, who don't fancy that kind of life! What is there for them? They want a little interest, to hear men talk a little better than the newspapers, to live in other commotions than church sociables, gossip, and business. Do you wonder that they go to college? or to Europe, and fill the Paris studios with rubbishy pupils?

"For Europe means—freedom. A getting out of the flat monotony that would drive a man to drink or to stupidity."

Ransom never dreamed that his Amer-

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ican Clover infolded so much philosophy.

"So you think it's better for them to drift about over here at the studios, get unsettled, and go back more unhappy than ever."

"I don't say it's *best.* But can't you understand it? They have more chances, not of marrying, but of hearing something, of meeting people—oh, I can't express it, but you *live* here, even in a pension! I can't endure the amiable virtues."

They sat down facing the river. So this was the magnet that draws to Europe.

"And you find over here Mr. P. Bertram Clarke."

"You dislike him. He isn't, perhaps, prepossessing. But he has had the same kind of experience. He could not stand it any more than I. He gave up brilliant prospects to find something better in life. And he has done so much for me, made me over indeed, for I was silly enough when I first left home. He introduced people to me, and took me about. I didn't like him at first."

"But now you will marry him."

She looked at Ransom quietly. "Perhaps."

"I suppose"—she was dreadfully honest with herself—"I suppose that any other man who would have talked with me, shown me things, might have had the same place. He made me want to live a cultivated life; and women, you know, are grateful."

"Go on."

"There is nothing more to say."

"You came over here a little vaguely, you amuse yourself, you get to know a man who is educated, who talks to you as an equal. Then you follow him blindly, devotedly. Whatever he wants you will give him, because he has helped you on."

"Well," she smiled, in her open fashion, but there were in her face two looks—that of a pretty girl and that of an able woman. Which would carry her farther?

"You have had your eyes opened, and now the question is whether you will stop or go on. At twenty-two a woman hasn't discovered her limit."

"Therefore you would have me use him and go on; then use the next man, perhaps Mr. Harold Brown, who devotes himself to me, and then go on. When shall I stop?"

"Your best instincts will tell you that. Trust them. But don't stop here."

"You never reckon on one thing; we grow to love our helpers, perhaps the first one, and in primitive people like us loyalty is strong. Even if he were really what you assume, and my heart saw it clearly, I would love him for what he has done."

"And rest there content the rest of your life, and *contained,* a more difficult thing?"

"Yes; 'content and contained.' But they have all gone in." She rose and walked leisurely away.

Ransom could see that she was willing to go on; that rare thing! her mind was absolutely open, untrammelled by convention. Probably she needed the balm of plain statement, shut up as her affairs must be with the limited intelligence of Mrs. Sollow.

Ransom could afford to be reckless. Brown's patient worship seemed to win little enough encouragement. Besides he had the chivalrous instinct of Americans to interfere when things were not going properly, a paternal dogmatism toward all young women.

"Well," he said, after they had walked around the garden in silence.

"There is a passage in the preface of a play of Dumas fils. The whole preface is not exactly complimentary to the powers of women, but I think he puts his finger successfully on one great limitation. They stick generally where they are placed: they have not the power to find their highest level. Now American women, I mean especially the women from the middle West, have the power, somewhat. They get themselves educated; they rise when their husbands and brothers stick. You have that power; I wonder if you have the necessary amount of instinct?"

"Why not?" She sat down once more; the night was so peaceful, so helpful to a clear understanding of one's self. He veered again to the personal attack.

"You will understand me and have no foolish scruples about listening. You will feel the distinguished compliment of hearing the whole truth. Even if you do resent my indiscretion it will do no harm, merely deprive me of a friend. I knew

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Clarke at New Haven, where I saw him for three years, and saw what he interested himself in, and knew how he was regarded. A woman of course makes little of such matters if she has made up her mind to care for the man. She discovers in him excuses for his ill-breeding, reasons for loving him unknown to the world.

"*But*, there are facts that she cannot close her eyes to, that she must have explained. One such fact is that Clarke has given himself out to be what he is not, the son, or heir at least, of Hiram Clarke, the St. Louis iron man. The papers in puffing his scheme have assumed it, and he must have given them reasons for assuming it. He did the same thing at New Haven. He has probably done the same thing with Mrs. Sollow, who, of course, knows about old Hiram Clarke. In other words, whether explicitly or implicitly, he works on capital that does not belong to him. We call that kind of man an adventurer."

Ransom hesitated, aghast at his own effrontery. But he was so far in that it seemed best to wade on.

"Now his scheme must be backed by some one's money, even if it is legitimate. If he has induced your aunt, however, or permitted her, to put any money in this enterprise, no matter how firmly he may believe in it—the world would say that he is lacking in delicacy, or perhaps worse!"

It was a cruel shot. She said nothing, but Ransom felt sure that his suspicions were correct.

"I am very tired," she said at last, sadly, with an effort. "I suppose that the ordinary girl would not have listened. I am not sure I can listen again!"

"You mean it will be war between us, for I shall do what I can to——"

"Don't trouble poor Auntie. It merely worries her."

"We'll fight it out between us."

"*Bon*." She gave Ransom her hand, smiled brightly, and disappeared.

IV

Another evening Ransom strolled into Brown's room. The Englishman was seated bolt upright in a large chair, while Miss Grayer, the little New Hampshire lady, plumped in the middle of the lounge-bed, was reading from a yellow manuscript. Brown's face lighted up.

"Miss Grayer is kind enough——"

"Oh, pray don't explain, Mr. Brown," his visitor chirped. "I know how two *men* like to talk, perhaps about a *young lady*." With that she slipped to the floor and whisked away. They could hear her puritan French at the other end of the narrow corridor; she was in the hands of the doctor.

"Well, I did come to talk over Miss Green," Ransom began, coolly. He told the Englishman what he knew about P. Bertram Clarke. Then, in a burst of hypocritical enthusiasm, he broke out:

"See here, Brown, there isn't a show for me. I haven't six weeks before I must move on to London. But she is a genuine little brick! You must help me pull her out of this fellow's hands. You've got some chances, too; you have impressed her tremendously with your kindness to Miss Grayer and all that. We must blow up this Clarke. I'll get the blame for it. You might be around at the right time. See?"

Brown gripped his pipe, although he looked irresponsive.

"What's the road?"

"We must get at his actual life. I don't believe that he can live here in Paris six months without giving himself away."

"Well?"

"You know Harrand, the *Telegram* man, you said once."

The Englishman nodded.

"He knows that gang. Pump him."

Brown promised to get some information and Ransom departed, feeling that Brown could help *him*. Whether he could help Brown was of comparatively small importance.

On the stairs he met Miss Green. She was watching a little drama in the courtyard. After a few words she said, directly:

"Mr. Clarke has explained."

"Oh, of course," Ransom smiled. "And the kind of people he handles?"

"His business takes him everywhere, into all kinds of circles. He is a broad-minded man. But I must tell you that we're practically engaged. It's to be kept quiet until he returns to America, where he expects to live six months of the year. As soon as the *International* gets its start, we

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are to be married. You will come to the wedding ?" There was malice in this.

"Certainly," Ransom replied, gravely. "Will it be in St. Louis, where Hiram Clarke can attend ?"

"Paris, I guess. We mustn't fight any more now. Auntie is happy, and I am so, of course." She held out her hand.

"Oh, no, you can't call off hostilities that way. I shall fight it out. And first of all I hope it will be above water as soon as possible. I don't like to feel that you are carrying on a suppressed engagement about the corners. You mustn't take offence at my pugnacity. An engagement that can be broken in six months by any human means ought to be. If you can break the chain then, good."

"Thank you for all your advice," she said, sweetly.

Brown fulfilled his promise. Harrand knew that Clarke was intimate with the Countess Chrisna, and through her influence had got in with Baron Alpheus and other Jew bankers.

"I can't believe," he said, sententiously, "that he is really serious with Miss Green. Yet I can't see why he should take all this pains to get her few pounds."

"Perhaps he would rather like her."

"Perhaps."

Ransom did not tell Brown of the engagement. That was Miss Green's business ; besides, if Brown knew that fact it might make him scrupulous about further interference. And Ransom, although he had no clear plan, deemed it possible that he might need Brown's help.

Meantime the Clover Green was less of the green Clover he had learned to love so easily. The girl's face returned only in ripples of fresh laughter at long intervals ; the grave woman was coming in more and more. When several days went by without Clarke's appearance, or telegrams arrived instead of the lover, her face became troubled. Then some spree would come off, and all would be cheerful again. An enormous amount of his life she apparently knew nothing about. Yet she couldn't be called a patient young woman.

Ransom happened to be with her one day when the hated "blue" arrived. She and Mrs. Sollow were waiting for Clarke to take them on some excursion ; they were drawing on their gloves leisurely, sunning themselves in the bright March day. Ransom was enumerating the acts of a play he had seen the night before, and with total irrelevancy he happened to say :

"Men are such uncertain beasts ; one wonders women trust themselves to believe that their attachments will endure."

Miss Green was devouring the "blue," while Mrs. Sollow was looking anxiously at it, trying to read in her face what she knew only too well.

"He has an unexpected business meeting for this afternoon. He will try to see us some time to-morrow." The girl's face flushed with disappointment, hurt pride, and the aunt, without a word left the room. She was kind, poor soul, and simple ; she could not understand the coil and she suffered.

"You were saying?" Miss Green rose from the window, and laying aside her gloves and hat, crossed the room, a little taller, a little more impressive than he had expected ever to see her. She did not attempt to disguise her face. It was an awkward moment.

"I was saying," he continued, picking up a book, "that a woman stands to lose rather more than a man when she settles herself, as she calls it, in life ; and that a man who can get along without the woman he is in love with before marriage will manage to do so afterward. It's pitiful, but it's true, that good men even are shockingly easy to bore."

"Don't !" her voice came appealingly. It was undoubtedly time to go. There was a general atmosphere of tears.

He went down into the garden, cursing a little, with the thought that, after all, such women are punished for the limitations of their instinct. If she were fine, he said to himself, she would never have slipped into this hole ; she would have known her man at a long range. There was the streak of the soil in her soul. There was no such thing as deception in such matters, only incapacity for comprehension. Well, in two months he would be on the Paris, facing for New York, and later news of Clover Green and P. Bertram Clarke would come by the way of the newspapers.

How much of it was gratitude? that was the question, perhaps, and how much

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inexperience? A plan began to form itself. To give her experience she must have some vivid shock, some rough realization that Paul B. Clarke was a cad.

He had taken the offensive; Harold Brown had played the neutral, never in the way, yet always about for a word or a glance when the American divinity should think to give them. One would have said that he had quietly withdrawn and like a wise man made little of his wounds. He was to take déjeuner that noon with Ransom at Lavenue's. When the two men had come to cigarettes and coffee, Brown remarked,

"Passage engaged?"

"Yes," Ransom looked at his companion suspiciously. He might be deeper than he thought.

"The *International* is to make its début the first of next month, I hear."

"Yes, so Miss Green told me. Have you heard anything more about him?"

"Pretty troubled water the fellow fishes in. But you can't tell whether it's business or personal. He is angling for big game, with the help of that Brazilian countess. That might explain his intimacy *there*."

"I mean to find out."

Brown brushed the ashes from his cigarette sceptically.

"I have something in mind. See here, Brown, hang about the house this afternoon. Call at their rooms about three and help me out, if I send you word."

Brown smiled at his companion's "American vagaries," and paid his reckoning.

"All right, as you say; I'll be ready for the call and make my appearance on time."

With that they parted. Ransom took a cab to the rue Vignon, behind the Madeleine, whither Clarke had moved. A month or so ago Ransom had had plenty of invitations to call and had never expected to do so. But he remembered the number—10, *entresol*. While his cocher was hunting for the number, another cab drove up, and two people got out—the pair he was after. The woman turned and spoke to her driver.

"What did that lady say to her cocher?" Ransom asked his cabbie.

"*Venez une heure plus tard.*"

His plan was made. A marvellous chance was helping him out. This might well be the business engagement; it might not. No matter what it was, it would serve—merely to have Miss Clover see him coming out of his apartment with that woman. She was in an inflammatory mood and had her share of unreasonableness. One little match would do the business.

There was a cochers' cabaret within a few doors of number 10, where Ransom seated himself and wrote the following note:

"DEAR BROWN: Get Miss Green to take a walk; discover an errand on rue Troncret, at the end of rue Vignon. Walk slowly down the right-hand side of rue Vignon, timing yourself to arrive opposite the Madeleine end at four o'clock. Go into the print shop, select some prints, and leave something behind you. Then walk slowly back. When you have reached the Boulevard go back again. Be sure to follow exactly these directions."

P. R.

This he dispatched by a garçon in a cab.

Four o'clock came. A carriage drove up leisurely. Then Brown and Miss Green walked up the quiet street, strolling slowly, and talking. Miss Clover was impressive in an enormous hat. She carried herself firmly. They went on to the end of the street and entered the shop.

Thereupon Ransom passed a nervous five minutes. Would they all hit it off to meet at the right moment? He had given them four chances; one had been lost. At last he saw the shop door open and the young pair come out. The cocher at the curb of No. 10 also woke up and touched his horse. He had seen his fare. Thirty seconds more would have fetched matters. Now the couple down the street were loitering too far away. It was maddening.

Ransom rushed out of the cabaret and flung himself into the waiting cab, thrusting a louis d'or into cocher's fat hand as he passed him. "Vite," he said. The cabbie drove away, lashing his horse. He never questioned the argument of a twenty-franc piece. Ransom, looking out of the slit at the back, could see an astonished pair standing at the curb. There wasn't another cab in sight. Clarke turned to look

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for one, and down came Brown and Miss Green straight upon them. Then Ransom's carriage whisked him around the Madeleine, and he could see no more.

What had passed he learned two hours later at Madame Cuano's. Brown was sitting before his fire.

"It was sudden enough to take your breath away. I was explaining to her something about the pillars of the Madeleine, and she had her head turned away from the street, looking at the building. We almost stumbled on Clarke when he turned about. He opened his mouth, and let his jaw wag for a moment or two; then he said, 'Why, Clover, how——' But that pause had been enough. She took in the whole group at a glance, looked hard at the Comtesse, whom she knew by sight. Then she gathered up her skirts, backed out of his way, with a little bow, and sailed on. 'You were saying, Mr. Brown,' she said. The nerve was splendid, poor girl! But that walk back was not pleasant. She was so sweet and interested, but I was afraid almost to let her cross the streets."

"Um, we'll see how much good it will do."

Clarke came that evening — he knew enough to strike at once. "If he stays an hour," Ransom reflected, "she is lost." Just thirty minutes passed before he heard Clarke's footsteps on the stone stairs. Elated by this dispatch in their interview, he fidgeted about for another quarter of an hour, and then knocked on the baize door of Mrs. Sollow's little salon. When she appeared, a good deal of a wreck, Ransom said, abruptly:

"I have come to say good-by. I shall leave Paris in a day, Mrs. Sollow, and we must be frank with one another. Have you any intimate friends in Paris? Any business connections?"

She began to cry.

"Then you must make your niece sign a power of attorney authorizing me to act for her. *Now* is the time for her to reinvest her money before the *International* appears. One sells on a rising market."

He drew up a simple formula that would serve to intimidate Clarke if he hesitated over formalities.

"You must make her sign that; don't let her put you off." He waited while she carried it to Miss Green's room. Early the next morning, armed with this, he was on his way again to rue Vignon.

If Clarke was astonished at seeing him, he knew enough not to show it. He was smiling and effusive as ever, pressing his visitor's hands with tenderness in his most characteristic fashion. They chatted for a few minutes about the *International*.

"Great success, Mr. Ransom. Do you know I believe I have fallen on the idea of the age in literature, cosmopolitanism! And we are very successful in our backers. I may tell you in confidence we have just secured the interest of one of the great bankers in Paris to float part of our stock."

"I am glad of that. For I came partly on business, on urgent business. You will doubtless be able to pay over at once to Morgan, Harjes & Co. $20,000 that you obtained from Miss Green."

"And may I ask——?"

"Certainly." Ransom showed him the power of attorney. He looked at it.

"A feminine document," he smiled. "Miss Green will receive twenty bonds of the company at par, and some preferred stock, all of which she may dispose of as it seems best to her."

"You will not pay the money as I direct, then?"

"Certainly not!"

"I think we can settle this business without a row." Ransom looked at his man. "Paul B. Clarke I know well enough, and we will deal on the assumption that I know how you are floating your schemes. If you do not give me assurances that I am willing to accept that you will pay this money in twenty-four hours, the *International* will not appear, not even the first number."

The two argued that point for an hour, and at last Clarke was convinced. They drove to the bankers and secured $18,000, all that Clarke had on hand. As they separated on the stairs of the bank, he said:

"Of course I could not expect to ruin myself by marrying a nobody like that. Perhaps you don't mind shop-worn goods? Send me a card."

And Ransom did not meet Paul B. Clarke again. The *International* saw its third number.

Ransom felt justified on his way home

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in stopping at the steamship office to put off his date of sailing for a fortnight.

V

Ransom took good care that Mrs. Sollow should know the details of his conference with Clarke, as far as that beastly last remark. Miss Green had not appeared since his return. That evening, however, while he was having a cigar in the garden, one of the salon windows opened, and she stepped forth.

Ransom felt a little tumult of exultation, as she crossed the gravel to where he was standing beside the old ivy. The last glimmer of light was fading from the western towers of Notre Dame. The organist of St. Severin was practising some bass fugue that threw a certain solemnity into the evening. The pension was still at table, busy over the Mademoiselle Clover mystery, which had leaked a little. It was whispered that Miss Grayer had written a sonnet about it.

"I couldn't let you go without seeing you—and thanking you for all you have done," the note of humiliation in her clear voice was awkward. "I ought to tell you that I see you were right. You conquered after all!"

That word "conquer" upset Ransom.

"I am not going, at least at present."

She threw him one searching glance as if to estimate the price which he might expect for his prophecies, advice, and service.

"You are detained?"

"You said once that women grow to love their masters, those who have helped them."

She turned half away as if chilled by the night-air, which was coming in freshly from the Seine.

"Did I? I have learned that one must be careful in the choice of masters;" a little mockery lurked in this speech.

Just then Brown strolled into the garden, the first time Ransom had found him inopportune.

Miss Green smiled at Ransom, and walked back to the house.

"What a heavenly night!" Brown remarked. There was something so platitudinously calm and assured in this observation that Ransom felt convinced that a wedding might come from the intimacies of the pension. It could not be his, however.

The direct method of attack, at any rate in the case of women, struck him at that moment as futile.

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THE YEAR'S CROWN

By Charles Prescott Shermon

SPRING has her changeful skies, her waking leaves—
Summer her lavish dower of bloom and balm:
And Autumn has her days of golden calm—
Rich pauses when, forgetting she bereaves
The world of Summer, she no longer grieves.
She smiles, "How well-beloved a queen I am!"
Lingering to hear the land's Thanksgiving psalm
For wealth of fragrant fruit and garnered sheaves.
But Winter is the monarch of the year
When wild winds make the giant pines their harp,
And joy of Christmastide is at the flood.
Only to those who miss a presence dear
The thorns of Winter's holly-crown are sharp,
And all its berries gleam like drops of blood.

SQUIRE KAYLEY'S CONCLUSIONS

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

THERE is a certain family likeness in all small country towns that is quite consistent with a wide divergence in manners and customs, and one thing common to all is a "leading citizen." He is generally a good man, for after all it is the upright who best weather the storm and find permanent haven in the faith of their fellow-men.

The town of Greenville, like all her family, was extremely self-important, and when her "leading citizen," Mr. Joshua Kayley—commonly called Squire Kayley—was sent to Congress, Greenville became absolutely sure of the large place she filled in the public eye, and felt glad for the rest of the world that a teacher should go out from such a place as Greenville. In return, Squire Kayley felt deeply grateful for the honor done him; was proud of his town, of his county, and of his State, and went to his post determined to do all possible credit to his native region.

As has been intimated, Squire Kayley was an upright man; he was also a modest and an observant man, honestly desirous of thinking and doing right, and when he reached Washington he found much food for thought. He did not make many remarks during his term of office, but in a quiet way he made many investigations, and arrived at some astonishing conclusions. He found, among other things, that the West and the South were looked on as being uncivilized because of what in those regions were called "difficulties," not to speak of lynchings and other modes of supplementing the law.

He found out also, that in quieter regions, instead of "a word and a blow," people brought action for "assault and battery," and "alienating affections," and

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"breach of promise," and the rest of it—delicate matters which in his experience had always been settled by a bullet or a caning. Not being a bloodthirsty man, he pondered much on these things, and determined at last that he would try the experiment of making his native town more law-abiding. It was a herculean task, and he had serious doubts as to his success, but he was determined to try, for although Greenville could not boast that every man in her graveyard had died with his boots on, she could nevertheless bring to mind a long list of sons who had begun their march on the "lonely road" well shod.

He was sitting on the hotel piazza with a number of his constituents one afternoon after his return home, and while a negro handed about glasses filled with a topaz-colored mixture, crushed ice, mint, and straws, Squire Kayley told this story.

"A man up yonder," he began, "made some remarks about another man, a stranger from another region of the country; a few days afterward the man was on the cars when the stranger walked up to him and, taking him by the nose, pulled him all the way down the car."

"Gosh!" exclaimed one listener.

"Did you stay for the funeral?" asked another.

"He didn't shoot," Squire Kayley answered; "he brought in a charge of assault and battery, and got two thousand dollars damages."

His audience groaned.

"You needn't groan," the Squire went on, with a steadiness in his tone and words such as a man puts into his actions when he is about to light a fuse—"that feller had a level head. He had followed so quick that his nose wasn't hurt, and two thousand dollars is a lots better poultice for a man's honor than a feller-man's blood."

A dead silence followed this remark, and Squire Kayley, tilting his chair back against the wall, pulled gently at the straw in his glass. After a few moments a young fellow sitting on the railing of the piazza asked:

"An' you'd sue for damages, Squire?"

"I ain't sure, Nick," Squire Kayley answered, slowly. "I hope I won't be tried, but I think the fellow had a level head."

"An' two thousand dollars is a heap er money," said another young fellow, thoughtfully.

"'Tain't so much the money, Loftus," the Squire answered, "as not shedding blood. They're lots more peaceable up yonder than we are, and they haven't got it by killing each other, either; and they're lots richer, too, and a good deal of it has come through being law-abiding."

"Dang my soul, if you ain't changed!" cried an old fellow, jerking his rocking-chair round so as to face Squire Kayley. "I'd noticed thet you'd smoothed your words a heap, an' had cut your hair short, an' shaved your face clean, but I hedn't looked for no fu'ther change, an' this is too much when you say you'd let a feller pull yo' nose an' be satisfied with two thousand dollars."

"I'd let you pull it for one, Uncle Adam," Squire Kayley answered, smiling.

There was a general laugh, but not a hearty one, for their leading citizen was announcing doctrines that would have branded any other townsman as a coward.

"There was another man," the Squire went on; "a feller began to carry on with his wife; we'll suppose that he did what he could to stop it, then after watching awhile and seeing that things were hopeless, he brought action for alienating his wife's affections and gained his suit and five thousand dollars."

"Damn it, man, you didn't think *thet* was right!" Uncle Adam cried again, growing very red in the face, while the other listeners looked at the Squire pleadingly as if imploring him not to commit himself beyond redemption.

"Why not?" the Squire asked, taking another pull at his straw—"nothing could heal the hurt the woman had done him, and a woman as far gone as that didn't deserve to have blood spilt for her, and to leave her on the other feller's hands, at the same time taking away his money, seems to me the most dismal punishment on the face of the earth."

"But, Squire, could you have held yourself?" cried Nick.

"I ain't sure," the Squire answered, again, "and I won't be tried, being a bachelor; but that feller had a level head."

Loftus did not venture to remark again on the money, and Uncle Adam and the

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others having sunk into wondering silence, the Squire went on :

"There was a fellow engaged to a girl ; first thing she knew he was married to another girl ; she sued for breach of promise and got her money."

"Fur God's sake, Joshua Kayley ! " Uncle Adam pleaded, for the third time, and now with a tone of despair in his voice, "you wouldn't er let yo' daughter do thet? "

The Squire shook his head. "No," he said, "seeing I'm a bachelor, I wouldn't, but I *do* draw the line there. I don't know what I'd do to a man who should ill-treat my daughter, if I had one—but *she* shouldn't do anything ; all the same, the girl had a level head. And I'll tell you," he went on, rising to his feet and waving his glass to emphasize his words—"I'll tell you that the people up yonder have got the right end of the stick. You'll not get peace nor honor by killing people, and you'll not make money by paying lawyers to defend you in murder trials—and we don't gain credit nor bring capital to our country by riots and difficulties ; and they call us barbarous and uncivilized, they do, and we've got to change—we got to become law-abiding. I love Greenville, and I love you all, and you've all got to help me change this town. God knows, and you know, that I ain't a coward, and if you could hear them talk about us and our ways, and read their papers about us and our doings, you'd try to help me ; " and he resumed his seat.

There was a moment's silence, then Uncle Adam brought his hand down sharply on the arm of his chair.

"It's no use talkin', Josh," he said, "we ain't been raised that way, an' we ain't a goin' to change into no pulin' complainers to the law, nor patch up our dishonor with money. Why, Josh, even the niggers would scorn such talk, an' for the land's sake, stop it."

There was a chuckle from the doorway, where the negro waiter had paused to listen.

Squire Kayley turned. "You there, Sam? " he said. "I'm glad of it, you can help me, too ; you can go and tell the niggers what I say, and tell 'em I'm right."

The negro bent double over his waiter as if with restrained mirth. "Lawd, Boss," he said, "'tain't no use talkin' to niggers ; it's too easy furrum to shoot en run, en dat's w'at a nigger'll do ev'y time."

"An' the whites 'll shoot an' stan' to it ! " cried Uncle Adam; "an' you've gone all wrong, Josh."

Squire Kayley shook his head.

"No, Uncle Adam," he answered, "I'm right. People, and 'specially boys, seem to think that there's some kind of glory in defending what they call their honor, and half the time it's bad temper or bad liquor. But there's no glory in a cold-blooded lawsuit, and if they knew that they'd have to go into court and have their lives and their characters turned inside out, they'd control themselves a little better."

A tall young woman, very much overdressed, was seen coming down the street on the other side. Nick slipped off the railing on to the pavement and, stepping across quickly, joined her. The group on the hotel piazza was silent, watching the couple out of sight.

Then Uncle Adam said :

"It beats me why Nick Tobin's wife is forever passin' this hotel. To my certain knowledge she's been by three times today."

"Maybe she has business down town," suggested the Squire.

"Loftus Beesley's smilin' like he knows," was another suggestion.

Uncle Adam nudged Loftus.

"Not long ago," he said, "we mighter thought it was 'cause Loftus was a settin' here."

"Well, she's gone," said Squire Kayley, sharply ; "and I can't see how it's our business what she's gone for."

Uncle Adam looked at the speaker for a moment, the color mounting to his face,

"It seems to me, Joshua Kayley," he answered, "thet you're losin' yo' mind. If I choose to make it my business who passes this hotel, I'm goin' to make it my business ; an' if I choose to say thet Nick Tobin's wife spen's her life gaddin' roun' these streets, I'm goin' to say it ; an' I'll add thet when Nick's in town she *does* spen' her time on the streets, an' when he's travellin', or with his firm over in the city, she spen's it at home receivin' the boys. An' fu'thermo' Loftus is one o' them boys ; an' I'll instruct you again—Nick suspicions

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it, an' he leaves the Seelye boys, his own cousins, on guard when he's gone, 'cause Nick's got no man to help him, an' the girl's own people can't do nothin' with her —now, what do you say?"

"That I'm mighty sorry for Nick," Squire Kayley answered, quietly; "he's a good fellow, a little hasty, but straight, and the least his friends can do is not to trifle with his wife behind his back, nor make her the subject of public comments; and I'll stand by Nick, and I'll stand by her for his sake. We all ought to."

Loftus moved uneasily, then joined Uncle Adam, who had risen, and with a very much disgusted expression, stood looking down on Squire Kayley.

"I wish yo' new doctrines good luck, Josh," the old man said, sarcastically; "but I'm an ole bottle, an' the preacher says new wine busts ole bottles, an' I'm 'fraid o' bustin' if I takes in any mo', an' then you'd bring a suit for damages, so I'm goin'."

Squire Kayley laughed.

"You can't make me mad, Uncle Adam," he said, "and you can say anything you please. Some day you'll see that I'm right."

Of course Squire Kayley's new doctrines were the town's talk in a few hours, and the women with one accord took his part.

Squire Kayley was right, they declared, was always right, and if he had broken up that hotbed of scandal that collected every afternoon on the hotel piazza he had done a good work. Women scarcely liked to pass the hotel, and although Letty Tobin deserved to be talked about because of her scandalous behavior with Loftus Beesley, still they were glad that the Squire had spoken plainly, even if in so doing he had taken Letty's part. Further, if he could persuade their sons and husbands to stop bullying each other, they would look on him as their deliverer from many anxieties and evils, and they would try to help him.

The next thing Greenville knew an action for assault and battery was brought by Sam, the waiter at the hotel, against Uncle Adam Dozier, the autocrat of the hotel piazza.

The excitement was intense.

Of course Sam had come at once to Squire Kayley, and of course Squire Kayley could not refuse the case. He did his best to persuade Sam from it, for Uncle Adam had often before whacked Sam with his walking-stick, but though perfectly amiable, Sam stood to his point.

The town was in a fume. Squire Kayley's popularity wasted like snow under a July sun, and there were no words capable of expressing Uncle Adam's sensations, nor any reputable printer who would have put his language in type.

The women, hitherto solid for Squire Kayley as the only man in town, besides the clergy, who was always sober, were divided, for though they detested Uncle Adam as an old reprobate with an unscrupulous tongue—still, the case was a negro against a white man, which brought many feelings other than justice into full play.

However, through it all Squire Kayley was "quiet and peaceable and full of compassion," and he gained his case, and Sam his money, and Uncle Adam, having exhausted his vocabulary, took out his vengeance in an ostentatious and belligerent avoidance of the Squire.

But time, humanity's one patent medicine that really cures all, soothed Uncle Adam, and as Sam had discreetly disappeared, the old man resumed his position on the hotel piazza, where each day he used Squire Kayley's new doctrines as a peg on which to hang an ever-enlarging book of lamentations over the old times, and declared that since Sam's victory "every nigger in town was tryin' to git licked, which would be mighty good furrum but for the money which the Squire hed attached. For everybody knew that a thrashin' was a nigger's best frien', while money was a pitfall of danger"—but that "the nex' time *he* hit, he'd hit to kill, then Josh Kayley could have the pleasure of puttin' him in the penitentiary." Furthermore he said that he hoped "thet no other Greenville man would ever go to Washington if it was goin' to ruin him like it had ruined Josh. Josh had gone away an ole time gen'leman, but only the omniscient Almighty knew what he had changed into 'fore he got back." The occurrence had its effect, however, as object-lessons always do, and, as the Squire observed, "Uncle Adam had ceased his gentle play with his walking-stick."

Greenville resumed its deadly stillness after this, until the first cold snap in the

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autumn waked up the young people to a sense of the beauty of dances and candy-pullings, causing them to drive long distances to country places or to neighboring settlements, to find a sufficient amount of amusement.

Of course Mrs. Grundy waked up, too, and while allowing them to have the most unquestioned freedom, the gossips kept a viciously strict account of the young people's fallings from grace, and especially were their eyes fixed on Letty Tobin, Nick's wife.

That Letty was beautiful, no one denied, and her marriage to Nick Tobin had been an astonishment to all who knew her. Nick himself had been somewhat surprised, for up to the moment of her acceptance she had treated his loyal service as something of a joke, giving all her favors to other young men, especially to Loftus Beesley, who, for Greenville, was rich.

Nobody understood this sudden change of front, and all prophesied that the marriage would never take place. But it did, and in his love and gratitude Nick swore that if love and devotion could make Letty happy she should never have cause to repent her choice. And work he did, even Letty's mother declaring that he "spoiled the girl to death."

As Nick "travelled" for a firm in a neighboring city, he could be very little at home, which was declared to be "unfortunate," especially as Letty lived alone, declining even the company of her own sisters, who, doomed to the country, would have been very glad of a change to town.

Nick's comings and goings were uncertain also, but he came home as often, and stayed as long as possible, meanwhile leaving to his cousins, Ben and Reub Seelye, the care of his wife and his home.

They had been married for a year now, and Nick had not yet entirely recovered from his surprise at his luck, for, besides being a modest fellow, his mind was as slow as his temper was quick. But when this first cold snap came, and all the young people of the town waked up to the delights of this weather that was so ideal for merrymaking, Nick was away, and Ben Seelye found himself very unhappy about his cousin's wife and about the talk that was so rife concerning her.

There was nothing that he could have proved, and yet he knew, and every one else knew, that things were not as they should be, and that Loftus Beesley was the man.

One morning Ben walked into Squire Kayley's office, pale, and somewhat breathless.

"What's up?" the Squire asked at once, not even suggesting that his visitor should be seated.

Ben held out a telegram. "Nick's coming," he said, "and Letty's not here."

"Where is she?"

"We all drove over to Pinehollow last night to a candy-pulling," Ben explained, "and some of us stayed over all night at Colonel Bolles's; but this morning when I reached town I found that Letty had not come. She and Loftus left Bolles's a little ahead of me, and took the road home, so that I felt safe, but John Brewin says that she and Loftus turned off on the Valley Creek pike, and told him to tell me they'd be back by five o'clock—and—and Nick is 'most here now!"

"Well?" queried the Squire.

"Well, it'll be death to somebody," Ben answered.

The Squire walked about a little bit with his hands in his pockets, then paused to look out of the window.

"It shall not come to that," he said at last; "there's no harm in the girl's going to a picnic; and if you'll meet Nick and tell him about it quietly, it'll be all right."

"If it was any other fellow but Loftus," Ben answered.

"Is Nick jealous of Loftus?"

"I don't know, but Loftus is so careful when Nick's at home, that it makes a fellow think, an' when Nick's away, not a day passes but he sees Letty."

"And I've known that girl since she was a child," the Squire said, as if to himself, again pausing to look out of the window; after a moment he turned—"If she comes at five," he continued, "we can smooth it, but a girl who deceives her husband systematically may not come home at five."

Ben groaned.

The Squire sat down again, and there was silence in the little office until the Squire roused himself with a deep sigh.

"Well," he said, "you go and meet Nick and explain things as lightly as you can,

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and if she does not come at five you bring Nick here ; I'll be here late this evening ;" and Ben went off.

Five o'clock found Nick and Ben waiting patiently in Nick's house ; at six o'clock Reub Seelye joined them ; at seven, Nick was lying on his bed, tied, with Ben seated beside him, while Reub went for Squire Kayley.

" He tried to kill himself," Reub said, " an' we had to tie him."

When Squire Kayley entered the room Nick was attaching every oath he had ever heard to Loftus Beesley's name, and doing it with a deliberate, monotonous carefulness that was almost rhythmical and truly awful.

" That's no good," the Squire said, quietly, standing over him with his hands in his pockets, " and I'm ashamed to see you lying here tied like a beast. Untie him, boys."

Nick got up and shook himself.

" You've got no right to behave as if your wife had sinned," the Squire went on ; " any accident might have kept them ; if you loved her you'd not treat her with this dishonor."

" She's been two days, an' this'll be two nights, with Loftus Beesley !" Nick cried.

" True, but last night she was with all the party at Colonel Bolles's ; perfectly respectable and legitimate, and now she may come in at any moment and give a perfectly clear account of herself ; and even if she does not come until morning, she may be stopping with some friend——"

Nick struck his hands together.

" Then she'll have to stop away altogether ! "

" Not at all," the Squire returned ; " you must give her every chance to clear herself ; she's young, and beautiful, and fond of admiration and gayety, and that kind of woman has a thousand temptations that a quieter kind never dreams of. She had the choice of every unmarried man in this town—" the Squire hesitated a moment, then added—" even of your humble servant, and out of all she selected you——"

Nick turned quickly — " You, too, Squire ? " he asked.

The Squire nodded. " And I love her enough still," he added, " to insist that justice be done her."

The evening wore on. The town clock struck nine—then ten—then the Squire sent Reub Seelye out to the house of Letty's mother, to see if she was there.

It was a long ride, and until Reub returned, after midnight, the Squire managed to keep Nick quiet, but when a negative answer came Nick was almost beside himself, and Squire Kayley had to compromise, giving up the point that Nick must let his wife come home, and advising, instead, that he should pack all Letty's belongings, and in the morning send them to her mother's house and, leaving Ben Seelye to meet the couple, come to Squire Kayley's place outside the town. For at any cost, Nick and Loftus must be kept apart.

" Don't receive her," he said, " but give her a chance to clear herself."

" And Loftus? " Nick snarled between his teeth.

" What's Loftus done? " the Squire asked—" Letty's not the kind to be led—nor driven."

" If Loftus blames her I'll kill him."

" No, we are not going to have any bloodshed," the Squire went on ; " if you can't hold yourself, I'll hold you. If I can't do any better I'll put you in jail."

Nick laughed long and loud, then burst into tears—" I love her so ! " he cried, " I love her so ! "

" Of course you do," his mentor answered. " And first thing you know it'll be all right."

Daylight found Reub Seelye with Letty's trunks, being driven out to Mrs. Purdy's ; Squire Kayley and Nick on their way to the country, and Ben Seelye, with a note in his pocket, and the key of Nick's house, on his way home to breakfast.

But, alas ! as the day wore on and Ben did not come with news of Letty's arrival, Nick became almost wild ; then the Squire tried to soothe him into quiet with talk of a divorce.

" You think she's too far gone to shed blood for," Nick said at last, his voice grown low and weak from weariness—" that's what you said about that other woman at the North ; you want me to sue Loftus for his money, and let him have Letty? Great God ! "

" Do you want her? "

" But Loftus," Nick reiterated, " leave her to Loftus ! "

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"Humanity's strange," the Squire began, slowly, "let 'em have what they want, and ten to one they don't want it. Letty belongs to you, and that makes her the one thing on earth that Loftus wants. You belong to Letty, and that cheapens you in her sight. Let her go—that minute your value will double, and like Esau she'll shed many and bitter tears for what she threw away. Let her go; and Loftus will wonder what it was that made him so crazy. There's nothing makes a man feel so God-forsaken as to be left to follow his own evil courses—as to say to him 'You've hurt me beyond help—take what you've been striving for and go your way'—and right then and there the tip-top apple on the tree that he's been fighting for turns to dust and ashes in his mouth, and he can never—never—never get you and your maimed life out of his heart. But just lift one finger to revenge yourself, and you lift the burden from his heart on to your own. Let 'em go, boy, wash your hands clean of 'em, and after awhile peace will come to you—peace such as you've never dreamed of. But not to them, they'll have entered on a new lease of tribulation—for 'what ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' I'm not much of a preaching Christian," he went on in a lower tone, "but there's one thing I've read in Scripture—just a few words—'Are not all these things written in Thy book?'"

Nick sat silent, his arms crossed on the table and his head bowed on them. No food had passed his lips, and he was faint and weary, and for a little while he seemed to see as Squire Kayley saw, and so he fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Just as the sun was setting Ben Seelye rode slowly into the yard and around to the stable, and the Squire stepped out very carefully, so as not to waken Nick.

"She's come," Ben said, "an' when she read the note she laughed a little, then she turned right white, and gave it to Loftus—"

"And Loftus?"

"He looked like a rooster with his tail feathers pulled out, an' said he thought he'd better leave town for awhile, and then he looked at me and sorter straightened up, and asked Letty—'What do *you* want me to do?' an' she said 'Leave town,' then he turned to get into his buggy, an' I told him he'd better drive Letty out to her mother's, 'cause the servants were gone an' the house locked up, an' all Letty's things were out there waitin' for her. It was pretty bad; but they did what I said, an' I rode my horse right behind 'em through the town, an' every body stared, an' nobody spoke, not even Uncle Adam Dozier. It was bad. Loftus leaves at seven o'clock, if Nick 'll only sleep till then."

Never in the annals of Greenville had there been such excitement as when Nick Tobin sued Loftus Beesley for alienating his wife's affections.

The whole town and county—men, women, and children—rose in a solid, clamoring body against Squire Kayley. Women who had often torn poor Letty's character into ribbons now rallied around her, declaring that to bring a woman into such unheard-of publicity, into court, subjecting her even to the evidence of her negro servants, was to destroy not only all the old and time-honored customs, but to subvert society.

Uncle Adam proclaimed that any man in Nick's position who did not shoot his rival was a coward, and that if Squire Kayley had not meddled, it would all have been arranged as of old; Loftus decently buried and his money left to his family, Nick could have come back, and everybody would have been his friend; and Letty—well, Letty would have been a "grass widder" with a bad name. Now, Squire Kayley's methods had turned the two sinners into hero and heroine, and the injured man had become an object of pity and contempt, who deserved all he got!

Every sort of compromise was suggested, but Squire Kayley was determined to teach a lesson once and for all to his native town, and he did it. An awful, searching, withering lesson that revealed to mothers, and fathers, and brothers the perilousness of the liberty which they accorded their young daughters and sisters; which revealed to the women the views of themselves as given in the talk of the men who formed their society; which revealed to the men their own unloveliness as seen by purer eyes and an unanswerable logic; an awful, withering lesson that was as if the whole town had been driven into the palace of truth, there to endure a day of terrible judgment.

Through it all Squire Kayley kept Nick

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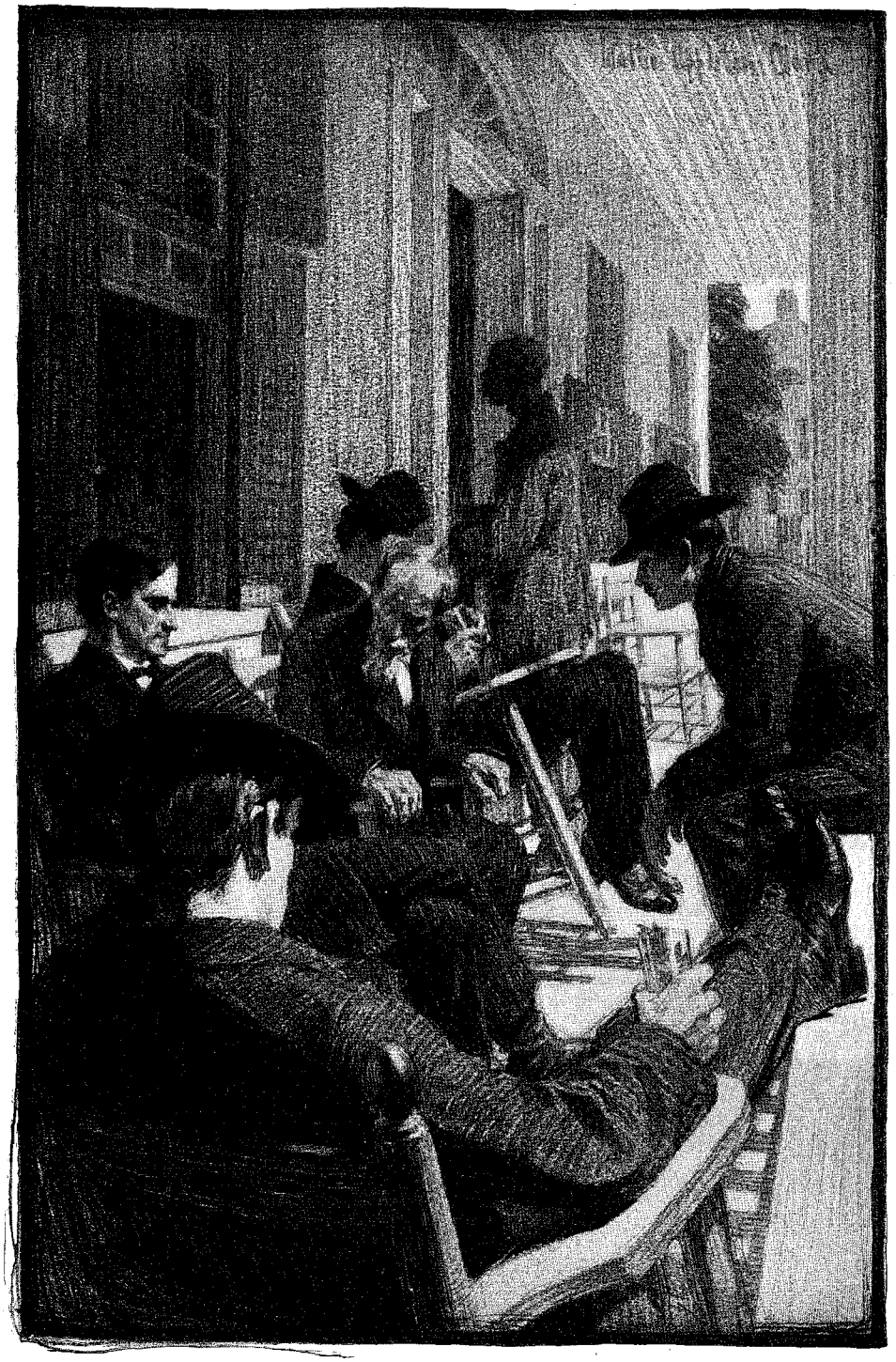

"Dang my soul, if you ain't changed!" cried an old fellow.—Page 759.

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A tall young woman, very much over-dressed, was seen coming down the street.—Page 760.

away, travelling, as usual, for the firm that employed him, while Loftus met the public eye only when the dreadful engine of the law dragged him into view, showing him in all sorts of false and pitiful guises. The Squire was virtually ostracized, but he had the courage of his convictions and the spirit of the martyr, which every man should have who undertakes the work of reform.

At last it was over. Loftus had to sell most of his possessions to pay costs and damages; Letty hid herself in her mother's house, while Nick, travelling incessantly, did not hear the half that was said, and paid no heed whatever to the money that was now to his credit in the Greenville bank. The town subsided, having become "sadder and wiser," and Squire Kayley's reward, for he had declined all fees, was to see that when expeditions were organized, at least one mother went to look after the young people; and that brothers and fathers took some heed as to who escorted their sisters and daughters; further, the girls themselves were seen less often on the streets, and it became a great breach of social observance for any woman to pass the hotel.

All this soberness was gall and wormwood to Uncle Adam Dozier, who having, through the fall of Squire Kayley, regained

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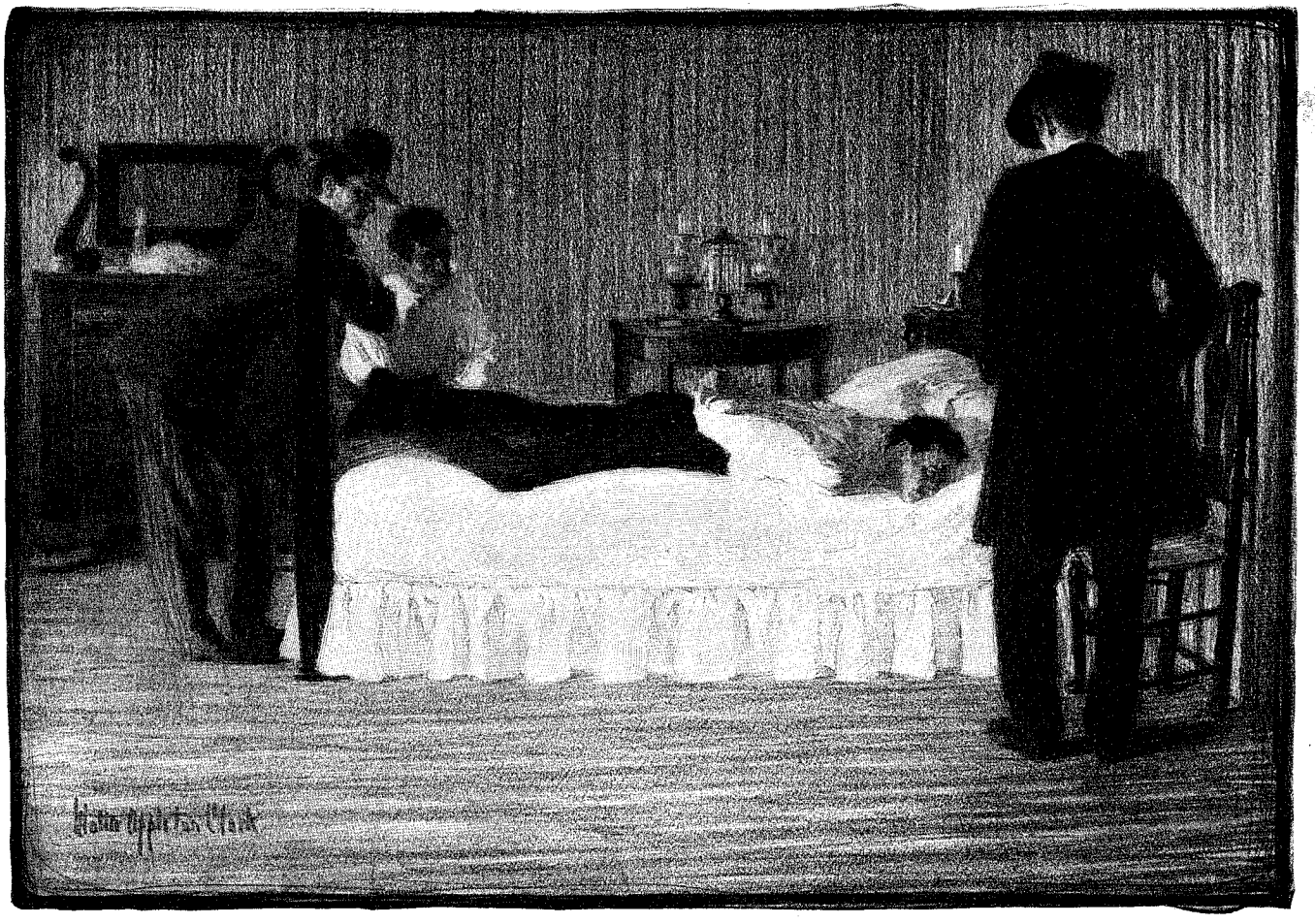

"That's no good," the Squire said, quietly, standing over him with his hands in his pockets.—Page 763.

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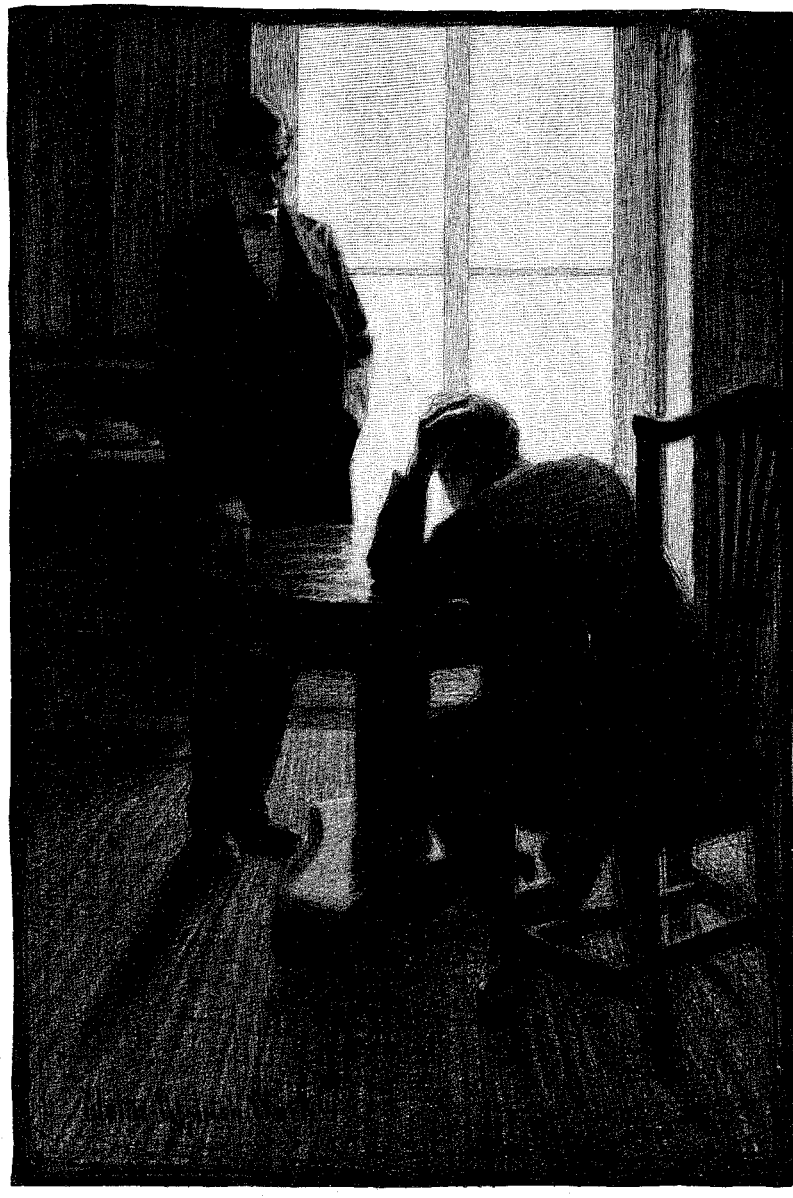

"Humanity's strange," the Squire began, slowly.—Page 764.

the position he had lost because of his defeat by Sam, bloomed once more into the hotel-piazza orator of happier days, and who by one declaration raised a puzzling question for the people of Greenville.

"Josh Kayley is the most immoral man in this town," he declared, boldly; "he is attempting to reduce everything to a money value, an' says thet even our mos' sacred affections kin be paid fur. It's wrong—it's damned wrong, an' I say thet the man who kin spen' the money gained through the ruin of his wife, is a poltroon an' a sneak! But Josh Kayley, ner no other man kin bring *us* to sicher pass—no, sir, I tell you the end is not yit, an' you'll see I'm right—wait, an' you'll see!"

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So Greenville, a little at a loss between the practical ills as exemplified by Uncle Adam, and the theoretical ills as exemplified by the Squire, waited.

In a convict-worked coal-mine two prisoners labored side by side, a negro and a white man. In the dim light cast on each by the other's lamp the negro showed a contented, rather cheerful face, and worked skilfully, while the white man, young and comely, was haggard and hopeless, and worked clumsily. The negro watched him furtively, but a guard stood near, for the white man was a new prisoner, and the negro did not speak. After awhile sounds of laughter came from a group nearer the opening, and the guard moved on, then the negro said :

"Fur Gawd's sake! Marse Nick, whar's you come from?"

For the first time the white man looked at his companion. "Sam," he said, "you here?"

"Yassir, Marse Nick, I git yer kase o' dat money what Marse Josh got fum-me f'um ole Marse Adam Dozier. Over to Duserville a gal fool me kase o' dat money, en her mammy had er funerl to perwide, an' I come yer — yassir. An' you, Marse Nick—you got yo' money, too, sir?"

"Yes, I got my money, too, Sam," the young man answered, wielding his pick deliberately, "an' I gave it all to your Miss Letty; she never had worked, an' I wasn't satisfied to think about her workin'."

"Yassir, Marse Nick, en den, sir?"

"An' then I heard 'bout the things your Marse Loftus had said 'bout her on the trial, an' so I killed him; for I thought the trial was 'tween me an' him, not her, an' while I was killin' him I told him why I did it; not 'cause he'd hurt me, but 'cause of what he'd said 'bout my wife. I told him so—I got him by himself, an' I told him; then I killed him—killed him slow, him, my old friend."

"An' Marse Josh!" the negro was breathless.

"I told the Squire that I'd tried my best to do his way, but no man could say the things Loftus had said about my wife on that trial an' live. I was sorry to disappoint the Squire, for he's right in the main, but my case was diff'runt."

"An' Marse Adam Dozier?"

"He said I was right, an' a gentleman, but I told him no, that the Squire was right, but my case was diff'runt."

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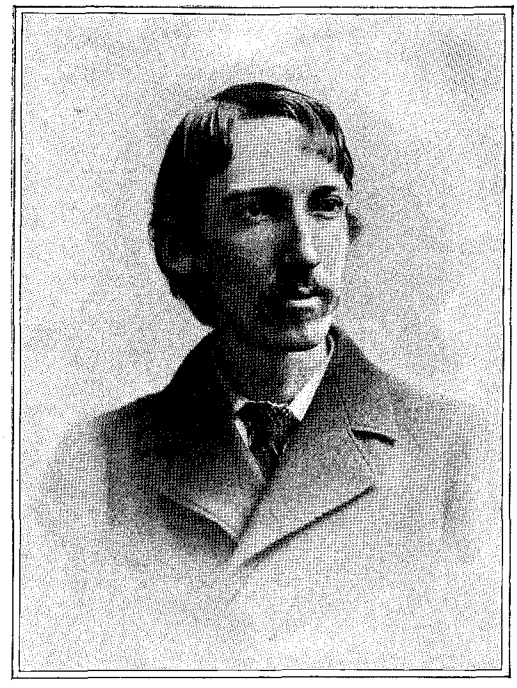

From an unpublished portrait taken at San Francisco in 1879.

ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By James Whitcomb Riley

A FACE of youth mature: a mouth of tender,
  Sad human sympathy yet something stoic
In clasp of lip; wide eyes of calmest splendor,
  And brow serenely ample and heroic;—
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal. . . .
  O visionary boy! what were you seeing,
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real
  Ere yet one master-work of yours had being?

Is it a foolish fancy that we humor—
  Investing daringly with life and spirit
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumor
  Of your great future spoke that men might hear it?—
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,
  That you were listening, and the camera drew you
Hearing the voices of your untold stories
  And all your lovely poems calling to you?

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A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

By William Maynadier Browne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

I DO not feel really comfortable in my mind about it yet. We ought to have confessed at the time. I shall always think so, in spite of what Henry says.

"My dear," he said to me, only to-night, "I acknowledge that confession is good for the soul, but one should not, therefore, rush into confession headlong. This case demonstrates with singular clearness how much good may sometimes be accomplished by not hysterically hastening to satisfy, on the instant, every demand of conscience;" and then he burst out laughing.

Henry has been practising law so long now that he can be thoroughly exasperating. He often is.

Years ago—when we were just married, and when Henry, who had recently been admitted to the bar, was, as he expressed it, waiting to be asked what he'd have—we were obliged to live in a boarding-house; worse still, a suburban boarding-house.

The landlady was Mrs. Buckingham; a woman of remarkable bulk. Her figure, Henry used to say, was like the figures in the United States Treasury statements—vague and stupendous. But with all her amplitude she had none of the bustling jollity, none of the tolerance we usually associate with corpulence. On the contrary, she was austere—majestic, in fact.

I suppose there was, or had been, a Mr. Buckingham. I asked Henry about this, but he replied, in awe-stricken tones, "Have you never heard about poor Buckingham?" and, upon my answering in the negative, whispered, hoarsely, "Beheaded—in the sixteenth century. We never mention him." Thereafter he always spoke of Mrs. Buckingham as the Duchess.

The boarders were all dear, good souls; but among them were only two whom we found congenial—Major Hawley and the Reverend Mr. Gately. The Major was a retired army officer, inclined to be explosive at times, though in his placid moments reserved and scrupulously polite. Mr. Gately was a young clergyman; neat, thin, near-sighted, mild-mannered, and six feet three inches tall. His room was just above ours.

Many were the games of whist we four played in our little living-room, of an evening. Henry and I always played against the Major and Mr. Gately because—well, because, as Henry said, if there should be any quarrels they would then occur either entirely within, or entirely outside of the family. Besides, we had been married but a few months. Quarrels there were, beyond a doubt, but not many; and these not within the family. The Major would sometimes explode upon Mr. Gately, but the explosions always rumbled away into mutterings, and caused no damage. Henry said, "You can't shatter a monument of humility, you know."

As for Henry and me, we never had a disagreement about the game. Henry has always said that my game of whist was one to be followed—not led. And I must say I have always found him a very satisfactory partner—at whist. Yes, and in every way. Dear old Henry! To be sure he is—but never mind.

I must confess that he rather shied at Mr. Gately sometimes. He said he was always tempted to smite him on the other cheek; and this I think was a horrid thing to say, for Mr. Gately was not really what one would call humble. He was—well, coy. And, as I said to Henry, I was glad to have him with us because I wanted to draw him out. Of course, when I said this, Henry made one of his ridiculous replies. He exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, dear, don't! Think how he would look if you did."

One evening, the evening after Christmas, we were seated at the whist-table in our room. Henry and I had had our Christmas dinner with his people, and Mr. Gately had had his at the rector's house. Mr. Gately was assistant at the parish church. The Major, poor man, had had no other resource than to sit at Mrs. Buckingham's table.

"What kind of dinner did the Duchess

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Whispered, hoarsely, "Beheaded—in the sixteenth century. We never mention him."—Page 771.

give you on Christmas?" asked Henry, of the Major, who was dealing, with quiet precision.

"Colossal," replied the Major. "Colossal, sir, and familiar."

"Do you mean," said I, "she gave you the same old things, only more of them?"

"Precisely, Madam. It is your lead and hearts are trumps." The Major had turned the queen. "We had five kinds of pie," he added.

I led—some small card of a plain suit—Mr. Gately took the trick, playing a king second hand, and led the king of hearts. I saw the Major looked puzzled, and frowned.

"Five kinds of pie!" Mr. Gately exclaimed, mildly, as the hand went round. "Dear me! What ill-judged benevolence!" Then, his king having taken, he led the ace and smiled.

"What infernal carelessness!" burst from the Major. His queen had fallen upon his partner's ace.

"Oh, hardly that! Surely the intent was manifest. Not that I defend the practice; but one could hardly—er—" Mr. Gately leaned forward as he spoke, still smiling, his cards clasped against his breast and his head slightly to one side.

"Confound it, man! I turned the queen when I dealt," said the Major.

"The queen? Oh, yes—to be sure. I fear I am *very* stupid." Mr. Gately was the acme of devout contrition. The Major rumbled into silence, and the hand was finished without further remark. I remember that Mr. Gately led trumps a third time (he was drawing two for one, of course), but Henry took the next trick and kept on with trumps until all Mr. Gately's were gone. As it turned out, Henry had all the highest clubs; so we made four tricks.

"I must confess," I remarked as I was dealing, "I don't like Mrs. Buckingham's pastry."

"No," said Mr. Gately, assuming his most Anglican accent and intonation. "No. One can cherish for it a feeling of respect—of respect not unmixed with fear, I may say—but one cannot really like it" (he pronounced it *reelly*); "it is so—er—uncompromising. I wonder what ingredients the good soul uses in its construction?"

"Mostly asphalt," said Henry; and at that moment there came a knock at the door.

It was Mrs. Buckingham, and she entered with a pie in each hand. "Good-

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evening," she began, ponderously. "I was sorry to have you miss my Christmas dinner; but I understand, of course, that family ties, or an invitation from the rector of the parish——"

Henry had risen and was offering her a seat. "You'll spoil him, Mrs. Buckingham," he said, breezily, as he took the pies from her. "You will, indeed. Think of it, Gately! Two pies! Mince?" This last to Mrs. Buckingham. She bowed and started to speak, but Henry went right on, though he winked at me over his shoulder. "Two whole pies! You're a lucky chap, Gately, I must say. I see you understand, Mrs. Buckingham, what voracious appetites these young curates——"

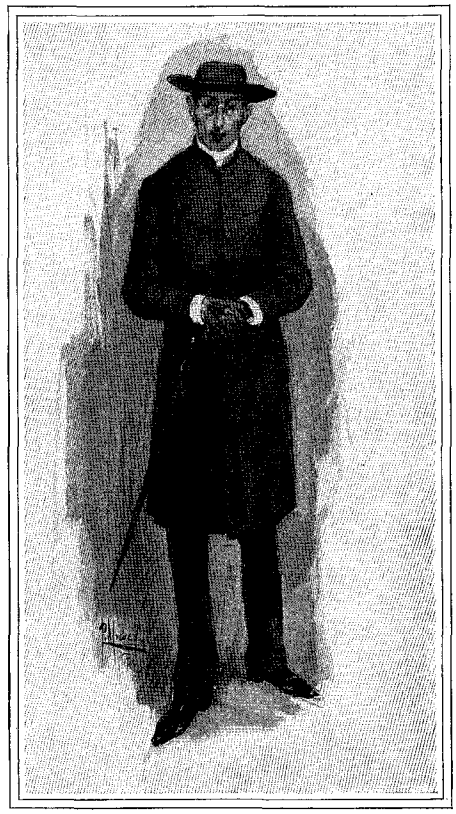
"Only one is for Mr. Gately, Mr. Gray," said Mrs. Buckingham, solemnly. "The other is for you and Mrs. Gray. Major Hawley was with us at dinner, so I do not include him."

"Yes, Madam," said the Major, "I thank you. I have had mine. I remember it." And he bowed with studied politeness.

"Though I do say it," continued Mrs. Buckingham, "my mince-pies are perfectly wholesome. They wouldn't hurt a baby." Henry, who was leaning over the back of my chair, whispered, "Wouldn't know what struck him," and Mrs. Buckingham, after a few inquiries of Mr. Gately about the rector's new plans and the children's festival, withdrew.

The rector had recently accepted a call to another parish, and the advisability of offering the rectorship to Mr. Gately was then under discussion among the wardens and vestry. Mrs. Buckingham was among those who advocated Mr. Gately's appointment, and she was by no means without influence in the congregation.

We played a few more hands after Mrs. Buckingham had gone, but the pies weighed upon our spirits and the game dragged. Mrs. Buckingham's pies were really something fearful. Before long the Major rose and bade us "Good-night" and Mr. Gately went upstairs to his room, to do some writing, taking his pie with him. Henry tried to make him accept ours, but he declined. He couldn't think of it. *Reelly!*



The Reverend Mr. Gately.

Later, as I was getting ready for bed, I heard Henry calling me softly from the other room. I came to the door. He was standing in the middle of the floor, in his night-dress, holding the pie in both hands. "What are we to do with this?" he asked.

"Can't we give it away?" I suggested, in a whisper.

"For Heaven's sake, dear," he replied, in a whisper, too; "don't let's do anything criminal." Then we paused and listened. It was really becoming uncomfortable.

"Let's put it on the top shelf of the closet," he said, and started on tiptoe for the closet-door.

"No, no, no," I gasped, pulling him back. "Don't! Please, don't! It would be horrid to have it there. And she might find it."

"Of course," he said. "That won't do. Aha! I have it! I have it!" and he crossed the room to the air-tight stove and opened the stove-door.

"Henry Gray!" I exclaimed, hoarsely. "Are you crazy? *Don't* do that."

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"Why not?" he asked, blandly.

"Why just think!" I said. "It will make a horrid——"

"What are you afraid of? Clinkers?" said Henry. And then we looked at each other and began to giggle. From giggling we laughed. We continued to laugh in that senseless way people will, sometimes, until we were almost hysterical. At last Henry exclaimed, "Oh, pshaw! Stand over there, where you won't catch cold."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Never you mind. There has been cowardice enough already. Now look out." He dashed to the window, opened it, hurled the pie out into the night and closed the window again—all before I could remonstrate. "So much for Buckingham!" he whispered, and then went on, in his ridiculous way: "Come, come, come, come; give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed."

The Major.

In the morning I heard an ejaculation from Henry. He was dressing in the other room. Now Henry seldom uses profane language, so when I distinctly caught the words, "Well, I'll be d——d," I ran to the door and asked what was the matter.

"Fannie," said Henry, without turning—he was looking out through the window—"come here." I came to him, and he pointed out of doors without another word.

Just opposite the window, and some ten feet away, grew a large syringa bush. Firmly lodged in its branches was a pie, unbroken and in clear view.

I looked at Henry, and he looked at me. For some time neither of us spoke. At last he sighed, wearily, and said: "Let's finish dressing and see what we can do."

When we were dressed, and I had put on my ulster and Henry his overcoat, we started in to remove the evidence of our crime. The window was open; Henry, umbrella in hand, was leaning far out, while I held on to his legs, and begged him to be careful. Someone knocked at the door. I hurried Henry in, and soon he was peering cautiously out into the hall. "Gately! You're just the man we want. You're an angel. Come in, quick!" He pulled Mr. Gately into the room and walked him to the window. "You see that pie?" Mr. Gately seemed puzzled and started to speak, but Henry wouldn't give him time. "You're tall," he went on. "You have a long reach. Take this umbrella. Lean out as far as you can. Mrs. Gray and I'll hold your legs. Knock that thing down—there's a good fellow." Mr. Gately murmured something about being only too glad, and we soon had him in position. Alas! even he could not reach it. Try as he might, the pie remained undisturbed and stolid. While he poked and struck and prodded with the umbrella we could hear him saying, plaintively: "I fear—yes, I fear—it is—quite futile—quite futile." It was useless, and we pulled him in.

Then he and Henry began to throw pieces of coal at the pie; but Mr. Gately threw like a girl, and, besides, there were so many branches surrounding the thing it was almost impossible to hit it. Henry did, at last, knock out a small piece of the edge, but by this time there was so much

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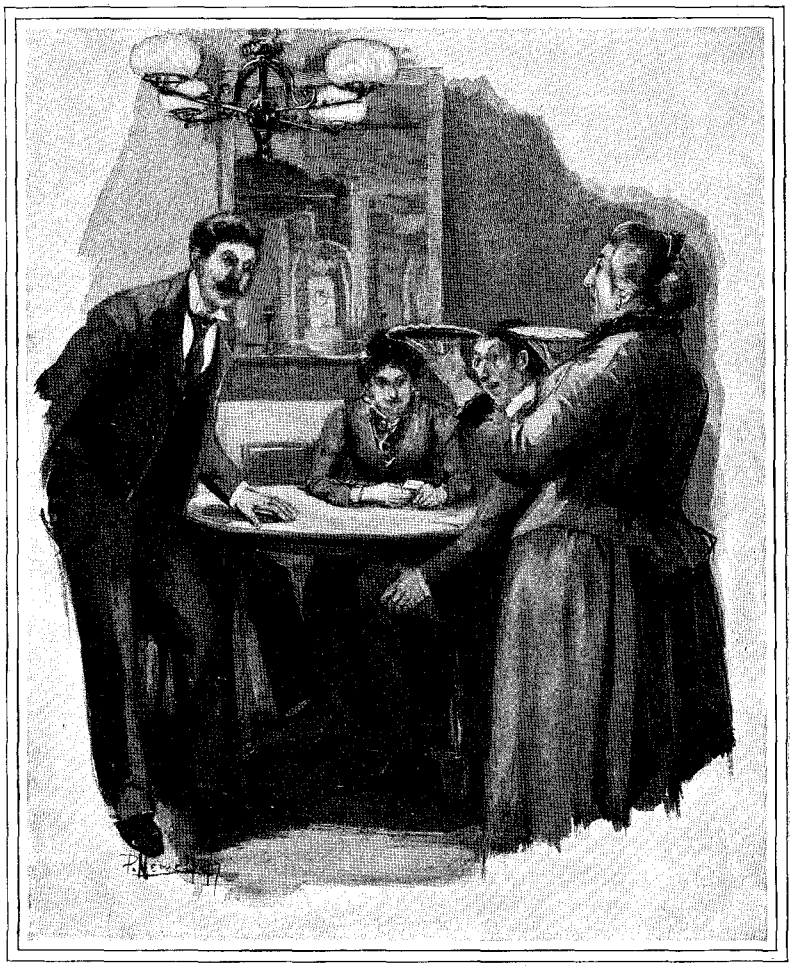

It was Mrs. Buckingham, and she entered with a pie in each hand.—Page 772.

coal in the garden that it was becoming, as Henry said, an even worse give-away than the pie itself. We had to desist and close the window.

I remember that Mr. Gately exclaimed several times: "How droll! How very, very droll!" As we left the room to go down to breakfast he laughed outright, and immediately apologized, adding: "But *reelly* I can't help it—it is so *very* droll!" Before Henry went to his office I told him that *I* was going in town to do some shopping, and that I should not come back until after he did. He looked at me a moment and said: "Well, I don't blame you. You will find I am here when you come back." I have always thought this rather fine in Henry. Many men would have taken just such a time to dine at the club and come home very late.

When I returned it was dark. I went upstairs in fear and trembling. As I approached our room I heard sounds of laughter, and of what I took to be jumping. I opened the door, and there was Henry, all alone, dancing round the room and laughing like a lunatic.

"Look out of the window," he called to me. "No. It's too dark. Never mind. Fannie, I'll tell you. *It's gone.*"

"The pie?"

"Sure."

"But how?"

"Removed."

"But who did it?"

"The Duchess and I—with a broom

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and a step-ladder." Then he burst out laughing again.

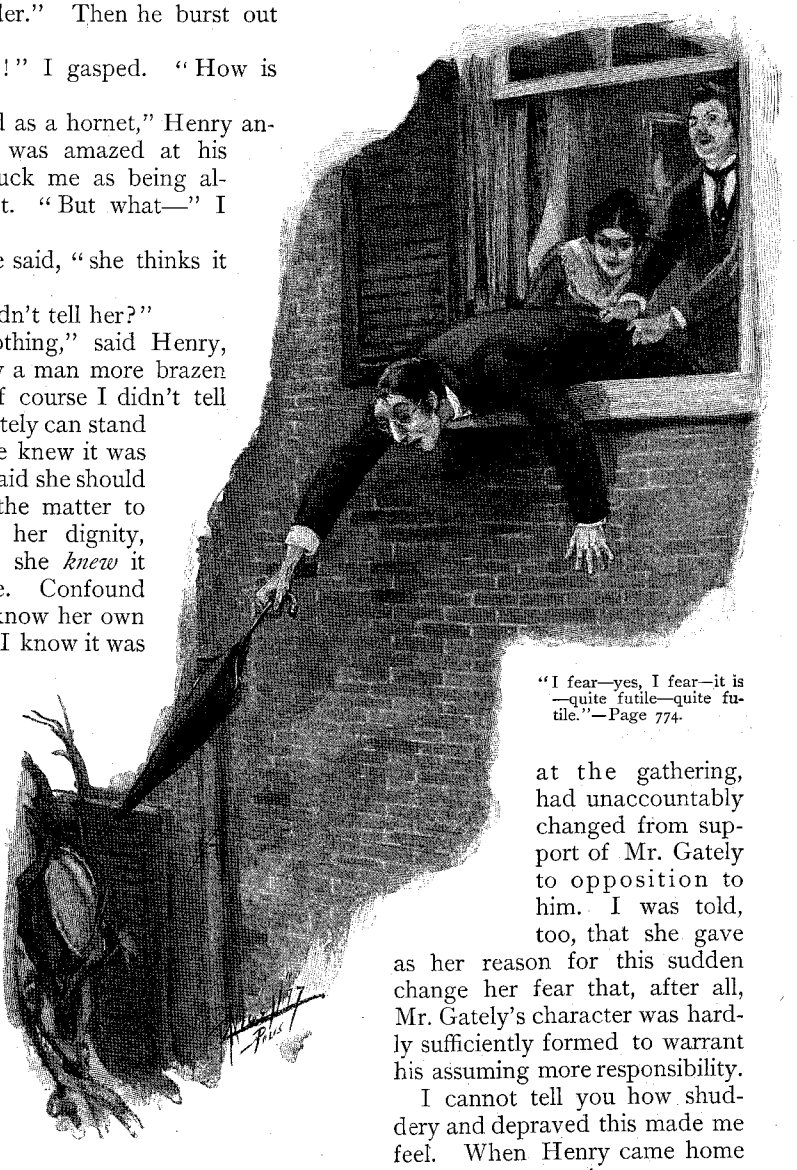
"Oh, Henry!" I gasped. "How is she?"

"Mad. Mad as a hornet," Henry answered, and I was amazed at his manner. It struck me as being almost triumphant. "But what—" I began.

"Fannie," he said, "she thinks it was Gately's."

"And you didn't tell her?"

"Tell her nothing," said Henry, and I never saw a man more brazen in my life. "Of course I didn't tell her. I guess Gately can stand it. She said she knew it was Gately's pie. Said she should never mention the matter to him — beneath her dignity, you know—but she *knew* it was Gately's pie. Confound it, she ought to know her own pies. How do I know it was my pie? Threw a pie, broadcast, in the night. Pie found in tree next day. Not necessarily *my* pie. Everybody in the house been throwing pie, for all I know. Come Fannie! Brace up!"



"I fear—yes, I fear—it is—quite futile—quite futile."—Page 774.

"Henry Gray," I said, "I should think you would feel like a criminal." Then I laughed. And the next I knew I was waltzing round the room with Henry as if we were a couple of children. Oh, dear! that's what it is to associate with a man who stifles his conscience.

That very night there was an informal parish-gathering to discuss the question of the new rector; and the gathering was followed by a meeting of the wardens and vestry, at which it was decided to call the Reverend Mr. Hurstwell, of Elmira, N. Y. I heard this the next day, and also heard that Mrs. Buckingham, who was present at the gathering, had unaccountably changed from support of Mr. Gately to opposition to him. I was told, too, that she gave as her reason for this sudden change her fear that, after all, Mr. Gately's character was hardly sufficiently formed to warrant his assuming more responsibility.

I cannot tell you how shuddery and depraved this made me feel. When Henry came home I begged him, with tears in my eyes, to go to Mrs. Buckingham and make a clean breast of it.

"My dear wife," he said, "don't bother about Gately. He told me himself, this afternoon, that he had received a call to a much better parish in a growing city in Minnesota. He is delighted, and will start for the West as soon as they can fill his place here. So let's say no more about it. Now I have some good news for you. I am going into partnership with Blackstone—he already has a good practice,

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you know—so we can move into town and keep house."

And so we did.

All this was nearly twenty years ago. Henry is now senior warden of All Saints. Yesterday afternoon he came home with a very interesting piece of news. They had decided upon the new rector—and of all men in the world, it was to be Mr. Gately—our Mr. Gately. Henry went on to tell me that Mr. Gately was here, for the convention, and was coming to dine with us that evening. So was Major Hawley; and we would have a rubber, and talk over old times.

We were seated round the whist-table, after dinner, the Major and Mr. Gately playing against Henry and me. Mr. Gately, by the way, is just as coy as ever, but he has grown stouter and doesn't seem so helpless. The Major was dealing, when he stopped suddenly and said: "Mr. Gately, what did you do with your pie?"

"I tossed it out of the window," replied Mr. Gately, mildly, "and it became lodged in the shrubbery." The Major went on dealing. Henry looked keenly at Mr. Gately for a moment, then glanced at me.

"I found yours, Gray," continued the Major, as he turned the trump, "found it the following March. It was intact, under the hedge, about fifty feet beyond the syringa bush."

I had led. Mr. Gately played a king second hand. Henry and the Major played low cards. Mr. Gately was gazing at the ceiling. His face wore a placid smile.

"You took the trick, Mr. Gately," said Henry, after a pause.

"THE MARTYRDOM OF FAME"

A HANDFUL OF LETTERS

By Clara E. Laughlin

DEAR L. I always grudge your absence, but just now I resent it fiercely. I am having the most amusing and most exasperating time I ever expect to have. The comments on my first book are alternately convulsing me with mirth and driving me mad with their contradictoriness and their stupidity. If I live to write a second book and to have it published, I suppose I shall, by that time, either be dead to the humor of such a situation as my present one, and given over wholly to its exasperation, or else I shall take the affair altogether as a huge joke and look back upon my present irritation as the choler of immaturity.

One day, when I was hunting in the dictionary of quotations for an apt title to give a story, I found myself very much interested in the seven long columns given over to the subject "Fame." Beginning with Addison and following an alphabetical order down to Young, who, it seems, wrote something called "The Love of Fame," besides those "Night Thoughts" for which devotees of quotation books imagine him chiefly famous—beginning with Addison and ending with Young, I say, men of all times and degrees and nations, of nearly all callings and all characters, united in decrying fame as a doubtful blessing or one of authenticated cussedness.

Tell it not in Gath, my dear, but I didn't take much stock in their railings. When Addison called the "fickle goddess" bad names I said, "His elderly wife had been making herself unbearable, perhaps;" and when Carlyle scoffed at the bauble, I set it down to an extra bad attack of dyspepsia, due, maybe, to an indiscreet intimacy with a Welsh rarebit or a cold pork pie.

Byron said, "Folly loves the martyrdom of fame," and *I* said, "Bah!" and determined to become famous if I could and defy the world to call me fool.

Comrade, I wish for you, that you might at my command call me bad names for my folly, for I have called them at myself un-

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til I have drained my vocabulary. . . . Do you remember that the editor who took my story for serial publication in the greatest magazine, I suppose, that the world knows, said it had always been an unwritten doctrine of his that no woman could write a story about men which was fit for a man to read? And that he said my tale was the sole exception known to his experience? Well, this very morning a business man of my acquaintance took pains to inform me that no man had ever lived in fact as men live in my imagination. He said, moreover, that no such men ever would live, or ever could. He said, "That man Philip is not a hero." "I never labelled him heroic," I cried, somewhat hotly, be it confessed. "Then why did you put him in your book?" says my critic, with the abominable air of one who thinks he has you cornered, sure. "I put him in because he is a *man*," I returned, rather feebly, because my critic is so big and so beetle-browed that I was hardly sure that I had not put Philip in the book because he was a curiosity. "Ah, ha!" laughed my business-like tormentor, as if he could afford to be humorous, now that my discomfiture was evident. "Wait till you're married before you write about men. You'll change your notions then." "You think I idealize men because I expurgate the scenes where they cuss their wives and throw rulers at the office-boy," I retorted, with rising spirits, because he seemed to me, by this time, to be a foe unworthy of my steel—"but art, Mr. A., does not consist in telling all you know." Will extermination *ever* come to the species of reader who thinks that because a thing is in a book it is the author's dearest conviction? Why can't people understand that we're not telling how things ought to be, but trying to describe how things are; and why do they hold us responsible for the belief and foibles of the persons we write about, any more than those of the persons we live among? My! but the wayfaring fool is a literal creature.

2. . . . This morning's mail brought me a batch of clippings from my publishers. When the last batch came I said I would never read another, but I did, and perhaps I enjoyed the performance as much as I was nonplussed by it. You know the only bit in my book actually borrowed from life is the account of Grandmother's experience with the Blackhawk chief in 1837. She said, with fond pride, that I had told this almost as well as she could have told it herself. I felt that this was true, because this story is Grandmother's star performance, and I have heard her tell it one hundred times if I have heard her tell it once. Yet a reviewer on a Chicago daily paper—perchance a man who never had a grandma, and whose Chicago residence, mayhap, dates only four months back—says, with great conviction, that this whole incident is wildly improbable, not to say impossible, "and spoils the flavor of an otherwise rather neat little story." Ye gods and little fishes, L——, that I should live to have my work called "neat!" I'm a woman and squeamish, but I'd rather have "damnable," any day . . . One review is funny, without any sting. It doesn't mean to be complimentary, but it is. It is from a little religious paper with a circulation of about seven persons and a half, I should judge, and it says that when I, reported to be a Presbyterian, had need of a heroine to move in and out in ministry amid the hardships of frontier life, why need I have "made her" a Roman Catholic nun, instead of a Protestant woman—a Presbyterian spinster, I suppose they mean. Now I was proud that I, in spite of my Puritan blood, could have made so sweet a character out of Sister Mary Angela, and I thought I had taken my book out of the petty lines of the denominational or even local, and lifted it at least within the possibility of universality. But no! A Protestant paper condemns me for the presence of the nun, and a Catholic paper takes me rigorously to task for the unholy offence of letting the nun allow Philip to grow so fond of her as to kiss the hands that had ministered to him. This latter reviewer says I should have known, before I undertook to write about a nun, that holy women of the order I describe would not allow any earthly affection to attach itself to them. It is part of their vow not to. Woe's me! I didn't know there was any way for holy or unholy women to prevent such contingencies, except the way Nance Oldfield tried, and that frequently works just the other way.

3. . . . I've had a letter from a

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friend. Who was it said "Defend me from my friends"? This person writes to say that she has read my book and thinks it is "well enough in its way," but is sure I can do better. Now what an unchristian implication is this, sweet Horatio! Does she think I gave my sleepy hours to my first book? But no! She refers to an essay which I once wrote, an abominable thing, full of quotations and an air of "smartness," which was so thin that a child could have seen through it and discovered the absence of an idea beneath. This is her ideal. I daresay she calls it "sparkling," or even—most villanous epithet ever applied to an earnest woman—"bright."

4. DEAR L. There are some things about fame that are not half bad. I've been asked for my photograph, not once, but by half a dozen papers and magazines. Perhaps I'm foolish, but I feel as if this were what we used, as children, to call "fun."

5. . . . I enclose you a newspaper picture. If you know Professor Lombroso or any criminologist over in Europe you can send this to him as a type of "the female offender." Someone has said that he would not feel easy about his stud and pocket-book in a crowd where a woman with that face was present. I think it was Uncle David who made this choice criticism. You might submit the "thing" to an expert if you think Uncle David was mistaken in the kind of criminality it represents. Mother thinks it is more like the pictures of a certain Bridget Durgin who, in her young days, murdered her mistress and cut her up into little bits for boiling. I'm curious, now, to see the magazine portraits of myself. If they're anything like this one I should think it would create a demand among certain people to see what manner of book a person of such appearance would write. I should think Pomona and her ilk would fancy my looks. They suggest pages on pages "all dripping with gore," and an unlimited number of evolutions from mill-girls to duchesses.

6. . . . I have been interviewed! One day an undersized woman, with an oversized vocabulary, announced to me that she had been sent to interview me, and when I protested that I had nothing to say she cheerfully responded, "Oh, that's all right. I'll help you out!" She did. She asked me where I was born, and when, what father does for a living and where mother's people came from. Asked if I wrote nights or mornings and if I ate candy while writing or was addicted to the wearing of any particular color of gown while the afflatus was on. Said genius was so sensitive to color, you know. Her friend, Miss D——, whose last book sold eleven thousand copies on the day of publication, always wore pink when writing her love-scenes and yellow when the jealousy came in and red for killings and white for death-beds, with, perhaps, a touch of black. Had I any such sensitiveness to the psychic values of colors? No, I shamefacedly replied, I hadn't. I sometimes forgot to dress especially for the Muse and was not even sure that at times I do not forget what I have on. She suppressed her probable horror at this state of affairs and proceeded to ask if I liked Ibsen, and when assured that I did not understand him at all fully, or sympathize very heartily with his symbolism and his pessimism, she said, "Oh!" and scribbled industriously for a few minutes on her pad. "Miss S—— is a sworn foe to the school of symbolists," she began, presently reading from her paper, "she said of them 'I have no patience with Ibsen or Maeterlinck or any of those degenerates who, under the name of symbolism, violate all the canons of literary art and cheerful religion. I took up my pen expressly to controvert them and to prove that literature is essentially buoyant, and I think I may say that I have done this.' There!" she said, triumphantly, "How's that?" "I never said any such thing!" I cried, indignantly. "How could you think I would assent to that?" "Oh, very well," returned my lady, icily, and tore up the manuscript, leaving the fragments on the parlor-floor as she swept out in cool disdain. When the interview came out it stated that I am not a very well-read or intelligent person; that my manners are crude, not to say bad, and that it is not at all probable that I shall ever write another book which will amount to even so much as my first, though that is a temporary success due to meretricious advertising more

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than to intrinsic merit. Aren't you glad you know me?

7. . . . Pardon me, dear, I must complain to someone and so, with the daring inconsistency of love, I complain to you because I know you love me and will forgive my wearisomeness. I ought to vent myself on someone I've a spite against, I suppose, but that doesn't comfort, and just writing to you does. The meanest blow of all has fallen. Someone has claimed to discover that I meant Philip for you and Mary Angela for myself, and that my story was the overflowing of a full heart, due to your tarrying in Europe and my taking up a pen for the solace of my spinsterhood. "For what other reason should a woman write than because she cannot get married?" And what could be a choicer morsel of literary biography than that an unrequited love should find flower in a novel? It brings up remembrances of Dante and Petrarch and George Sand and other writers, and is "just like a poem or a story, don't you know!" This has got abroad. It is the interest of the hour in the missionary societies and women's aid meetings, it is spreading among the schoolchildren of the upper grades, and they regard me with a curious awe as I pass. The newspapers will have it next, with, perhaps, your picture. I writhe in anguish every time I meet one of the creatures who are desecrating my sacredest affairs on the street corners. What shall I do, dear? I won't insult our love and its beautiful compact by announcing to these harpies that you have not deserted me and that I haven't an ambition which does not centre in you. And I won't even contradict their lying folly that Philip was meant for a portrait of you. He *is* a portrait of you, in so far as he is dear and brave and splendid and strong, but I never intended that he should represent you in your entirety, even between ourselves. I never associate him with you even in thought, except as I associate all good men with you and measure them by you, as loving women must. Dear, the humor has gone out of this play. The martyrdom of fame has come.

8. . . . It was like you to say "never mind" the harpies. That is a man's way, but it is not a woman's. Women *must* mind these things, and that is one reason why it has always seemed so plain to me that women are not meet for public life. And it is not only men who make it hard for women to do and to be in the great world. It is women who make it hard for their sisters—mean, miserable, prying, gossiping women with no soul above fashions and the making of "a desirable match." I don't think I can ever write anything more for the busybodies of my sex to misinterpret. All the nonsense about my lack of "plot unity" and "dramatic detail," and the confusing counter-assurance that my book is "a flawless gem, of exquisite purity and polished to the final degree of excellence"—all these, I say, fade away before the soul-withering experience of having not one's adjectives but one's heart-affections discussed. I remember that Whittier, in the heyday of his fame, was accused by a newspaper, of *beating his wife*, and I recall the humor mixed with pathos, with which the bachelor poet chronicled this accusation in one of his letters. Yet am I not comforted. . . .

9. . . . This morning I got seventeen letters from unknown correspondents. Nine of them wanted autographs, three wanted me to sell their manuscripts to leading publishers, one woman begged leave to ask how much I made by my book, one threatened me with a lawsuit for the unpleasant notoriety from which she has been suffering since I gave the bad woman in my book this fair young creature's name. She wants the name of Josephine Spinney changed immediately, or suit will follow. Two persons, a man and a woman, asked me how I learned to write books and how I got mine published, and the seventeenth letter, oh! mention it with bated breath; asked for nothing, demanded nothing—only expressed gratitude to me for pleasure received from my story and stimulus gained therefrom for the activities of a busy life. I read this letter three times and then handed it over to mother. "Will you please see if I read aright?" I asked, "That is a very pleasant letter, but what does the writer *want?*" Mother read it carefully, and it seems the writer didn't want a thing. I wrote her five pages in thankful reply. It seems as if I could forgive the sixteen letters that were in the same mail, and a great many of the letters

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of previous days which brought only a sense of people's littleness to my weary mind. I've felt good all day, to-day, and I hasten to tell you about it. I send the nice letter so you can read it.

10. . . . Some charming people, celebrities in letters, have called on me or written me, congratulating me on my book. They acted as if they had been waiting for years to see me do something good and as if they took a sort of personal pride in me now that I had actually tried to see what I can do. I never imagined people of national and international fame could be so interested in a humble beginner in their own branch of work. It is wonderful—beautiful. . . .

11. DEAREST L. A young woman in Nevada writes me that she is coming East to be my private secretary, and adds that if I say her nay to this proposition she will go as a missionary to the Japanese! Why this dire threat, I wonder? Does she think I am opposed to the evangelization of Japan? They say women writers whose incomes are supposed to be good, frequently have offers of marriage from unknown admirers. I wonder if this is next in store for me. . . . I must tell you a funny thing. Yesterday I was in company with some famous authors and the conversation turned on autographs and the nuisance their hunters are to the men and women of the pen. Several authors confessed, weakly, to a slavish accession to these demands. "I always fear to say no," said one man, a poet by the way, "for fear I am diminishing the number of my purchasers by one." Finally one bright Southern woman told a story of Emerson and Hawthorne and Alcott, discussing this very problem long ago in the palmy days of Concord. Hawthorne was disposed to resent the incursions on his privacy, of course. So were they all, in fact. But the question was, what to do with the stamps sent for reply. Hawthorne's conscience pricked against the appropriation of those stamps. Emerson said he always threw autograph-hunters' letters away without answering them. "Yes," says the Apollo of Wayside, "but what do you do with the stamps?" "Stamps?" says the mild Concord sage, "Stamps? Why, that's where I get all my postage!" . . .

12. . . . Yes, as you say, I'm rather enjoying fame just now. I haven't arrived at that stage occupied by most of the *very* famous ones I've met or heard about, the stage wherein nearly all enjoyment of present fame is spoiled by a haunting fear of a time when fame shall be no more. Poor Stevenson had this horror in such pitiful degree—hadn't he? And most great writers and artists of every kind have lived more or less in its shadow. It is so incomprehensible to hear a man whose hold on literature is as secure, by all accounts, as Burns's or Walter Scott's, refer plaintively to the probable brevity of his "little hour upon the stage" . . . I haven't come to that yet. My martyrdom of fame may never carry me that far—my fame is too little. I must needs climb farther before I fear a fall. . . . So I am enjoying myself, in spite of petty annoyances and a few great ones. There is one thing about fame, great or small, which I've found out entirely to my satisfaction, though, and that is that it isn't worth the candle as a substitute for other things—only as a supplement to them. I can see just what husks fame and applause could be to the heart-hungry and the soul-starved. Perhaps this has been the martyrdom of fame to many. The laurel has come when there was no one by to share in the rejoicing—no one nearer or dearer than that most faraway of solaces, the admiring world. I am so glad some little of the joy of doing and pleasing came to me in my youth and when I have you to share all things with . . . Did I tell you how many persons, on hearing of my impending marriage, have deplored it and me as extremely foolish? Ah! how I can laugh at them who, never having got even to my tiny height, do not know that altitudes are dreary company for one, especially a woman.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is a great mercy that nature is inexorable, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, and sometimes *vice versa*, with such ruthless certainty. If she were not, what would become of this earth and its population! If crime, and drunkenness, and laziness, and the perpetual chase after pleasure did not lead in the long run to destruction or extinction how much worse the world would be than it is; how much blacker its prospects than they are. It is right and necessary that the victories of life should be to the strong, the active, the persistent, and the industrious. It is right and necessary that the weak, and the idle, and vicious should go under. We must approve Nature's methods, but recognizing the immense power behind them, and the certainty that the work intrusted to them will be constantly and thoroughly done, however slowly, we may well leave it to her. Our affair in this world is to lighten Nature's work of destroying the unfit, not by doing it for her, but by making it, so far as we can, unnecessary. Her task is to exterminate the characterless and the bad; ours to make character grow where it was lacking, and make extermination needless.

The Christmas Debtor.

To encourage us in this sort of well-doing we have the knowledge that the whole community of fit and unfit is bound together by ties so close and strong that no one can wholly escape from the consequences of his neighbor's mischief. If the unfit get the upper hand, the consequences fall upon the evil and the good. If too great a proportion of the community becomes rotten, the whole social fabric goes down. If ignorance and vice rule, wisdom and virtue cannot escape the outcome. Just as soon, therefore, as any person is conscious that under existing conditions he is able to take care of himself, it becomes his business, as he would avoid the wrath to come for himself and his descendants, to take care of others; laboring for the diffusion of righteousness and the strengthening of human character. Alas for him if he says: "I have made my way. I can take care of myself. My brother has had an equal opportunity. Let him reap what he has sown." Who made him the man he is? Did he make himself? Doubtless he had a hand in it, but did he choose his own parents, and select his own physical and moral inheritance? How can any seeing man who makes tolerable work of living, take much credit for his own success? He looks back on his course. He finds something in him which made him capable of self-control and persistence; some saving grace of discernment that taught him to turn back where his fellow went on, to go on where his fellow loitered. Here necessity coerced him when his will was still weak and the temptations of ease were strong upon him. His fellow who could stop, did stop, and got no farther. He was foolish in his day; is still foolish on occasion, still makes blunders, but where his folly is troublesome, his fellow's folly is ruinous; where his blunders teach him something, his fellow seems to learn nothing from mistakes. It seems not to occur to many men of reasonable probity to be grateful that they have sense enough to be honest; but what true occasion for thankfulness that is! Men are so strange in their dishonesties. The thefts of poor creatures ill-born and worse brought up, whose breeding and training leads naturally to crime, one can understand; but what of those cases that constantly transpire, of intelligent persons, to all appearance well-born, and trained in good company and by approved methods, who betray their trusts, rob their clients or their employers, and fall with a crash that spreads

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consternation in the communities that knew them? Such cases are fit to make thoughtful men who are still honest shake in their shoes, and be grateful to Heaven that no insidious rot seems to have destroyed the fibre of their integrity.

Nature will destroy. Man's work is to restrain, to correct, to repair. In every dead thing Nature straightway develops means of removal. When life goes out of the body, the body itself soon disappears. When character is dead, alcohol and lust, hate, jealousy, idleness, or violence rush in to kill the body. If character does not survive and increase in the earth, neither will man thrive and multiply there. Nature will do her part. She will dispose of the morally dead as she does of the physically dead. Our work is to supplement her labor by striving constantly to swell the proportion of mankind that is fit to live and do the world's work. That we do when we promote true religion, sound education, and good government, and procure the enforcement of just laws which protect human life and property and freedom, and defend society from its enemies. If we are of comparatively sound minds and bodies, and may reasonably hope to make our journey through life without moral disaster, it is not all, not nearly all, an exploit of our own. The bigger part of it is debt, owed to our forebears and to God, and to be paid to the world and those who come after us. If we are not paying that debt we have no reason to take pride in our honesty. If we do not feel that we owe it, then truly it is not so large as it might be, for we are not especially creditable products of civilization.

We do owe it. To further peace on earth and give constant and practical evidence of good will to men is not munificence on our part, but mere part payment of what we owe. It is a debt we cannot neglect with impunity. To pay it intelligently is to help ourselves as well as others. To neglect it is to invite sure reprisals, which, even if we seem to escape them ourselves, can be depended on to search out our posterity.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS IN THE CITY HALL AND MUNICIPAL OFFICES, NEW YORK

THE resolution recently adopted by the Board of Aldermen, authorizing Mr. Henry A. Ferguson, the painter, to clean and restore the historical portraits in the Governor's room in the City Hall, at the expense of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, is the latest of the occasional evidences of proper civic pride in these paintings. It is but a short time since the same artist was commissioned under similar circumstances to restore the portraits in the Aldermanic chamber. In 1891 experts were employed, under the direction of the Commissioner of Public Works, to clean, reline, and restore sixty-five of the portraits in the City Hall and to repair and regild their frames. One of these experts, Mr. Albert Abendschein, on three different occasions restored or cleaned some twenty or thirty of these canvases. At the same time an official list was prepared by Mr. Henry W. Hedenkamp, from the scanty material available furnished by the canvases themselves, and was published in the report of the Department of Public Works for the quarter ending June 30, 1891. This appears to be the latest official catalogue, and of this *one* copy was fortunately discovered amongst the dusty archives of the department. Most of the paintings are

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lettered on the frames, though the information thus conveyed is frequently defective or misleading. A catalogue is also given in the Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York, prepared by John Hardy, clerk of the Common Council, 1870. This was the last of these manuals. Since that date, to find any record of the doings of the city fathers, it is necessary to look through the long and very unsatisfactorily indexed reports of their proceedings, "appointment of, as a Commissioner of Deeds," "to grade crossings," "to pave with granite blocks," "to place watering troughs in front of," "to authorize the Irish flag to be displayed on the City Hall."

Hardy's Manual adds to the information furnished by the 1891 catalogue the information that the portraits of Hendrik Hudson and Columbus are "originals"; that Governor Stuyvesant's was "painted from family portrait," and that the half-length of Baron Steuben was painted by Chancellor Kent. The later catalogue ascribes all of these to "unknown" artists, with the exception of the Hudson, now in the office of the Consulting Engineer in the Tract Building on Nassau Street, which it gives to Count Pulaski. In witness whereof you may see his name in large letters on the frame. With regard to this old portrait, Wilson, in the Memorial History of New York, says, "Of the oil painting of Hendrik Hudson in the Governor's Room in the City Hall, there is unfortunately no satisfactory account obtainable. In 1868, David T. Valentine, then clerk of the Common Council, wrote to General Meredith Read: 'I have examined the indexes to the proceedings as far back as 1730, under every imaginable head that would be likely to lead to the information desired, but without avail.'" He adds that he does not feel like going through the reports page by page, without at least knowing the name of the donor. The only record which Wilson had found was a paragraph in "The Picture of New York and Strangers' Guide to the Commercial Metropolis of the United States," published by A. T. Goodrich in 1827: "A portrait of this distinguished navigator is in the City Hall, painted in 1592, when he was twenty-three years of age. He is represented with a frill round his neck, and holding a compass in his hand; he has a youthful and very interesting appearance. It was deposited by an ancient Dutch family, and is of undoubted originality." But the steel engraving of the portrait which Wilson gives in his first volume, and which is no nearer the original than steel engravings usually are, and the original itself, do not answer this description at all with the exception of the frill and the "interesting appearance." Neither hands nor compass are visible, and dark as is the lower part of the painting now, it does not seem that these appendages could have ever been there.

General Lafayette.
From the portrait painted by Morse in 1825.

The youthful and interesting appearance, the frill and the compass held in the right hand, are to be found in the handsome young "Columbus" turning his eyes on the spectator, now in the Water Register's office in the Tract Building. With regard to the Hudson portrait Mr. Abendschein testifies that he found the words "Count Pulaski" in very small gold letters in one corner, in the manner of an artist's signature, and that he showed this name to Commissioner Gilroy in the presence of Comptroller Myers. On the back of the Columbus is an official label giving this information: "This Picture is a Copy

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of a portrait of Columbus in New York State Library. Maria Farmar was granddaughter of Jacob Leisler, Governor of the Colony of New York. The portrait was in her family for at least 150 years. In lower left corner were painted, in characters of the 16th Century, 'Anº 1592. Ætat 23.'

"GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL,
"*Librarian and Archivist,*
"*N. Y. State Library.*

"This portrait was presented to the State of New York by Maria Farmar in 1784 It was probably painted in 1592, and intended to represent Columbus at the age of 23."

The canvas, which is in good condition, bears a London trade-mark. The portrait of Governor Stuyvesant, now in the Mayor's ante-room, is unsigned, and is a carefully painted old picture.

Of the half-length portrait of Baron Steuben, now hung over a door in the Governor's Room, and which Hardy's Manual ascribes to Chancellor Kent, there seems to be but little doubt that it is a copy by G. Marsiglia of the original by Gilbert Stuart. Marsiglia's daughter, in her letters, speaks of her father's execution of this task.

Governor Hunt. From the portrait painted by Elliot.

Of the two large equestrian portraits of Washington, the "unknown" one in the Mayor's office may be safely ascribed to Trumbull, on the authority of Mr. Daniel Huntington. It does not appear in the list given by Charles Henry Hart in the official volume of the Washington Centennial, or in any other that we know of. The minute objects in the bluish haze around the General's ankles in the Mayor's picture may represent a bombardment, and the head of the charger is much of the character of those Mr. Trumbull painted. Also in the painter's finest manner is the air with which, while the terrified animal is apparently in violent action, the dismounted rider rests his left arm on the saddle in order to assume his proper attitude as peacefully as though it were an easy-chair.

The original of the large portrait by Trumbull in the Governor's room is said to be a canvas, 20 × 30 inches, in the possession of Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., which was seen here in the collection of the Washington Centennial in 1889. It was painted in accordance with a resolution of the Common Council of the city of New York, Monday, July 19, 1790: "Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to permit Mr. Trumbull to take his portrait, to be placed in the City Hall, as a monument of the respect which the inhabitants of the city bear towards him." In his autobiography, the artist describes it as follows:—"I represented him in full uniform, standing by a white horse, leaning his arm upon the saddle; in the background a view of Broadway in ruins, as it then was, the old fort at the termination; British ships and boats leaving the shore, with the last of the officers and troops of the evacuating army, and Staten Island in the distance. Every part of the detail of the dress, horse, furniture, etc., as well as the scenery, was accurately copied from the real objects."

One of the most valuable of these works of art is undoubtedly the large full-length portrait of Lafayette by Morse, painted in 1825 for the corporation of the city of New York, now removed from the Governor's Room to the Mayor's chimney-piece. Tuckerman, in his "Book of the Artists," cites it as "among the notable works" of Morse, along with the portraits of Mayors Paulding and Allen, also in this building. Concerning

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this picture Morse records, "Painted in Washington from sittings by Lafayette in the month of February, 1825." Morse's portrait of Mayor Allen, mentioned by Tuckerman, does not appear in the 1891 catalogue, but is replaced by one attributed to the joint work of Samuel Waldo and William Jewett. Tuckerman also enumerates among these City Hall pictures by Morse a portrait of General Monckton, attributed to an unknown artist by the 1891 catalogue. This, as Mr. Abendschein discovered, is a colored print on paper, much varnished and mounted on an old canvas. It bears a certain resemblance to the plate in the "Magazine of American History," for June, 1887, from an original in the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, but Dr. Emmet has no information concerning this plate. The Colonial Governor wears the British red coat, and stands peacefully in a landscape setting. The picture hangs in the office of the Engineer in charge of Sewers, and is in need of a new backing.

Governor Morgan Lewis.
From the portrait painted by J. Trumbull for the State of New York.

Another of these curious misnamings in the modern catalogue is that of giving as the painter of the full-length portrait of Hamilton in the Governor's Room, an unknown named Weimar, though the panel on the frame now correctly ascribes it to Trumbull. That artist, indeed, says that he painted such a portrait, in 1804, for the city of New York. There is a portrait of John Jay, also in the Governor's Room, which resembles this in technical treatment, and which has also been ascribed to the anonymous Weimar. The head of Hamilton was executed by Trumbull from the bust modelled from life in 1794 by the Italian sculptor Giuseppe Ceracchi, and which descended to Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the widow of the grandson. Something of the pallor and texture of the marble may still be detected in the painting both of the head and the hands.

Trumbull's full-length portrait of Governor George Clinton, in the Governor's Room, was painted in 1791, the year after the Washington. Of these two pictures Dunlap says: "These two full-lengths are in a style totally different from that Mr. Trumbull afterwards adopted; and the last mentioned (the Clinton) is, in my opinion, the best life-sized picture he ever painted. It represents the Revolutionary Governor in his capacity of general defending Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson; it is strikingly like, with an heroic and historical expression, and the distant figures are beautifully touched in."

After the Revolutionary heroes come those of the War of 1812, and of these the naval commodores, naturally, are the most abundant. Of these full-length portraits, with more or less accessories, those of Hull, Bainbridge, Swift, Perry, and MacDonough seem to have been painted by John Wesley Jarvis, and that of Decatur by Sully. Of the last-named Dunlap says: "Mr. Sully's Decatur is not the happiest effort of his genius or pencil." These, with the portraits of Generals Brown and McComb, by Jarvis and Sully, were generally executed as testimonials of the municipality's gratitude for victories won, and accompanied by gifts of swords and "the freedom of the city." (Mrs. Lamb, in her "History of New York," says that McComb's portrait was painted by Sully "and placed in the gallery of distinguished men," but Tuckerman and the 1891 catalogue both give the portrait in the City Hall to Waldo.)

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In the west Governor's Room the marble bust of DeWitt Clinton, draped in a Roman toga, under his portrait by George Catlin, the historian of the Indians, and almost at the feet of the life-size bronzed plaster statue of Jefferson, signed "David d'Angers," presented to the corporation by Commodore Uriah P. Levy, February, 1834, scarcely bears out the very flattering description of his personal appearance given by Mrs. Lamb. Very near him, however, hangs one of the most interesting of these full-length portraits—the handsome, soldierly figure of Governor Morgan Lewis, major-general in the War of 1812, grand marshal at Washington's inauguration, one of the founders of the University of the City of New York, painted in Trumbull's very best method. There is something so fine in the character of his intelligent head, with its 1812 whisker, and his very picturesque uniform, that the portrait seems to confirm the good report which the historians give of this soldier-governor.

The adjoining portrait of Governor Tompkins, by an "unknown" artist in the city's catalogues, Mr. Huntington thinks is by Trumbull; and three of Mr. Huntington's own pictures in this collection, those of Mayors Duane, Varick, and Livingston, are set down in these catalogues as the work either of the unknown or of Weimar. Mr. Huntington is also represented on these walls by a portrait of Governor Morgan, and by one of Mayor Harper, which he completed after Henry Inman. The latter artist, for whom Tuckerman "ventures to claim in this department the highest honors," contributed portraits of President Van Buren and Governor Seward, and of Mayors Lawrence, Clark, and Varian. The portraits of mayors, it may be remarked, are all heads, while those of the governors, as befits their superior dignity, are nearly all at full length, and supported by such monumental or natural features as the respective painters deemed most appropriate.

Of these older painters, there are examples here by John Vanderlyn, Sully, Henry Peters Gray, Wm. Page—of which Tuckerman says: "A full-length likeness of Governor Marcy, executed for the New York City Hall, is among the works which drew special attention to the genius of Page and established his early reputation"—C. W. Jarvis, Mooney, Thomas Hicks, and Robert W. Weir. Of the full-length portrait of Monroe by Vanderlyn, Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, in the Washington Centennial volume, says that it represents Monroe as the Sully portrait in the Military Academy at West Point does, as President of the United States. If we may judge by the reproductions given in this volume, there is but little in common in these two figures, notwithstanding the similarity in attitude and costume. The other Presidents in the City Hall collection are Jefferson, Taylor, Jackson, and Fillmore; there is also a full-length portrait of General Scott, one of Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, two of Henry Clay—one by the prolific "unknown"—a bad equestrian portrait of McClellan, and important presentations of Volunteer Fire Chief Harry Howard and High Constable Jacob Hayes.

The large Venezuelan battle-picture in Room 20 was presented to the city by the merchants of that republic in gratitude for the honors awarded the body of General José Antonio Paez at the transferral of his remains to Caracas, March, 1888.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

ELECTRICITY VERSUS STEAM FOR RAILROADS

THE most casual observer must have seen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, or other cities, striking examples of the competition of electricity with steam for suburban and local traffic. In the case of several such cities the steam railways that have learned to depend largely on their local traffic for their prosperity, are seriously crippled in their earning capacity by the appearance of parallel lines of trolley cars, running with three or four times the frequency, with almost the same rate of speed, and with considerably greater convenience for the local passenger's approach and departure. This has been so marked in the case of local traffic that the layman is apt to wonder why no effective attempt has been made to supplant the steam locomotion of the trunk lines with electrical power. The electricians themselves are not at one in their explanation of this slowness. Some of them say the cost of long-distance transmission of electrical power has not yet been sufficiently reduced to render the substitution profitable; but the very latest experimenters say that in all cases where there is water-power, even within a few hundred miles of the trains to be moved, electrical locomotion could be accomplished as cheap or cheaper than steam, and that there is really no reason except a natural conservatism and a wholesome apprehension of anything revolutionary in these times, to prevent many of our steam railroads from becoming electric railroads, with gains in speed and convenience. Professor George Phillips, a famous English electrician and practical inventor, is very outspoken in his belief in the immediate possibility of electric railways, and has written in the *Engineering Magazine* recently to show circumstantially the probabilities of our transportation coming to an electrical basis. To be sure, it has not been so long since the first attempt to run even street railways by electricity. Curiously enough, Richmond, Va., was the first city to be electrically equipped with street railways, and since that time the advance has been simply tremendous; now there is no less than $1,400,000,000 invested in electric street railways. But besides the tramway, there have been some small instances of electrically run railways proper; for instance, the Niagara Falls Railway, a twelve mile double-track railroad, built in standard gauge, and attaining a speed of thirty miles an hour. Here there was tremendous water-power only a few miles away, and of course it was a plain case of electricity. This is the road that affords such a beautiful view of the Niagara River as it winds along the bank. Then there is the more striking example of the great Baltimore & Ohio tunnel under Baltimore, where the heaviest passenger trains are pulled under the city, a distance of about a mile and a half, by electric motors. These electric locomotives have hauled up a considerable gradient trains weighing over a thousand tons, which certainly seems to prove that the electric locomotive, even in its present state of development, has quite sufficient brute power to compete with its steam cousin. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has tried electricity, too, only recently. Its tentative trials have been described in the papers, and it runs regularly a branch road, called the Nantasket Beach Electric Railway, about seven miles long—the first instance of electricity supplanting steam in America. In England there have been some notable attempts in a small way to use electricity, such

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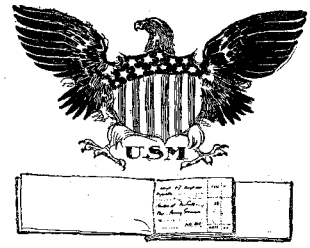
as the Liverpool overhead railway, and the South London Electric Railway. But after all, these attempts, from their very meagreness, seem to accentuate the conservative tendencies of the railroads in this matter. No doubt this conservatism arises from a feeling among the railroad men that if they should attempt to force the problem, using even the best results of electrical inventors, there would be a good chance that in a few years their rolling stock and locomotives would again be superannuated—so rapid and so radical is the progress of electrical development in these days. In fact, the most determined advocates of electricity for the railways agree generally that the perfected system of locomotion will not include a separate traction engine at all; they expect that the future trunk-line train will have electrical power applied to each car-wheel. The gains of such a plan would be very many: for instance, there would be far less wear and tear on the track, less jolt in the trains, and far greater ease in going around curves. The wheels would not slip as they do now when an engine starts off on a steep grade, and speed could be gotten up far more quickly than under the present system. This revolutionary method has been advocated ever since Sir Douglas Galton advised it in 1879. But of course it is excessively radical and would mean the entire transformation of the rolling stock and locomotive appliances of all the existing railroads, unless the system were introduced only on entirely separate lines. That the slowness of the railroad builders to avail themselves of electricity is not due to any lack of activity on the part of our electrical inventors, is shown by a series of articles that are now running in the same magazine we have referred to, outlining and advocating a practical electrical railroad between New York Harbor and Philadelphia which shall make the distance—of eighty-five miles over the route proposed—in thirty-six minutes. The fathers of this astonishing project would look to have their electrical train make an average speed of 141⅔ miles per hour, equal to 2.36 miles per minute. They would allow six minutes and about eight and a half miles to get up speed, and about the same time and distance at the end of the journey to reduce the speed. This would leave about sixty-eight miles to be traversed in twenty-four minutes, or at the rate of one hundred and seventy miles an hour. They would run cars weighing one hundred and fifty tons. The cars would be uniform, except that the front and rear ones would carry at the extreme end a hood or bonnet to afford an inclined plane to the air and reduce its resistance. This picturesque proposal is backed up by the most detailed calculations of construction, of maintenance and administration and financing, and also of earning capacities.

A DETERMINED effort is being made this winter to push through Congress a bill for Postal Savings Banks. An attempt was made as early as 1882, when Mr. Lacey and other members of Congress were much disappointed over the failure of their very disinterested work for such an institution. The plan which is embodied in the bill now before Congress contemplates an institution as nearly similar to the Canadian and British Postal Savings Banks as the peculiarities of our present Postal Service will allow. The aim is, like theirs, to promote the habit of saving small sums, such small sums that children, servant girls, laborers and any other of the humblest wage-earners can make a start toward a bank account with the greatest convenience and absolute safety. To insure the convenience, the bill provides that the Postmaster-General shall designate such post-offices as are to act as saving banks. At such offices the people may deposit sums of one dollar or more, and draw interest on the deposits for even months. No one person is allowed to deposit more than $300 in a year, and when a single account shows $1,000 to its credit, no interest is to be paid on additional deposits. The provisions for quick and easy drawings are careful and effective.



Naturally the most important problem of such a plan is the matter of the investment of deposits. The bill restricts such investments to national, state, county, and municipal bonds, with certain cautionary restrictions based on the size of the municipalities and the relative amount of bonded indebtedness.

The detailed administration of the system is, according to the present bill, to be in the

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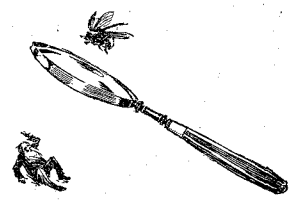
hands of a general superintendent, with a salary equal that now paid to the head of the money-order department, assisted by six clerks and two laborers, and the bill includes a provision of $25,000 for the salaries of these employees for the next fiscal year.

Everything points to the successful working of such a plan—especially is the success of postal savings banks in England and Canada a guarantee. The Canadian institution has been carefully studied by the fathers of the bill now before Congress, and the provisions, some of which we have outlined, are not at all the mere output of philanthropic theories. In Great Britain the deposits amount to almost five hundred millions per year. The Canadian postal banks report about twenty-nine million dollars for 1896. But the British institution has been gradually increasing in its transactions for forty years, and the Canadian deposits have moved, very uniformly, from twelve million in 1868, to the present figures, so that the advocates of the bill before Congress are reasonable in estimating that the Government would not be embarrassed immediately with a huge sum of money to be quickly invested under the necessarily severe restrictions. They estimate that the deposits in the United States would not greatly exceed $25,000,000 in the first decade, and that the whole of this sum could be taken care of in national bonds which would give ample margin for the two and one-half per cent. interest. There are questions of detail which seem to have been well considered. The important point is the actual value of the postal banks. That they do practically stimulate small savings—with really no perversion of regular savings-bank deposits, according to English and Canadian experiences—has been proved. There really seems a place for the postal savings bank, and it is to be hoped that the bill we have mentioned will not suffer the fate that befalls a majority of measures which have not the stimulus of some personal advantage.

A REVOLUTION IN MICROSCOPY

CONSIDERABLE attention has been called to the recent experiments in photo-microscopy by Dr. Elmer Gates, of Washington. Dr. Gates has announced that his success in viewing the image of a microscope through the lens of a second microscope will allow him ultimately to attain a magnification of no less than one hundred million diameters! The most powerful glasses now in existence give an image some ten thousand diameters greater than the object, which means an area one hundred millions greater. The radical advance which Dr. Gates's programme affords can be appreciated very easily then. He has, according to his own account, which seems to be authentically supported, already magnified parts of a diatom to three million diameters. One of the essential difficulties of this scientific feat is that the stupendous magnification of the original object leaves such a small fraction of it visible that the amount of light available is divided until it is almost impossible for the eye to discern the image. Long before anything like three million diameters has been obtained it is necessary to conduct the entire operation in a room darkened to all luminous rays. "The presence," says Dr. Gates, "of the smallest leakage of light into the two microscopes at any point along the path of the rays from the object to the eye was enough to render the image totally invisible."



So that this method has not much success so far as the eye is concerned. But by using a photographic camera in place of the eye "the sensitive plate acts cumulatively. It collects, hour after hour, the weak rays too faint to be seen and thus makes visible the otherwise invisible picture." Even with the photograph the experiment must be conducted with the utmost delicacy. The least dust, or even aqueous vapor, will cloud the image fatally. Dr. Gates's own opinion of the value of his experiment is expressed in the following paragraph which he published:

"This ultra-microscopic domain commences where the best present microscope leaves off, and this new instrument opens a realm in the study of cellular life of profoundest importance to the human race. With the present microscope we can indeed see that a cell has a body, nucleus, granules, flagella, vacuoles, chromative filaments, and a foam-like structure, but of its minuter anatomy we know nothing. The new instrument promises to go as much farther into that unknown province as the present microscope goes beyond the province of the eye."

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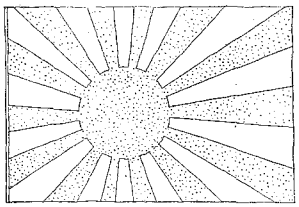
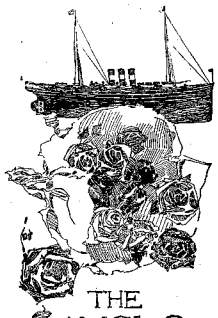


JAPAN AS A SEA-POWER

THE Western powers are beginning to view Japan's activity in navy building with amazement. A generation ago she had literally no navy. Even at the beginning of the last war with China, her modern equipment was confined almost exclusively to a half dozen unarmored cruisers—the best of their class, to be sure—and fifteen gunboats. The war brought many substantial additions to her navy, and now she has no less than forty-eight sea-going vessels in commission, including two first-class battle ships of 12,800 tons each. These figures are not so imposing absolutely considered except as an evidence of quick growth; but the additional modern war-vessels that Japan is building in England, Germany, and the United States are of such magnitude and excellent construction that Mr. Charles A. Cramp, our own famous ship builder, pronounces Japan's progress to be more notable than that of any other country in the world, except England. No less than fifteen sea-going vessels and twenty-four torpedo and gun-boats are in course of construction in the finest shipyards of the world. Four of these are battleships, three of 14,800 tons, and one of 10,000 tons; five are first-class armored cruisers of 9,600 tons, and three more are fleet protected cruisers of the commerce-destroying class, with a speed of twenty-three knots. When these vessels are finished there will be no doubt concerning the predominant naval power in the Pacific. Russia and the United States will be so far in the rear of the active little island that their Pacific squadrons will not be worthy the name of navies. For not only will the tonnage of the Japanese navy be first in the East, but every vessel will be modern; she will have the most homogeneous and thoroughly equipped fleet in the world, not excepting any. If any of the political questions of the Pacific are to be decided directly or indirectly by force, Japan is certainly at present the coming power, with a brilliant lead over her Russian and American neighbors. Aside from their force and equipment on the Pacific, it must be remembered that the Japanese are the only people in the world who have yet had an opportunity actually to fight modern war-vessels; and the advantage of this experience should go far toward compensating for any natural inferiorities of her naval *personnel*, as compared with Caucasian sailors. Mr. Cramp, who has been in the East with a view to commissions for building some of these handsome war-vessels, reports in the *North American Review* the boast of a distinguished Japanese gentleman that "while Japan was forced, by circumstances, to yield much at Shimonoseki that she had fairly conquered, she still secured indemnity enough to build a navy that would enable her to do better next time."

THE ANGLO CANADIAN S.S. LINE



ONE way to shorten the trip to Europe is to go faster; but, in the attempt to attain a practical perfection of mechanical construction and a practical minimum of fuel, weight, and bulk, shipowners are not forgetting that a second way of economizing time exists—by going a shorter way. We spoke, last year, of the late Mr. Austin Corbin's plan of running transatlantic liners from Montauk Point, at the extreme end of Long Island. A more radical adjustment of the proportions of the railroad and steamship parts of the journey is contemplated in the Canadian route, with St. John or Halifax as a western terminus. An actual contract has been made between Messrs. Peterson, Tate & Co., of Newcastle, England, and the Dominion Government, under the terms of which this firm will send over the Atlantic route steamships of the highest standard, with a speed guarantee of five hundred knots in twenty-four hours. Canada gives an annual subsidy of $500,000 for ten years, and the British Government contributes $250,000 per year. Four of the vessels are to be ready in 1898, and after May, 1900, there will be a weekly service with a penalty of $1,000 for failure to make a voyage. Under these stipulations there is a considerable difference of opinion as to whether the new line will be able to

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come out on the right side of the financial balance-sheet. Such fast steamers are no great cargo carriers, and must depend on passenger earnings to make their profits. Even the Cunarders often run at a serious loss in the winter, and the question is whether the Canadian steamers will be able to earn enough in the summer to make up for their losses in the winter. As to the geographical advantages, laymen will be surprised to realize that North America takes such a bold trend to eastward, as one goes north on the Atlantic coast, that a port like Halifax will save nearly a thousand miles over the route from New York to Liverpool. With steamers of the Lucania class, then, the ocean voyage should be easily reduced to four days, and our New York-London ocean lines will have a serious competitor in bidding for the summer rush of tourists, especially for all those to whom the ocean voyage is not one of the pleasant features of a European tour.

Nor is this the last possibility in the hope of shortening the water route. It is already suggested that the eastern coast of Newfoundland should afford a terminus; this would knock over five hundred miles more from the water part of the trip, and would leave it entirely practicable to get to Cork with an ocean journey of only three days. Such a course would begin, say at Boston, on the Maine Central Railroad; by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada to St. John, New Brunswick; thence by fast steamer to the island of Newfoundland in six hours—the distance is ninety miles; and then across Newfoundland by rail (about five hundred miles) to the western port of the ocean steamships.

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